





NORTHERN TOUR.

A
NORTHERN TOUR :

BEING
A GUIDE

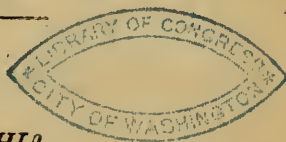
TO
SARATOGA, LAKE GEORGE, NIAGARA,
CANADA, BOSTON, &c. &c.

THROUGH
THE STATES OF PENNSYLVANIA, NEW-JERSEY,
NEW-YORK, VERMONT, NEW-HAMPSHIRE,
MASSACHUSETTS, RHODE-ISLAND,
AND CONNECTICUT ;

EMBRACING AN ACCOUNT OF THE

*Canals, Colleges, Public Institutions, Natural Curiosities,
and interesting Objects therein.*

Henry D. Gilpin



PHILADELPHIA:

H. C. CAREY & I. LEA.

1825.

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EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the thirtieth day of (L. S.) May, in the forty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1825, *H. C. Carey & I. Lea*, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit:—

“A Northern Tour: being a Guide to Saratoga, Lake George, Niagara, Canada, Boston, &c. &c. through the States of Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, New-York, Vermont, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, and Connecticut; embracing an Account of the Canals, Colleges, Public Institutions, Natural Curiosities, and interesting Objects therein.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, “An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” And also to the Act, entitled, “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, ‘An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

D. CALDWELL, *Clerk of the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*

Lydia R. Bailey, Printer.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is the object of the little volume, which is here presented to the traveller, to afford what has hitherto been wanting, in an excursion through the northern part of the Union—a work to which he may conveniently refer for information, on those subjects that will naturally attract his attention, during a tour. Tables have been prepared and inserted, which it is believed accurately mention the different routes, and the distances between the different places on those routes; they have been formed from the best authorities on such subjects. Attention has been paid, in the accounts given of the various public works and institutions, to collect all the information relative to them from sources that may be relied on; but every thing so rapidly changes and improves in the countries through which we pass, that perhaps some things may have been inadvertently omitted. The mineralogy and geological character of the different districts have been attended to, and it is believed that they will be found as correct as can be expected. The most accurate historical accounts have been introduced, of events worthy of remembrance, that have occurred on any of the spots near which our course may lie; and where the official documents relative to them were not to be obtained, the historians of the greatest accuracy and celebrity have been referred to.

In passing through the state of New-York, a traveller will find a vast mass of information in the works of Mr. Spafford, a gentleman who has collected, with extraordinary diligence and accuracy, an immense number of useful facts, relative at once to its history, antiquities, institutions, geography, and commerce. The travels of Mr. Darby through the same state abound, like his other works, with a great deal of valuable information and many ingenious speculations. Mr. Siliman's Tour from Hartford to Quebec is in the hands of every one; equally delightful from its profound science, its glowing descriptions, and its liberal sentiments. All that is interesting with regard to New-England, is combined in the volumes of Dr. Dwight, a scholar and a poet, who has described her history with the elegance and research of the one, and delineated her native beauties with the ardent perceptions and expressive language of the other.

To these writers we have been indebted for much valuable matter; and to them we would refer such travellers as seek for more extended information than the size and character of this little volume would permit us to introduce.

Philadelphia, June 1, 1825.

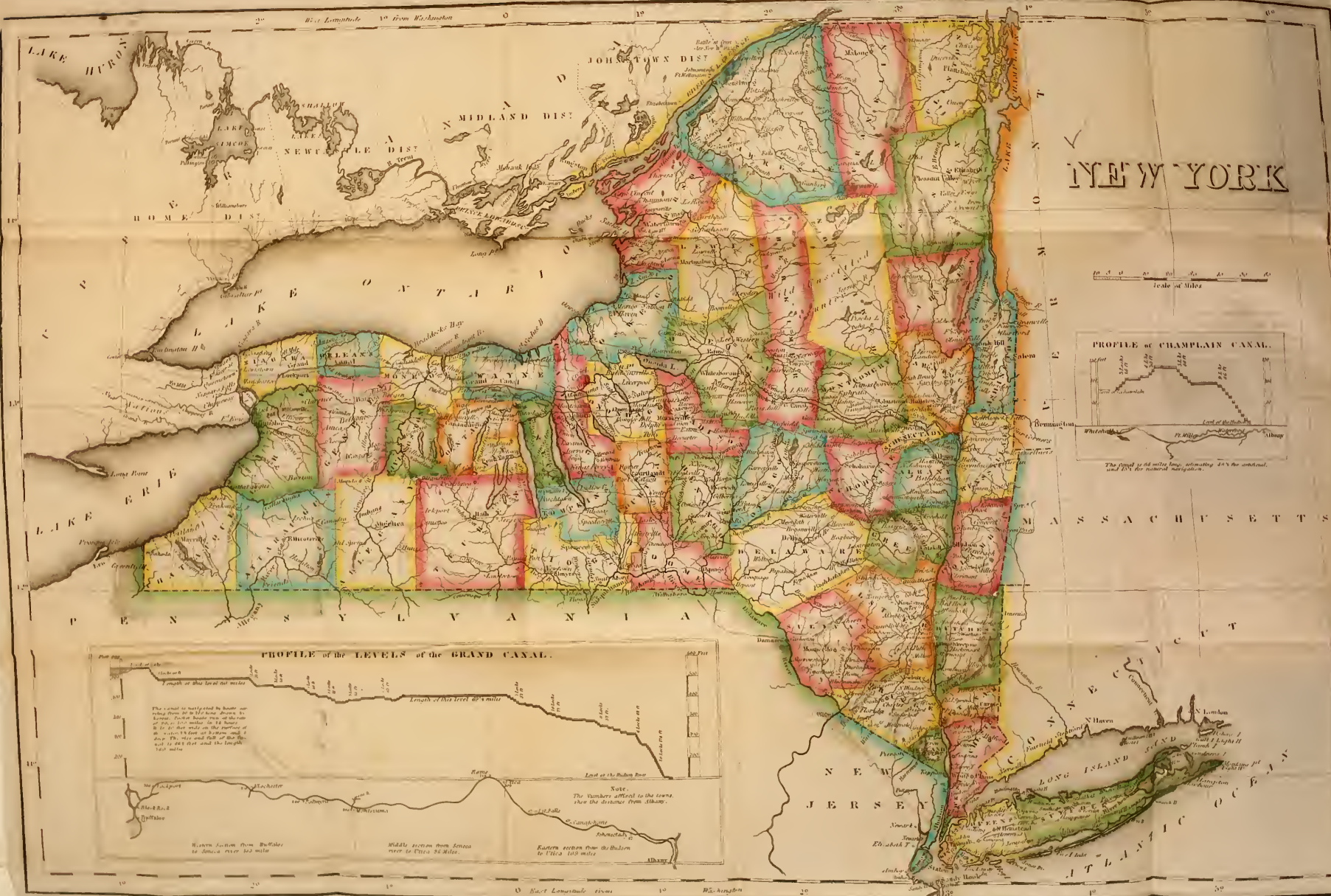


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The image shows a single page from an antique manuscript, characterized by extensive water damage and staining. The paper is a mottled yellowish-brown color. Dark, irregular stains, likely from water or ink, are concentrated along the top and left edges, and there are smaller spots throughout. Faint, dark ink markings are visible, particularly in the lower half of the page, which appear to be bleed-through from the text on the reverse side. The overall condition is poor, with the original text being largely illegible.

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NORTHERN TOUR.


IN the gratification of a reasonable and useful curiosity, it has of late years become a custom with a large portion of the citizens of the United States, to pass the summer and autumnal months in a tour through the northern section of the Union. The idea which so long prevailed, of making European countries the only field for observation and amusement, has passed away ; and while a few are led across the Atlantic by a more ardent curiosity, the great majority of our countrymen are content to gratify it amid congenial manners and institutions in their native land.

It is true, the nations of Europe present scenes and objects which are unknown to us ; fancy may there indulge itself amid mouldering ruins, dignified by all that age and classic glory can impart ; philosophy may view the varied effects of successive revolutions, in every age and in every climate—of customs, which have blended the rudeness and ignorance of past ages with the splendour and refinement of modern times—of governments, in every form except that alone which we have learned to prize—of civilization, here carried to the highest point of luxury, there depressed as low as human nature can endure—of commerce, in one age enriching whole nations, which in another are little better than a barren waste—of ambition and national pride, destroying the prosperity of extended regions, from the mere desire of aggrandizement, or the support of unfounded pretensions ; in a word, the European traveller beholds around him a vast field, in which improvement has gradually worked its way ;

but he sees, on every side, the marks of ancient ignorance, useless and absurd habits and customs, and the remnants of former barbarism blended with the tyranny which is not yet extinct.

Surely our own country presents a fairer and a nobler scene ; one on which fancy may indulge in brighter visions, on which philosophy may reflect with more justice and delight. It presents to us the desert and the wilderness starting into improvement and civilization ; smiling villages rising into towns, and towns fast passing into rich and lordly cities ; they are inhabited by a manly and intelligent race, who have received, almost unaltered, from their earliest forefathers, the freest and noblest institutions, which they in their turn are handing down, uninjured, to the countless generations which are to succeed them. Nature here seems to have exerted more than her ordinary energies, and to have formed her works on a nobler scale—every region teems with the richest productions of agriculture—commerce smiles upon and enriches every shore—and conscious and proud of the high spirit of her people, America offers to other nations her example, but seeks not to aggrandize herself by interfering in their views, or pursuing the delusions of a false ambition.

With such a country open to our investigation, and that country *our home*, there are few travellers who will not prefer it to more distant lands ; and such it is the object of this little volume to accompany in some of their excursions, to point out to them those scenes which are worthy of their notice, to revive those recollections on which it is useful and pleasant to dwell, and to afford them at once a memorandum and a guide.



PHILADELPHIA TO NEW-YORK.

Direct Route.

M. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

Cross Frankford Creek to Frankford	-	:	5	5
Holmesburg	-	-	5	10
Cross Pennepack Creek				
Poquasin Creek	-	-	2	12
Neshaminy Creek	-	-	4	16
Bristol	-	-	4	20
Morrisville	-	-	10	30
Cross Delaware River to Trenton	-	-	1	31
Lawrenceville	-	-	6	37
Princeton	-	-	4	41
Kingston, on Millstone River	-	-	2	43
New-Brunswick	-	-	14	57
Cross Raritan River				
Rahway on Rahway River	-	-	12	69
Elizabethtown	-	-	5	74
Newark	-	-	6	80
Cross Passaic River				
Hackensack River	-	-	4	84
Jersey City (Paulus Hook)	-	-	5	89
Cross Hudson River to				
NEW-YORK	-	-	2	91

DEVIATIONS.

1. *Philadelphia to Trenton by water.*

Burlington, N. J.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	18
Bristol, P.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1 19
Bordentown, N. J.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9 28
Trenton, N. J.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5 33

2. *Bordentown to New-York.*

	M.	M.
Cranberry - - - - -		15
Spotteswood - - - - -	10	25
South Amboy - - - - -	8	33
Cross to North Amboy - - - - -	2	35
<i>New-York</i> (by steam-boat) - - - - -	22	57

3. *New-Brunswick, by Staten Island, to New-York.*

Woodbridge - - - - -	10
Staten Island Sound, New Ferry - - - - -	4 14
Castleton - - - - -	7 21
Lazaretto - - - - -	1 22
<i>New-York</i> (by steam-boat) - - - - -	5 27

4. *By Elizabethtown Point to New-York.*

Elizabethtown to	
Elizabethtown Point - - - - -	2
<i>New-York</i> (by steam-boat) - - - - -	10 12

PHILADELPHIA TO TRENTON, *by water, 33 miles.*

Since the establishment of steam boats, this has become the usual route, and the road is not often selected by travellers, especially in summer. The passage by water is indeed highly agreeable; the views are more beautiful, and the river presents a finer prospect above Philadelphia than it does lower down. Soon after leaving the city, the shores gradually contract, and offer bolder features than the flat banks which present themselves to the eye of the traveller, on either side, in his passage from Baltimore. The shores, but especially that of Pennsylvania, are adorned by many smiling villages, and the country-seats of gentlemen of Philadelphia. At eighteen miles from that city is *Burlington*, on the Jersey shore,

which, if its size and population are not adequate to its corporate rank—that of a city, may, from its fine green bank, which gradually declines to the margin of the river, its neat houses, its smiling aspect, and salubrious air, well merit the reputation it enjoys, as one of the most charming retreats in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia.

On the opposite bank of the Delaware, and at about the distance of a mile from Burlington, is *Bristol*, one of the prettiest country towns in America. Its population does not exceed one thousand inhabitants; but the houses are in general good, and those fronting on the river are built with great taste; their green lawns descending to its very margin, decked with shrubs, weeping willows and other ornamental trees, are exceedingly picturesque; and the house of Mr. Craig gives a character of Attic beauty and exquisite simplicity to the whole scene. It is formed on the model of a Grecian temple, and is indeed, though with some variation in the proportions, a copy of the beautiful temple of the Muses on the Ilissus, one of the most enchanting remnants of Athenian taste.

Leaving Bristol, the passage up the river becomes perhaps still more interesting. Though the banks are no longer so thickly gemmed with country-seats, yet they begin to present in themselves something of a stronger and more picturesque character, occasionally rising, especially on the Jersey shore, into abrupt cliffs, many of which are adorned with noble forest trees. A liveliness is imparted to the scene by the sloops which are constantly met, on their way between Trenton and Philadelphia, and the intermediate villages. The Durham boats too are seen stealing slowly and silently along the shores; the men engaged in poling them occasionally endeavouring to relieve the tediousness of their employment by their songs, whose monotony would usually render them uninteresting, but which, harmonizing with the placid stillness of the water over which they are passing, and their slow and silent progress along the shore, makes them not uninteresting.

Nine miles above Bristol, we reach *Bordentown*, a village on the Jersey shore. It is built on a lofty cliff, rising abruptly from the river, and an excellent road has been cut through it for a new line of stages, established on this route to New-York. The road from Bordentown to South Amboy is a new

one, and presents little variety; it has, however, the advantage of being the shortest distance by land between New-York and Philadelphia. Bordentown is a very pretty village, containing about one hundred dwelling houses, in general very well built; and, like Burlington and Bristol, is a favourite retreat of the Philadelphians in summer. There is a circumstance, however, connected with its history, which will render it peculiarly interesting to the traveller—it was the residence of the late Francis Hopkinson, a name dear to the scholar as long as wit and humour shall charm, and still dearer to the patriot, as long as ardent devotion to his country's good shall claim his admiration and love. An anecdote is mentioned with regard to him, which it is believed, has never yet been published, and which shows that his merits were not known to his own countrymen alone. During the revolutionary war, a party of Hessians invaded Bordentown so suddenly, that Mr. Hopkinson's family had barely time to escape, leaving their house and all it contained a prey to the invaders. After the retreat of the British from Philadelphia in 1778, a volume was brought to Mr. Hopkinson, which a Hessian officer had left behind him at his lodgings; it was a book that had belonged to his library at Bordentown, and on the blank page the officer had written in German, that he had taken the volume from the library of Mr. Hopkinson, who was a violent and uncompromising rebel; but that, from the books and the philosophical apparatus in the room, he was certainly a man of great learning and science.

That this little village was formerly the abode of one, who had so nobly distinguished himself in the defence and service of our country, must ever impart to it a charm in the eye of a traveller; yet perhaps, his sensibilities will not be less awakened, when he beholds it now the residence of one who has sought its peaceful retirement after having been driven from the palaces of Europe—when he reflects that the brother of a mighty Emperor, who ruled nearly the whole of Europe, and himself the sovereign of a great nation, is now an humble citizen of New-Jersey, known perhaps more by his charities, and the benevolence of his heart, than by the high station he so lately held.

Point Breeze, the residence of the Count de Surveilliers (Joseph Buonaparte,) is a fine estate of about five hundred acres, extending along Crosswick's creek, a stream which

enters the Delaware at Bordentown. The grounds are laid out with great taste, and afford in some degree a specimen of a European park. The mansion of the Count does not present, either in its situation or exterior appearance, any thing to be greatly admired, and is certainly far inferior in both respects to the old house, which was burned down a few years since; and which, placed directly on the Point, had the advantage of a noble view. The interior arrangements are, however, exceedingly commodious; and the splendid collection of paintings which adorns the rooms, is a treasure that no other part of the continent can boast, and will afford a traveller of taste the highest gratification.

From Bordentown, a passage of five miles brings the traveller to *Trenton*, the capital of the state of New-Jersey, and the termination of steam-boat navigation on the Delaware.

PHILADELPHIA to TRENTON, *by land*, 31 miles.

Leaving Philadelphia by the great eastern road, the first village is that of *Frankford*, about five miles from the city. As this stage may be considered as an environ of Philadelphia, it has all the character belonging to it; the road is a fine turnpike, and the country is level, with gentle undulations. Frankford is a very pretty village, consisting of one main street, about a third of a mile in length; the houses are built of stone, or board, neatly painted, and surrounded with little gardens; and the road being wide, is planted on each side with trees in front of the houses. The country around Frankford is agreeable, and forms from the numerous villas in the neighbourhood, one of the most cheerful residences in the vicinity of the city. It contains about one hundred houses; and, though it has no staple manufacture, yet the numerous shops, stores and taverns, give it a busy appearance.

From Frankford, the road proceeds in a north-eastern direction five miles to *Holmesburg*, a village on the *Pennepack* creek. On the right, as the country recedes from the eye, it gradually becomes more and more level for about a mile to the river Delaware, along whose margin it descends into mea-

dows and marshy ground; it is beautifully variegated with woods, villas and occasional glimpses of the river, though the road is not sufficiently elevated to afford any very extensive or commanding views of it.

Two miles from Holmesburg the road crosses the *Poquasin* creek, four miles farther the *Neshaminy*, and in four more we reach *Bristol* on the Delaware. The soil is in general loamy, mixed with gravel, and a substratum of soft micaceous granite; the aspect of the country is pleasing, the reach of prospect often extensive, and presenting good farms, the houses neat and frequently elegant, and the whole bespeaking a character of comfort and wealth in the owners; indeed they are generally either respectable country gentlemen, or citizens who have retired from Philadelphia to become farmers.

Passing *Bristol*, the road proceeds for a few miles along the shore of the river, which it then leaves, and takes a direct course to *Morrisville*, ten miles from *Bristol*, and situated on the bank of the Delaware opposite to *Trenton*. This town takes its name from Mr. Robert Morris, and exhibits an unfortunate scheme of a man whose mind was perhaps as great as that of any one of his age, but whose designs proved ultimately too vast for that age to realize. Taking advantage of the rapids in the Delaware, Mr. Morris contemplated the erection of most extensive manufacturing establishments, to accommodate which this town was laid out; but the undertaking was not suited to the existing state of the country, was soon neglected, and eventually tumbled into ruin. One of the houses, a handsome building intended for the residence of Mr. Morris, was afterwards occupied by the celebrated French general Moreau. From *Morrisville* the road crosses the Delaware on a substantial wooden bridge, erected in the year 1805, to *Trenton*.

TRENTON to NEW-YORK, 60 miles.

Trenton, the capital of New-Jersey, is a neat country town, containing about four thousand inhabitants, though incorporated as a city. The situation of the town is open and pleasant, and its elevation above the river affords a pleasing prospect up it, which is closed by high hills, but extends over the fine country of Pennsylvania on the western shore.

But Trenton is chiefly remarkable as the scene of General Washington's victory over the British at Christmas, 1776; an event, which, among his many great acts, is perhaps the best proof of his fortitude and resources; which retrieved the sinking fortunes of his country, and raised the gloomy despondence of the Americans, then almost on the verge of despair. The continental army, defeated in several battles, had been driven from the Jerseys across the Delaware by the British; and broken, disheartened, and without resource, as they were, could oppose no obstacle to the successful invasion of the middle states. The genius of Washington however was equal to the occasion, and by the acts of one decisive night, he robbed them of the fruits of a whole campaign, imparted new hope and vigour to our cause, and opened the way to eventual triumph. Taking advantage of the festivity of the season, when the British were carousing over the fallen fortunes of their adversaries, he crossed the Delaware, though full of ice, in the middle of a stormy night, attacked the enemy early in the morning, and after a severe conflict compelled them to surrender at discretion. It is said, that as the battle was about to commence, the General had placed himself very far in advance; observing this, his aides-de-camp begged him to retire where he would be less exposed to danger, and equally able to superintend and direct the motions of his troops; but appearing to have staked every thing on the event of this conflict, he calmly replied to them, "Gentlemen, from this point I only go forward."

Leaving Trenton, the road continues through a country of a light sandy soil, and not very fertile; though it is well settled with good farms. At six miles we reach *Lawrenceville*, where the soil changes to a dark earth of light texture. As we approach *Princeton*, four miles farther, the country becomes high and open, affording many noble prospects; to the south and east, it stretches in a flat sandy plain to the shores of the ocean, along which are seen rising the highlands of the *Navesink* hills, giving a rich termination to the view. To the north, the country becomes more and more hilly, till it terminates in a distant blue ridge. Princeton itself commands a fine prospect, but has little besides the college to recommend it; except this, the town consists chiefly of taverns, stores, and a few good dwelling-houses, straggling for nearly half a mile along the road side. The College is a large plain stone build-

ing, about one hundred and eighty feet long, fifty-four deep, and four stories high, without a solitary architectural ornament. As a literary institution, however, Nassau-Hall holds quite a distinguished rank among those of the United States. It was incorporated in 1746, though it was not permanently established at Princeton until 1757. The number of students is about one hundred; and it is resorted to, not only by young men from New-Jersey, but from most of the other states. It has a handsome library and museum, with a fine collection of philosophical instruments; and within its walls have been educated some of the most distinguished citizens of the country. The battle of Princeton was fought in the town on the 3d of January, 1777. It was a continuation of the plan which General Washington had so nobly commenced at Trenton, and was attended with equal success. He is reported on this occasion to have exerted himself with great personal bravery, and to have been several times exposed to the most imminent danger.

Two miles from Princeton brings the traveller to *Kingston*, a village on the *Millstone* river; and fourteen miles farther, to *New-Brunswick*. For the first few miles, the soil is barren and stony; but as we proceed it improves, and on approaching the latter place the country presents a more agreeable aspect, and is settled with numerous farm-houses.

New-Brunswick is a pleasant town, or rather city, for it has that corporate rank, situated on the banks of the Raritan, a river which is navigable for vessels of eighty tons, and which is here passed by a fine bridge of twelve arches, and four hundred and forty feet long. It contains a population of nearly four thousand persons. There are many good houses, especially on the main street, which is broad, and is the residence of a number of genteel families. The town is very old, and was originally founded by the Dutch, whose descendants still compose a large proportion of its inhabitants. The college, founded by the Dutch clergy, though now no more than a grammar school, is a handsome and spacious edifice.

On crossing the bridge from New-Brunswick, the prospect on the Raritan, both above and below, is very beautiful; that above embracing an extensive sweep, with elevated banks, fringed with wood, and crowned by a finely cultivated country. The view down the river is not so extensive, but the

height and colour of the banks, and the noble woods which overhang them, are finely contrasted.

For a few miles, the country is rather barren, and a reddish soil prevails; but where the road to *Amboy* crosses it, the view on the right is very fine, extending over the vale of the Raritan to its mouth, and embracing the two towns of *Amboy*, situated on their jutting promontories, the bay of the Raritan, the fine plains of Staten Island, and the blue highlands of the Neversink faintly rising in the distance.

At *Rahway*, twelve miles from New-Brunswick, we cross the river of the same name, and in five miles farther arrive at *Elizabethtown*, whose spires are seen as we approach it, rising among the trees. It is a neat town of four thousand inhabitants, with a market and several churches, surrounded by small but well-cultivated farms and villas, many of which are quite handsome. In antiquity it exceeds every other town in the state, having been settled as early as 1664.

The steam-boat route here leaves the main road, and passes through a beautiful country, covered with neat farms and handsome houses, two miles, to *Elizabethtown-Point*, whence the passage to New-York by water is only ten miles.

From *Elizabethtown* to *Newark*, the next stage, is only six miles, through a well cultivated district. Newark, the largest and most flourishing town in the state, with a population of seven thousand inhabitants, is situated on the west bank of the *Passaic* river, six or seven miles above its mouth by the course of the river, though only two or three in a direct line. To a traveller from the South, this town, which is certainly one of the prettiest in the United States, will appear extremely interesting, as it is the first instance of that beauty, blended with attention to public convenience, and to extreme neatness, which becomes more common as he advances into the eastern states. The main street is two hundred feet wide, and forms a noble esplanade, along which are many well-built houses; there are five churches, some of them adorned with handsome spires, and several other public buildings; and the trade of the place is flourishing and extensive.

On the *Passaic* river, fourteen miles north of Newark, are the celebrated *falls*, and the village of *Patterson*. The road passes over a reddish sandy soil, and presents a scene of great interest and beauty. Three miles above Newark is the

village of *Belleville*,* and five miles farther that of *Equanouk*. Patterson is a busy town, containing about two thousand four hundred inhabitants, and is celebrated for its extensive manufacturing establishments; a great facility for the formation of which is afforded by the noble water-power of the Passaic. There are no less than ten cotton factories with fifteen thousand spindles, two large duck manufactories, a rolling and slitting mill, a nail manufactory, and a paper mill. But what perhaps renders this spot even still more attractive to the traveller, than the sight of a busy manufacturing town, is one of those majestic water-falls which the rivers of our country so often present. At this spot the Passaic descends into the level country from a ridge of hills, which, extending far across New-Jersey to the Hudson, appears to be the first of many lines of highlands which follow in succession to the north. A walk of a quarter of an hour along the eastern bank of the river, brings the traveller to the rock over which it tumbles into a deep cleft or chasm a perpendicular depth of seventy-two feet. The hills around rise into lofty cliffs crowned with forests; and the white sheet of water rushing over the precipice and boiling beneath, the dark hue of the rocks continually wet with spray, the mist for ever rising and forming a continued rainbow, all contrasted with the placid surface of the stream but a few yards below, and the quiet and solemn grandeur of the woods around, present a scene of truly romantic beauty.

From Patterson the traveller may proceed to New-York, without returning to Newark, by an interesting ride of twenty miles, through the towns of *Hackensack*, *Durham* and *Hoboken*.

Returning to the main route, the road from Newark to the *Hackensack river*, four miles, passes nearly the whole distance on a noble causeway over a body of flat salt marshes, which extend from Newark Bay along the river Hackensack several miles into the country. A part of these marshes has formerly been a cedar swamp; the road is formed by cutting a ditch on each side so as to drain a space sufficiently wide on which logs of cedar are laid across close together and over these earth is placed to the depth of two or three feet, forming a

* Near this village is a copper mine, which was worked during the revolutionary war, but is now neglected. The ruins of the edifices attached to it are visible; and the mineralogist will be rewarded for half an hour's research. It is known by the name of Schuyler's Mine.

hard and even surface, while the line of trees on each side affords a grateful shade from the summer heat. At the end of the causeway the river Hackensack is passed on a bridge one thousand feet in length; it is a deep stream, soon falling into Newark Bay, and navigable for several miles into the country.

From this river the road passes for five miles over a rocky ridge, and through the salt marshes which border the Hudson, to *Jersey City*, or *Paulus Hook*; immediately opposite to which, on the eastern bank of the river, here two miles wide, stands the city of *New-York*.

NEW-YORK TO SARATOGA.

NEW-YORK to ALBANY, by *water*.

	M.	M.
NEW-YORK to New-Jersey State line - -		21
Stony Point - - - - -	18	39
West Point - - - - -	12	51
Newburg - - - - -	8	59
Poughkeepsie - - - - -	14	73
Kingston - - - - -	15	88
Catskill - - - - -	21	109
Hudson - - - - -	3	112
Albany - - - - -	28	140

NEW-YORK to ALBANY, along the *Eastern Bank of the Hudson River*.

NEW-YORK to Kingsbridge - - - - -	14
Phillipsburg, on Sawmill river, - - - - -	5 19
Tarrytown - - - - -	10 29
Singsing - - - - -	6 35
Cross Croton river - - - - -	3 38
Croton - - - - -	1 39
Verplank's Point - - - - -	5 44
Peekskill - - - - -	2 46
Fishkill, on Fishkill creek, - - - - -	20 66
Cross Napping creek, - - - - -	5 71
Poughkeepsie - - - - -	9 80
Hyde Park - - - - -	6 86
Staatsburg - - - - -	5 91
Rhinebeck - - - - -	6 97
Clermont - - - - -	13 110
Jauseas creek - - - - -	1 111
<i>Hudson</i> - - - - -	12 123
Columbianville, on Kinderhook creek, - -	6 129

	M.	M.
Kinderhook Landing - - - - -	5	134
Greenbush - - - - -	18	152
Cross Hudson river to ALBANY - - - -	1	153

NEW-YORK to ALBANY, along the *Western Bank of the Hudson River.*

NEW-YORK to Hoboken - - - - -		2
New-Durham - - - - -	3	5
Hackinsack - - - - -	9	14
Gloster - - - - -	8	22
New-York and New-Jersey State line -	3	25
Tappan - - - - -	1	26
Nyack - - - - -	5	31
Warren - - - - -	7	38
Stony Point - - - - -	5	43
Gibraltar - - - - -	4	47
West Point - - - - -	3	50
Canterbury - - - - -	5	55
New-Windsor - - - - -	3	58
Newburg - - - - -	2	60
Milton - - - - -	12	72
Pelham - - - - -	12	84
Kingston - - - - -	9	93
Cross Esopus creek to Sagertie's - - -	12	105
Catskill - - - - -	12	117
Athens - - - - -	6	123
New-Baltimore - - - - -	14	137
ALBANY - - - - -	15	152

ALBANY to SARATOGA, *by Schenectady.*

ALBANY to Schenectady - - - - -		16
Cross Mohawk river to Longtown - - -	8	24
Ballston - - - - -	4	28
Ballston Springs - - - - -	3	31
SARATOGA SPRINGS - - - - -	8	39

ALBANY to SARATOGA, *by Waterford.*

	M.	M.
ALBANY to Mohawk river - - - - -		9
Waterford - - - - -	2	11
Anthony's Hill - - - - -	15	26
Ballston Springs - - - - -	3	29
SARATOGA SPRINGS - - - - -	8	37

We shall not detain our readers with a description of the great commercial city of New-York; one sufficiently minute would occupy too much space in our little volume, and it may easily be obtained from the regular guide-books of the place.

Leaving New-York therefore, at once, we shall endeavour to point out to the northern tourist, the objects which will attract his notice, as he glides in the steam-boat along the waters of the majestic Hudson.

On leaving the quay, the right is formed at first by the city itself, then by its environs, gradually becoming less and less compact, till they are succeeded by the villas, country-seats, and small farms, which usually surround a large city. The left is formed by the Jersey shore, on which are scattered the houses of the city of Jersey and *Hoboken*, the banks gradually becoming bolder as we proceed; and about three miles above Paulus Hook, the attention of the traveller is attracted to the spot where General Hamilton was killed by Mr. Burr, on the 11th July, 1804. At *Fort Lee*, six miles farther, the western shore becomes still more abrupt, and the precipice higher; on the opposite bank, but about a mile above, is *Fort Washington*; and though the hills are bold, they are less perpendicular, and slope more gradually to the river, than those of New-Jersey. The river is here upwards of a mile in width. The same character continues until we pass the small creek which leads to *Kingsbridge*, the boundary of the city and county of New-York. The name given to this creek by the Dutch was *Spyten Duyvil Kill*, or Spitting Devil creek; a name probably conferred on it by some

worthy burgomaster of yore, from the troubles and dangers he encountered, in exploring its almost endless windings. After this the country is more tame, though beautifully chequered with wood and cultivation, as far as *Phillipsburg*, five miles above *Kingsbridge*.

From Fort Lee the Jersey shore becomes more and more bold ; its precipices, some of which are three hundred feet high, extend in a regular and continued line for about fourteen miles, where a large bay, running in to the westward, forms the entrance of the Tappan Sea. These cliffs, which are known by the name of the *Palisades*, are basaltic, and seem to form a part of the first great ridge of hills which passes along the eastern side of the continent : they vary in width from half a mile to two miles, and will attract the attention of every traveller, from the lofty and perpendicular face which they present. The rock is hard, fine, and of a dark colour ; it was used in former ages by the Indians, for their arrow-points. About twelve miles above Fort Lee, the line which divides the states of New-York and New-Jersey strikes the west bank of the Hudson ; and from that point northward, both sides of the river belong to New-York.

The Hudson, which below had seldom exceeded a mile in width, now spreads into an expanse of water not less than three miles broad, which was denominated, by the ancient Dutch navigators, the Tappaan Zee ; and where, it is said, the cautious Mynheers always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas, ere they crossed. The passage, of eight miles, through this lake, is exceedingly interesting, and might demand at our hands some delineation of its beauties ; but this has been already done by the enchanting pen of the venerable historian of New-York, who imparts a classic feeling to every scene he has described, and whose description the traveller will thank us for inserting.

“Now did the vessel of the gallant Peter, career it gayly across the vast expanse of Tappan Bay, whose wide extended shores present a variety of delectable scenery—here the bold promontory, crowned with embowering trees, advancing into the bay—there the long woodland slope, sweeping up from the shore in rich luxuriance, and terminating in the upland precipice—while at a distance a long waving line of rocky heights, threw their gigantic shades across the water. Now would they pass where some little modest interval,

opening among these stupendous scenes, yet retreating as it were for protection into the embraces of the neighbouring mountains, displayed a rural paradise, fraught with sweet and pastoral beauties; the velvet tufted lawn—the bushy copse—the tinkling rivulet, stealing through the fresh and vivid verdure—on whose banks was situated some little Indian village, or peradventure, the rude cabin of some solitary hunter.

“The different periods of the revolving day, seemed each with cunning magic, to diffuse a different charm over the scene. Now would the jovial sun break gloriously from the east, blazing from the summits of the hills, and sparkling the landscape with a thousand dewy gems; while along the borders of the river were seen heavy masses of mist, which like midnight caitiffs, disturbed at his approach, made a sluggish retreat, rolling in sullen reluctance up the mountains. At such times all was brightness and life and gayety—the atmosphere seemed of an indescribable pureness and transparency—the birds broke forth in wanton madrigals, and the freshening breezes wafted the vessel merrily on her course. But when the sun sunk amid a flood of glory in the west, mantling the heavens and the earth with a thousand gorgeous dyes—then all was calm, silent and magnificent. The late swelling sail hung lifelessly against the mast—the seaman with folded arms leaned against the shrouds, lost in that involuntary musing which the sober grandeur of nature commands in the rudest of her children. The vast bosom of the Hudson was like an unruffled mirror, reflecting the golden splendour of the heavens, excepting that now and then a bark canoe would steal across its surface, filled with painted savages, whose gay feathers glared brightly, as perchance a lingering ray of the setting sun gleamed upon them from the western mountains.”*

Near the little village of *Tappan*, and three or four miles from the western shore, is the tomb of Major André, the amiable and interesting young English officer, who, in the year 1780, fell a victim to the schemes of the treacherous Arnold and his own imprudence. At that period, his fate was by many considered unjust, by all was lamented—but time, which always corrects the transitory, and often incon-

* Knickerbocker, II. 103.

siderate, opinions of the day, has justified the decision of the American general, as consonant to the principles of morality, of warlike intercourse and of honour. It is said he was amiable and accomplished, and nature had bestowed on him a taste for elegant literature and the fine arts, which had been greatly improved by a good education, and attentive study. His fidelity, with his situation and character, made him a good agent in the conduct of the plot, which had been formed by sir Henry Clinton and the infamous Arnold, for delivering up West Point to the British; but his high ideas of candour, and his abhorrence of duplicity, made him inexpert in practising those arts of deception which it required. After having secretly met Arnold on the beach of the river, and formed the necessary plans, he attempted to return to New-York, assuming a feigned name and a disguise; but when he had advanced some distance in security, and thought himself out of danger, he was stopped and discovered by three of the New-York militia, who were, with others, scouting between the outposts of the two armies. André offered his captors a purse of gold, and a new valuable watch, if they would let him pass; and permanent provision, and future promotion, if they would convey and accompany him to New-York. They nobly disdained the proffered bribe, and delivered him, a prisoner, to Lieutenant-Colonel Jemison, who commanded the scouting parties. In testimony of the high sense entertained of the virtuous and patriotic conduct of John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van-Wert, the captors of André, Congress resolved, "that each of them receive, annually, two hundred dollars in specie, during life; that the board of war be directed to procure for each of them a silver medal, on one side of which should be a shield, with this inscription, 'Fidelity,' and on the other the following motto 'Vincit Amor Patriæ;' and that the commander in chief be requested to present the same, with the thanks of Congress, for their fidelity, and the eminent service they rendered their country." Lieutenant Colonel Jemison forwarded to Washington all the papers found upon André, with a letter giving an account of the whole affair; but the express, by taking a different route from the general, who was returning from a conference at Hartford, with count de Rochambeau, missed him. The same packet, which detailed the particulars of André's capture, brought a letter from him, in

which he avowed his name and character, and endeavoured to show that he did not come under the description of a spy. The letter was expressed in terms of dignity, without insolence, and of apology, without meanness. He stated therein, that he had held a correspondence with a person, under the orders of his general; that his attention went no further than meeting that person, on neutral ground, for the purpose of intelligence; and that, against his stipulation, his intention, and without his knowledge beforehand, he was brought within the American posts, and had to concert his escape from them. Being taken on his return, he was betrayed into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise. His principal request was, that "whatever his fate might be, a decency of treatment might be observed, which would mark, that, though unfortunate, he was branded with nothing that was dishonourable, and that he was involuntarily an impostor."

General Washington appointed a court martial, who examined into the affair with the most scrupulous care, and finally condemned him to death as a spy, agreeably to the laws and usages of nations. The British officers made every exertion to save him, but without effect. It was the general opinion of the American army, that his life was forfeited; and that national dignity and sound policy required, that the forfeiture should be exacted. André, though superior to the terrors of death, wished to die like a soldier. To obtain this favour, he wrote a letter to Washington, fraught with sentiments of military dignity. From an adherence to the usages of war, it was not thought proper to grant his request; but his delicacy was saved from the pain of receiving a negative answer. The guard, which attended him in his confinement, marched with him to the place of execution. The way over which he passed, was crowded, on each side, by anxious spectators. Their sensibility was strongly impressed, by beholding a well-dressed youth, in the bloom of life, of peculiarly engaging person, mien and aspect, devoted to immediate execution. Major André walked with firmness, composure and dignity, between two officers of his guard, his arms being locked in theirs. Upon seeing the preparations, at the fatal spot, he asked, with some degree of concern, "must I die in this manner?" he was told it was unavoidable. He replied "I am reconciled to my fate, but not

to the mode ;” but soon subjoined, “it will be but a momentary pang.” He ascended the cart with a pleasing countenance, and with a degree of composure, which excited the admiration, and melted the hearts, of all the spectators. He was asked, when the fatal moment was at hand, if he had any thing to say ? He answered, “nothing but to request, that you will witness to the world, that I die like a brave man.” The succeeding moments closed the affecting scene.

This execution was the subject of severe censures. Barbarity, cruelty and murder, were plentifully charged on the Americans ; but impartial men of all nations allowed, that it was warranted by the usages of war. It cannot be condemned without condemning the maxims of self preservation, which have uniformly guided the practice of hostile nations. The finer feelings of humanity would be gratified, by dispensing with the rigid maxims of war, in favour of so distinguished an officer ; but these feelings must be controlled by a regard for the public safety. Such was the distressed state of the American army, and so abundant were their causes of complaint, that there was much to fear from the contagious nature of treachery. Could it have been reduced to a certainty, that there were no more Arnolds in America, perhaps André’s life might have been spared ; but the necessity of discouraging further plots fixed his fate, and stamped it with the seal of political necessity. If conjectures in the boundless field of possible contingencies were to be indulged, it might be said, that it were more consonant to humanity, to take one life, than, by ill-timed lenity, to lay a foundation which probably would occasion, not only the loss of many, but endanger the independence of a great country.

Though a regard to the public safety imposed a necessity for inflicting the rigours of martial law, yet the rare worth of this unfortunate officer, made his unhappy case the subject of universal regret. Not only among the partisans of royal government, but among the firmest American republicans, the friendly tear of sympathy freely flowed, for the early fall of this amiable young man. Some condemned, others justified, but all regretted, the fatal sentence which put a period to his valuable life.*

* See Ramsay, II. 380—384.

As we enter the *Tappan Sea*, the western shore becomes a rich and finely cultivated country, rising gently from the river for some distance, and then terminating in high hills. The soil on the eastern side is not so fertile, being generally a gravel, mixed with rocks and stones; the appearance of the country is, however, very beautiful, and the intermixture of farm houses, elegant country-seats, fine forests and cultivated fields, with occasional villages, presents many an interesting scene. Ten miles above Phillipsburg is *Tarrytown*, a village of considerable trade with New-York. The name was given to it, we are told,* in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern, on market days. And its neighbourhood is now familiar to the traveller, as the scene from which the hapless Ichabod Crane was driven, by the haughty frowns of the beauteous but hard-hearted Katrina Van Tassel, the blustering rivalry of Brom Bones, and the more than mortal vengeance of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

Six miles above Tarrytown, is the village of *Singsing*; and three miles farther, the *Croton river*, which enters the Hudson at the northern extremity of the *Tappan Sea*. Passing *Teller's Point*, on the east, we now enter *Haverstraw Bay*, another expansion of the river, in which are a number of rocky, wooded islands: near its northern termination, on the western shore, is *Stony Point*, a steep round hill, rising perhaps sixty feet above the river, having a bold rocky shore, and united to the main land by a narrow isthmus. The remains of the fort are still distinct, and will be recollected as the scene of General Wayne's gallant exploit on the night of the 15th of July, 1779, when he took it by storm from the British, with only three hundred men. It is thirty-nine miles above New-York; and this, as well as the opposite point, is composed of a hard calcareous stone.

Opposite to Stony Point, and on the eastern shore, is *Verplank's Point*, a beautiful peninsula, projecting into the river. Off it lay the British frigate, to receive General Arnold, after his treachery at West Point. Two miles above, at the bottom of a deep bay, running into the river, and eight miles above Croton, is the village of *Peekskill*, very prettily situated at

the foot of the *Highlands*, and carrying on a considerable trade with New-York. In its neighbourhood are the ruins of several forts, built by the Americans, in the revolutionary war, to protect this important pass; but these remains are now scarcely to be found, even by the inquisitive traveller, and each successive year renders yet more indistinct these traces of that interesting period.

We now enter upon a scene, which has long been celebrated as one of unrivalled beauty and magnificence—the passage of the Hudson through the *Highlands*, or Fishkill Mountains. This range of hills, which was known to the Indians as the Matteawan Mountains, appears to be an extension of the second great chain, or Blue Ridge, proceeding from the south-west. Its geological formation is decidedly primitive, and is principally composed of granite and gneiss, imbedding occasionally ores of iron. From the circumstance of its so directly crossing the Hudson, and the appearance so strikingly presented, of that river having forced a passage through it, geologists have looked upon this ridge as the great southern boundary of a vast lake, which at some former period spread its waters far and wide over the more northern districts, and extended as far as the high lands on the borders of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the mountains in the neighbourhood of Saratoga. Whether this outlet was formed by some powerful convulsion of nature, or whether by the gradual abrasion of the waters, can only be matter of conjecture among those who are skilled in geological science; and whatever charms such an investigation may present to them, the gay traveller would rather dwell on their majestic beauties, and contemplate their romantic forms and ever-varying shades, than perplex himself with theories the truth of which can never be determined.

On entering the Highlands, the western shore is formed by a bold round mountain, rising steeply to the height of nine hundred feet, and called by the Dutch, *Dunderbarrich*, or Thunder hill. A second hill, of the same form, and upwards of thirteen hundred feet high, is only separated from it by a narrow ravine or vale: the mountain is known by the name of *Bear Hill*, and the valley by that of *Snake Hole*.

On the opposite shore, the northern bank of the little bay leading to Peekskill is formed by a remarkably steep mountain, called *Anthony's Nose*: the sides present a rude rocky

surface, faintly intermingled with trees, and its summit rises to the lofty elevation of nine hundred and thirty-five feet above the tide of the Hudson.

From what circumstance this mountain acquired its name, we can learn but from one author—the celebrated Diedrich Knickerbocker; and we confess we should be inclined to believe, that the miraculous account was received from sources not worthy of implicit belief, had he not asserted it was as true as any thing in his book—an assertion which fully proves its veracity.

“I am now going to tell a fact,” says the venerable historian, “which I doubt much my readers will hesitate to believe; but if they do, they are welcome not to believe a word in this whole history, for nothing which it contains is more true. It must be known then, that the nose of Anthony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below. Just at this moment, the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendour from behind one of the high bluffs of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass—the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel! This huge monster, being with infinite labour hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavour, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone. And this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people.

“When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and, as a monument thereof, he gave the name of *Anthony's Nose* to a stout promontory in the neighbourhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that time.”

After turning this point, the river has a direct course of

about nine miles to *West Point*. Indeed, from its regularity, it presents the appearance of a grand canal, and is but about a half or three quarters of a mile in width. The banks rise steeply for about one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet, and then form a flat area, which seems to be the base of the loftier hills that rise above in stupendous grandeur. Looking back, the scene is closed by the mountains we have passed; and looking forward, the same high chains, stretching along on either hand, appear to unite in the distance. As we approach *West Point*, the scene increases more and more in picturesque grandeur—the banks on each side rise in rugged majesty, and present a uniform covering of wood, except where interrupted by projecting rocks, which assume every hue as the sun shines upon them, and reflect an ever-changing picture on the placid mirror at their feet.

West Point is an object of no common interest to the traveller, both from the recollections of past times and events, and the conscious pride we must feel in the Institution it now contains. The fort was built at an early period of the Revolution, at once to keep open the passage of the Hudson, to secure a communication between the southern and eastern States, and to afford an arsenal, and an asylum where in a desperate extremity a vigorous stand might advantageously be made. It is well known how important the British considered it, and that, despairing of reducing it by force, they attempted to gain it by corrupting the commanding officer, the notorious Arnold. The ill success of his scheme, and the fate of his coadjutor André, have been already alluded to.

The military college of the United States was founded here in the year 1801; and its first organization was devolved by Congress upon the late General Williams, whose talents and unremitting industry did honour to himself and his country which employed him. Its discipline, however, was brought to its present perfect state in the year 1817, when the superintendent who now presides over it, Colonel Thayer, was placed at its head; a gentleman who unites to a distinguished rank and reputation in his profession, a vast fund of knowledge acquired in similar establishments in Europe.

The number of cadets allowed by Congress is two hundred and sixty, of whom about sixty are admitted annually. The age of admission is from fourteen to twenty. At the first examination, at which many candidates are always dis-

missed, as not sufficiently grounded in the elementary studies, the young men are admitted to what is called a state of probation, and are subjected to a severe course of study in French, mathematics, &c. After six months, there is a second examination, which cannot be passed without good talents, as well as great application. Those who are successful are admitted as cadets, and complete their four years' course of study, unless expelled for improper conduct, which however rarely happens. Each cadet is allowed by the government sixteen dollars per month, besides two rations a day, calculated at twelve dollars per month. The sixteen dollars, called pay, are to find books, clothing, stationary, candles and all necessaries, which are furnished to them, and placed to their account. If there be any surplus on the balancing of their accounts, they are allowed to draw for it as an encouragement to economy.

The library of the institution is one of the finest in the United States : it is rich in scientific works, both of our own country and Europe ; and among the ornaments it contains, is a full-length portrait of Mr. Jefferson, painted by Sully of Philadelphia, which, both as a likeness and a picture, does great credit to that accomplished artist.

The barracks of the cadets are spacious and well built. Three sleep in a room, to which is attached another room, in which they study, keep their arms, &c. The plan of studying, separately and by themselves, what has been previously explained and pointed out at lectures, is found to be much better than having all the cadets assembled in one hall. No cadet is permitted to go into the room of another during the hours of study; an officer being appointed to prevent all visits at that time. The punishment for insubordination is solitary confinement. No servants are allowed about the institution; and yet, so strict is its discipline, there is nothing perhaps with which a traveller will be more struck, than the neatness and cleanliness which prevail throughout every part of the establishment.

At dawn of day, the reveillé is sounded; the students rise, roll up their beds, clean their arms, appointments, and rooms, and proceed to the studies of the day.

It will not, however, be uninteresting to subjoin the following Tables—the one affording a view of the manner in which the employments of the day are distributed; the other, a list of the studies which are pursued:—

DISTRIBUTION OF STUDIES, AND EMPLOYMENT OF TIME DURING THE DAY.

From dawn of day to sunrise.

Reveill  at dawn of day—Roll-call immediately after reveill 
 —Police of rooms—Cleaning of arms, accoutrements, &c.
 —Inspection of rooms, thirty minues after roll-call.

From sun-rise to seven o'clock.

- Class 1. Study of engineering and the military art.
 — 2. Study of natural and experimental philosophy.
 — 3. Study of mathematics.
 — 4. Study of mathematics.

From seven to eight o'clock.

Breakfast at seven o'clock—Guard mounting at half past seven—Class parade at eight.

From eight to eleven o'clock.

- Class 1. Recitations and drawing relative to engineering and the military art.
 — 2. Recitations in natural and experimental philosophy.
 — 3. Recitations in mathematics.
 — 4. Recitations in mathematics.

From eleven to twelve o'clock.

- Class 1. Lectures on engineering and the military art.
 — 2. Lectures on natural and experimental philosophy.
 — 3. Study of mathematics.
 — 4. Study of mathematics.

From twelve to one o'clock.

- Class 1. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, lectures on chymistry as applied to the arts, or on mineralogy and geology.—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, study of the same subjects.
 — 2. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, lectures on chymistry.—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, study of the same subject.
 — 3. Recitations in French.
 — 4. Study and recitations of French.

From one to two o'clock.

Dinner at one o'clock—Recreation from dinner to two o'clock.

From two to four o'clock.

- Class 1. Study and recitations of geography, history, ethics, and national law.
—— 2. Drawing of landscape and topography.
—— 3. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, drawing of the human figure.—Tuesday and Thursday, study of French.
—— 4. Study and recitations of French.

From four to sunset.

Military exercises—Dress parade and roll-call at sunset.

From sunset to half hour past.

Supper immediately after parade—Signal to retire to quarters immediately after supper.

From half hour past sunset to half past nine o'clock.

- Class 1. Study of engineering and the military art.
—— 2. Study of natural and experimental philosophy.
—— 3. Study of mathematics.
—— 4. Study of mathematics.

From half past nine to ten o'clock.

Tattoo at half past nine o'clock—Roll-call immediately after tattoo.—Signal to extinguish lights, and inspection of rooms, at ten o'clock.

UNITED STATES' MILITARY ACADEMY—STUDIES AND CLASS BOOKS.

Class.	Department.	Subjects.	Class Books.
FIRST CLASS—Fourth Year's Course.	ENGINEERING.	Science of Artillery.—Field Fortification.—Permanent Fortification.—Grand Tactics. Civil and Military Architecture and Constructions.	Treatise on the Science of War and Fortification, by Gay de Vernon. Traité des Machines, par Hachette.—Programme d'un Cours de Construction, par Sganzin.
	HISTORY and ETHICS.	Geography. History. Moral Philosophy. Law of Nations.	Morse's Geography. Tyler's Elements of General History. Paley's Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy Vattel's Law of Nations.
	CHYMISTRY and MINERALOGY.	Application of Chymistry to the Arts. Mineralogy.	Cleveland's Treatise on Mineralogy and Geology.
	TACTICS.	School of the Soldier, Company and Battalion.—Evolutions of the Line. Exercise and Manœuvres of Artillery.	Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manœuvres of Infantry. Lallemande's Treatise on Artillery.
	NATURAL and EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.	Statics.—Dynamics.—Hydrostatics.—Hydrodynamics.—Pneumatics. Magnetism.—Electricity.—Optics.—Astronomy.	Gregory's Treatise of Mechanics. Newton's Principia. Enfield's Institutes of Natural Philosophy.
SECOND CLASS—Third Year's Course.	CHYMISTRY.	Chymical Philosophy.	Henry's Chymistry.
	DRAWING.	Landscape. Topography.	

TABLE—continued.

Class.	Department.	Subjects.	Class Books.
THIRD CLASS—Second Year's Course.	MATHEMATICS.	Fluxions. Analytical Geometry. Perspective, Shades and Shadows. Conic Sections. Descriptive Geometry.	Traité du Calcul différentiel et intégral, par Lacroix. Essai de Géométrie analytique appliquée aux Courbes et aux Surfaces du second ordre, par Biot. Crozet's Treatise on Perspective, Shades and Shadows. Crozet's Treatise on Descriptive Geometry and Conic Sections.
	FRENCH LANGUAGE.	Translation from French into English.	Histoire de Gil Blas, les trois derniers tomes. Histoire de Charles XII. par Voltaire.
	DRAWING.	Human Figure.	
	MATHEMATICS.	Mensuration and Surveying. Trigonometry. Geometry. Algebra.	Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, and on the Application of Algebra to Geometry, translated from the French of Lacroix and Bézout, by Professor Farrar. Legendre's Geometry. Complément des élémens d'Algèbre, par Lacroix. Lacroix's Elements of Algebra.
FOURTH CLASS—First Year's Course.	FRENCH LANGUAGE.	Translation from French into English. French Grammar.	Histoire de Gil Blas, le tome premier. Berard's Lecteur Français. Berard's French Grammar.

On the south side of the point, is a spot which no traveller will pass unnoticed—on which no traveller will tread, without dropping a tear to one of the most gallant and noble soldiers, who came to fight for freedom in a distant land, and one who would have fought for her as bravely and successfully in his own, could he have controlled the destiny of nations. A narrow and very steep path, in which large fragments of rock have been laid to form steps, conducts us down to a small platform, enclosed on three sides by steep rocks, while on the fourth a perpendicular precipice of near a hundred feet, hangs over the river.

Here dwelt Kosciusko,—here,

“Where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
Where now a few torn shrubs the place disclose.”

The young men of the college, in a spirit that does them honour, have subscribed fifteen hundred dollars to build here a monument, which, when finished, will be seen at a considerable distance. “How would the hero have rejoiced,” says an English traveller, “if he could have known that his memory would have been thus venerated by the youth of a foreign land! A monument to the champion of Freedom will stand well in the land of Liberty; and by none could it be more properly erected, than by the defenders of the rights of man.”

To the north of the point, and at about a quarter of a mile from the college, is a small flat piece of ground, in a little nook, between the foot of the mountain and the river. On this spot, which has been lately converted into a garden, stands a small wooden house, which General Washington made his head-quarters during the revolutionary war. On a very steep projecting point of rock, immediately above this, is the burial-ground of the college, where a handsome column of white marble, surmounted with some appropriate military emblems, has been erected to the memory of those cadets who have died at the place, and whose names are inscribed on it. Another very chaste and beautiful monument stands at the north corner of the parade, close to the road by which every one must pass before he can arrive at the college. It is a small tapering obelisk of white marble, standing on a simple pedestal; on which is this inscription:—

TO
THE MEMORY OF
COLONEL WOOD,

KILLED IN THE SORTIE FROM FORT ERIE,
This Monument was erected, by his Friend and Commander,
MAJOR-GENERAL BROWN.

Near this monument is ranged the artillery of the college, consisting of ten pieces of cannon of different sizes, besides a howitzer, and two mortars. Among the cannon are two beautiful brass field pieces, which were brought to the United States by the French in the revolutionary war: they are highly ornamented, and on them is inscribed, *Ultima ratio Regum*, “a motto,” says a foreign traveller, “at which all good republicans must be somewhat amused.”*

On the summit of the hill, above the fortress, the inquisitive traveller may trace the ruins of old *Fort Putnam*, once the important guardian of the pass, but now silent and dilapidated. It was on visiting this spot, that a gentleman of New-York is said to have written the following lines:—

Dreary and lone as the scenes that surround thee,
Thy battlements rise 'mid the crags of the wild,
Yet dear are thy ruins, for brightly around thee,
'Twas here the first dawn of our Liberty smiled.

But lonely's thy terrace—thy walls are forsaken,
In ruins around thy proud ramparts are low;
And never again shall thy cannon awaken,
The echo that sleeps in the valleys below.

Silence now reigns thy dark ruins among—
Where once thrill'd the fife, and the war-drum beat loud,
Now the scream of the eaglet, slow gliding along,
Alone sends its note from the mists of the cloud.

But where are the heroes whose home once was here,
When the legions of tyranny peopled our shore—
Who here raised the standard to Freedom so dear,
And guarded their home 'mid the battle's fierce roar?

* See an Excursion through the United States, by an English Gentleman—London, 1824.

They sleep in yon vale, their rude fortress below,
Where darkly the shade of the cedar is spread;
And hoarse through the valley the mountain winds blow,
Where lowly they rest in the sleep of the dead.

The flowers of the forest have brighten'd that spot,
The wild rose has scatter'd its bloom o'er that ground,
Where lonely they lie—now forgetting—forgot—
Unwak'd by the mountain-storm thund'ring around.

After passing West Point, the river widens on the right into a considerable bay; and the shores are still crowned by stupendous mountains, which give a majestic foreground to the scene. The river then turns to the left, and opens a prospect which perhaps exceeds every other on the passage. The mountains, which have become more lofty and rude, tumble at once into the river, and form on each shore craggy precipices, some of them perhaps a thousand feet in height: their sides are formed of large massy rocks and trees; their lofty elevation throws a dark shade over the river beneath, and impresses the whole scene with unrivalled sublimity and grandeur. In front is seen the termination of the Highlands; and as we look through the lofty vista of the mountains, we behold a wide expanse of beautiful and gently elevated country bursting on the eye. The hills soon after recede on each side, and take a direction across the country, which spreads far and wide into a rich and fertile vale.

We now pass the village of *New-Windsor* on the left, prettily situated on the bank of the river, and carrying on some business with New-York. Two miles and a half bring us to *Newburg*, a village also on the west shore of the Hudson, eight miles north of West Point, sixty-one miles north of New-York, and one hundred south of Albany. The town was built, little more than twenty years ago, for receiving the produce of the western counties of the state, and transporting it to New-York; in consequence, it has about fifty vessels constantly employed in this trade, and is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. It is incorporated as a village, and contains about five hundred houses, four churches, an academy, a bank, and one hundred stores and shops. It is very prettily laid out; and the courts for Orange county are alternately held here and at Goshen. The academy is a

large edifice, containing a valuable library of nearly a thousand volumes, and an excellent collection of maps, mathematical and philosophical apparatus, &c. The principal streets are paved, and the place is well supplied with excellent water. In the western part of the town, on a small stream called Chambers's creek, there are fourteen mills of various kinds, consisting of flour mills and powder mills on an extensive scale, and also plaster mills, fulling mills, &c.

From Newburg the view down the river is astonishingly grand, looking directly to West Point through the pass of the mountains—all of them finely softened off by the distance.

Nearly opposite to Newburg, on the eastern bank of the river, are *Beacon Hill* and *Grand Sachem*, the two loftiest mountains of the Highlands. The former is fourteen hundred and seventy-one feet above the river; and the ascent to the flag-staff on its summit is so easy, that carriages have frequently gone up. The New Beacon, or Grand Sachem, is still more lofty, its elevation reaching to sixteen hundred and eighty-five feet above the tide. The view from its summit is one of boundless extent and magnificence. We see at our feet the Hudson, winding majestically through the Highlands; the white towers of West Point glittering in the sun; Anthony's Nose rising proudly beyond; and the Tappan Sea spreading in the distance. To the north, the Hudson is seen for more than fifty miles; while the eye wanders around over a fertile and highly cultivated region, chequered with every thing that gives interest to a landscape so rich, extensive and diversified.

On a little creek, opposite to Newburg, is situated the village of *Fishkill Landing*, so called to distinguish it from *Fishkill* itself, a town on the same stream, but five miles from the shore of the Hudson, and twenty miles above Peekskill.

From the northern termination of the Highlands, the country on both sides is composed of the fine valley extending between the first and second great ridges, that is, the Blue Mountain and the Alleghany; thus accompanying them to the south-west through the United States. This valley is of a soil generally rich, abounding in limestone, and diversified by several smaller ridges of hills, which are dispersed through it, some of them the spurs, or offsets, of the higher mountains; others, apparently detached from them. Limestone is also found in detached strata, lower down the Hudson, as

at West Point and Verplank's Point; and numerous kilns are seen along the shores, where it is burned and transported to New-York.

As we pass along, the scene becomes highly interesting. The shore, especially the western one, juts out in fine bold headlands, with beautiful bays between them; the country is adorned with gentlemen's country-seats, and farm houses; and there is all around a delightful mixture of wood and cultivation, while the hills, though they do not rise into mountains, yet are bold enough to diversify the prospect. The margin of the river displays a succession of busy villages and landings, all engaged in the trade which is successfully carried on, through their medium, between the inland counties and the city of New-York. As the traveller passes along the shore, beholding villas, farms and towns thus spread upon it, covering it with animation, wealth and beauty; the words of Pliny will perhaps arise in his recollection—"Littus ornant varietate gratissima, nunc continua, nunc intermissa tecta villarum, quæ præstant multarum urbium faciem." Will the time ever arrive, when these gay banks of the Hudson will be lonely and abandoned, as are now the plains of the Campagna?

It is unfortunate for the description of this river, that so few of the mountains and particular headlands have distinct and appropriate names, by which we could designate them. When a fine promontory presents itself, you apply in vain to the sailor for its name: all he can tell you is, that it is some head, point or *hook*, an old Dutch name for a cape; and it is thus impossible to point out exactly to another traveller the objects that have attracted our notice.

About ten miles above Newburg, the western shore becomes steep and precipitous, formed of rock, and covered with trees and shrubs: the eastern side is broken into a variety of little hills and valleys blending with each other, and diversified with woods, meadows and cultivated land, over which are scattered farm houses and gentlemen's seats. In this manner they continue till we approach *Poughkeepsie*, or rather the landing, for the town itself is about a mile from the river.

Poughkeepsie is a neat and flourishing town, containing about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, ten miles above Fish-kill, and the same distance from Newburg by the river.

It was settled by the Dutch, as long ago as 1735, and is the place at which the New-York convention met, in 1788, and adopted the Federal Constitution. It carries on, like most of the towns on the banks of the Hudson, a brisk trade with the city of New-York, and is itself the seat of a number of flourishing manufactories.

After leaving Poughkeepsie, the first considerable village that presents itself is *Hyde Park*, six miles above, on the eastern shore of the Hudson. It is beautifully situated on a handsome plain, surrounded by productive and well-cultivated farms; and in the neighbourhood are the houses of several gentlemen of distinction and reputation. On a noble eminence, a little to the south of the town, is the fine seat of the late venerable Dr. Bard, whose *Memoirs*, published a few years since, offer a delightful picture of all that is amiable and interesting in a Christian and a man. Opposite to Hyde Park is the village of *Pelham*, or *New Paltz*, a landing on the margin of the river, for the convenience of the neighbouring district, which is very well improved.

Near *Staatsburg*, five miles above Hyde Park, is the seat of Governor Lewis; and in six miles farther we arrive at *Rhinebeck*, or rather at the landing, for the town itself is two miles from the river. It contains about fifty houses, and is pleasantly seated in the midst of a plain called the Rhinebeck Flats, which is fertile and well improved.

The *Catskill Mountains*, which have been for some time rising upon the view, now present a bold and imposing front. The whole view is indeed a fine one—the western bank of the Hudson is broken into steep and rugged cliffs; on the eastern side, the road up to the town winds along the steeps, amid fragments of rock, and pines, cedars and stunted oaks, obtaining a precarious hold in the crevices; while the background is terminated by the Catskill mountains, rising with their blue tops and sloping sides far off in the distance.

On the western shore of the Hudson, nearly opposite to Rhinebeck, but three miles from the river, is the town of *Kingston*, a romantic village, in the midst of the beautiful and celebrated vale of Esopus.* This little, but interesting town recalls to mind some memorable events of the revolutionary war. Its inhabitants were amongst the first and most

* See Darby's Travels, p. 24.

zealous opposers of British aggression, in the colony of New-York, and of course were marked for vengeance by the officers of the crown, who commanded on that station. In the summer of 1777, while General Burgoyne was penetrating from the north towards Albany, a British squadron ascended the Hudson river from New-York, and landed a body of troops near the mouth of the *Wallkill*, who marched to and burnt, the defenceless village of Kingston. The inhabitants had but a few moments' information of the approach of their enemy, before their actual arrival. A tumultuous flight ensued—and before quitting the sight of their dwellings, the smoke of the fire that devoured them ascended to heaven. The consequence of this act of blind rage was exactly what common sense would have expected—a more inveterate opposition to the British government. To feelings of revolutionary enthusiasm, was added personal resentment. Some of the stone walls still remain, to attest the destructive scene. Most of the houses then burned have long since been repaired or rebuilt, but a few stand untouched: their mouldering remains lead the imagination to retrace the lapse of fifty years, and amid the smoking ruins of their once happy homes, behold the mournful visages of the returning inhabitants—behold them turning an eye of vengeance after the destroyers of their property. An inscription upon the end of the village church records this deed of barbarism, this day of mourning, the 14th of October, 1777. The hour of vengeance was indeed near—three days after, Burgoyne and his army surrendered themselves prisoners of war at Saratoga. The pride of the spoiler was turned to defeat, mortification and disgrace.

Time and industry have effaced the ravages of war. Few, if any villages in the United States present at this moment an air of more domestic comfort, plenty and ease, than Kingston does. The houses are scattered, and generally built after the old Dutch taste, low, with few windows, and those small. Some more modern dwellings are exceptions to the common mode, being constructed with an elegance and convenience equal to the houses of any of our country towns.

Kingston stands upon an elevated and extensive plain, between the *Rondout* and *Esopus* creeks. Confining the view to the town and adjacent country, the traveller would suppose himself on the alluvion of a river. He is so, in fact;

the plain is a complete accretion, formed by the ancient state of the country, and by the neighbouring streams. The soil is sandy, but extremely fertile and well cultivated; the meadows and orchards are numerous and excellent. It is not ascertained with precision, what is the elevation of the Kingston plain above the level of tide water in the Hudson; but from an examination of the ground, along which the intervening road winds, we are led to believe, that the difference of level must exceed three hundred feet. Though sixteen miles distant, the Catskill mountains, from their elevation, seem to be much nearer, and give to Kingston an appearance of lying low, while standing upon ground so much above the surface of Hudson river.

In making the tour of this part of the United States, no traveller ought to pass without visiting this village; and every stranger will be pleased with the soft beauty of its scenery, with its retired situation, and with the plain, but affable manners of its inhabitants.

A large tract of land, which here stretches along the eastern shore of the Hudson, forms the Manor of Livingston. The country-seats and farms of many gentlemen of this family rise successively into view, as we pass along; and the old Manor-House itself is seated in a bay, nearly opposite to the town of Catskill. This large estate was originally granted by the English government, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, to Mr. Robert Livingstone, a member of the King's Council, and a commissary of the government at Fort Orange, now Albany. To the grant were annexed all the usual privileges which at that day accompanied such a lordship. The proprietor was authorized to constitute a Court Baron, and to appoint its officers; and the Manor tenants were entitled to elect a member to the Legislative Assembly for the Manor, without losing their votes in the county elections—a privilege which they exercised till the revolution. This family, for more than a century, was very powerful, partly from their vast property, and partly from the distinguished talents and high situations of many of its members; and though its influence as a family has declined of late years, yet many individuals of it are still ranked among the first characters of the nation.

The right shore is now formed by *Columbia County*, one of the best farming districts in the state. Its improvement

has been extremely rapid of late years, and marks one of the chief sources of that wealth which the state of New-York has so quickly acquired. It was originally settled by the Dutch; and at a very early period, their descendants had covered all this country, and having exhausted the richness of its natural soil by an ignorant and improvident mode of tillage, they had sunk into a sort of barbarism, and raised just enough to support themselves, while their intercourse with their neighbours, and with other parts of the state, was almost entirely neglected. But since the revolution, an active spirit has sprung up among the people; and the numerous schools, the excellent highways, the rich fields, and neat villages, show that Columbia is now a most flourishing county.

To the west of the river, and at about the distance of twenty-five miles, are seen the Catskill mountains, through which the Hudson makes its way, in a manner different from the passes of the other mountains. There, it is by narrow and precipitous gaps, through which a course seems to have been made for it by some violent convulsion of nature, or the gradual abrasion of the waters—but here, it passes the great ridge through an extended valley or plain, unobstructed by rocks. The Catskill mountains are a continuation of the grand chain of the Alleghany, as the Highlands are of the Blue Ridge; and by some it has been conjectured, that this chain does not cross the Hudson, but gradually terminates in the plains on its western shore. This, however, is erroneous; for it is easy to perceive, that the hills in the neighbourhood of the city of Hudson are part of the same chain, resuming its course again, and maintaining the general direction of the great ridge over into Massachusetts, where, uniting with the Blue, or more southern ridge, they form the Green mountains, which extend to the northward, through Vermont and New-Hampshire, to the St. Lawrence.

In some parts, this range is very lofty. Round Top, according to captain Partridge, rises to the height of three thousand one hundred and five, and High Peak three thousand and nineteen feet above the tide of the Hudson; and a turnpike road, which crosses near these summits, winds up until it reaches the astonishing altitude of two thousand two hundred and seventy-three feet: it is the highest road in the United States, and from it the view is inexpressibly

grand. "In this Alpine region," we are told,* "exists also one of the most interesting cataracts in North America; not from the mass of water, but from the perpendicular descent of the stream, and peculiar structure of the adjacent country. It is a curiosity but little known beyond the neighbourhood where it exists, though within a very short distance of the mountain road already noticed. The high fall of Katerskill is about half a mile from this road, near the summit of the mountain, and twelve miles from Catskill."

The stream takes its rise from two small lakes, scarcely a mile apart, on whose borders the cranberry (*vaccinium oxycoccus*) grows profusely. It then runs gently along for about two miles, when it reaches the ridge of rock, over which it is precipitated in a cataract of unrivalled grandeur, whose whole height is not less than three hundred and ten feet.

Era lo loco, ove a scender la riva
 Venimmo, alpestro, e per quel ch'iv' er' anco,
 Tal ch' ogni vista ne sarebbe schiva—
 Qual' è quella ruina, che nel fianco
 Di qua da Trento l' Adice percosse,
 O per tremuoto o per sostegno manco;
 Che da cima del monte, onde si mosse,
 Al piano è sì la roccia discoscesa,
 Ch' alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse."

On the edge of the precipice is seen the house of the guide, who is always ready to conduct visitors to the spot, to point out to them its beauties, and to assist them in clambering to the situations from which they may best be viewed. We should give the traveller some account of this majestic scene; but the old hunter, who forms the most interesting character of a favourite romance, has portrayed with so much energy the wild features of the spot, the boundless view from the summit of the cliffs, and the rude and peculiar manner in which the stream dashes from rock to rock, and from precipice to precipice,—that we fear to attempt any other description.

"'You know the Catskills, lad!' said Leatherstocking; for you must have seen them on your left, as you followed

* Darby's Travels, p. 33.

the river up from York, looking as blue as a piece of blue sky, and holding the clouds on their tops, as the smoke curls over the head of an Indian chief at a council fire. Well, there's the High Peak and the Round Top, which lay back, like a father and mother among their children, seeing they are far above all the other hills. But the place I mean is next to the river, where one of the ridges juts out a little from the rest, and where the rocks fall for the best part of a thousand feet, so much up and down, that a man standing on their edges is fool enough to think he can jump from top to bottom.'

'What see you, when you get there?' asked Edwards.

'Creation!' said Natty, dropping the end of his ram-rod into the water, and sweeping one hand around him in a circle—'all creation, lad.' I was on that hill when Vaughan burnt 'Sopus, in the last war, and I seen the vessels come out of the Highlands as plain as I can see that lime-scow rowing into the Susquehanna, though one of them was twenty times further from me than the other. The river was in sight for seventy miles under my feet, looking like a curled shaving, though it was eight long miles to its banks. I saw the hills in the Hampshire Grants, the highlands of the river, and all that God had done or man could do, as far as eye could reach—You know that the Indians named me for my sight, lad—and from the flat on top of that mountain, I have often found the place where Albany stands; and as for 'Sopus! the day the royal troops burnt the town, the smoke seemed so nigh, that I thought I could hear the screeches of the women.'

'It must have been worth the toil, to meet with such a glorious view!'

'If being the best part of a mile in the air, and having men's farms and housen at your feet, with rivers looking like ribands, and mountains bigger than the Vision, seeming to be haystacks of green grass under you, gives any satisfaction to a man, I can recommend the spot. When I first come into the woods to live, I used to have weak spells, and I felt lonesome; and then I would go into the Catskills, and spend a few days on that hill, to look at the ways of man; but it's now many a year since I felt any such longings, and I'm getting too old for them rugged rocks—but there's a place, a short two miles back of that very hill, that in late times I

relished better than the mountain; for it was more kivered with trees, and more nateral.'

'And where was that?' inquired Edwards, whose curiosity was strongly excited by the simple description of the hunter.

'Why, there's a fall in the hills, where the water of two little ponds that lie near each other breaks out of their bounds, and runs over the rocks into the valley. The stream is may be such a one as would turn a mill, if so useless a thing was wanted in the wilderness. But the hand that made that *Leap* never made a mill! There the water comes crooking and winding among the rocks, first so slow that a trout could swim in it, and then starting and running just like a creater that wanted to make a fair spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides like the cleft hoof of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet, and the water looks like flakes of driven snow, afore it touches the bottom; and there the stream gathers itself together again for a new start, and may be flutters over fifty feet of flat rock, before it falls for another hundred, when it jumps about from shelf to shelf, first turning this-away, and then turning that-away, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally comes to the plain.'

'I have never heard of this spot before!' exclaimed Edwards, 'it is not mentioned in the books.'

'I never read a book in my life,' said Leatherstocking, 'and how should a man who has lived in towns and schools know any thing about the wonders of the woods? No, no, lad; there has that little stream of water been playing among them hills since He made the world, and not a dozen white men has laid eyes on it. The rock sweeps like mason-work, in a half-round, on both sides of the fall, and shelves over the bottom for fifty feet; so that when I have been sitting at the foot of the first pitch, and my hounds have run into the caverns behind the sheet of water, they've looked no bigger than so many rabbits. To my judgment, lad, it's the best piece of work I've met with in the woods; and none know how often the hand of God is seen in a wilderness, but them that rove it for a man's life.'

'What becomes of the water? In what direction does it run? Is it tributary of the Delaware?'

‘Anan!’ said Natty.

‘Does the water run into the Delaware?’

‘No, no, its a drop for the old Hudson; and a merry time it has till it gets down off the mountain. I have sat on the shelving rock many a long hour, boy, and watched the bubbles as they shot by me, and thought how long it would be before that very water, which seemed made for the wilderness, would be under the bottom of a vessel, and tossing in the salt sea. It is a spot to make a man solemnize. You can see right down into the valley that lies to the east of the high Peak, where, in the fall of the year, thousands of acres of woods are before your eyes, in the deep hollow and along the side of the mountain, painted like ten thousand rainbows, by no hand of man, though not without the ordering of God’s providence.’”

The mountains around are inhabited to their summits, enabling the traveller who visits them to find accommodation in their most elevated valleys. But in addition to this, there is, on the top of the mountain, and no less than three thousand feet above the level of the Hudson, an excellent and extensive house of entertainment. It was built by a company of gentlemen, anxious to enjoy, during the heat of summer, the cool, refreshing and invigorating breezes of so elevated a spot. On approaching the house, it has the appearance of a cage hung out on a cliff of the precipice, and the traveller is at a loss to imagine how it is ever to be reached.

Nowhere can a few weeks of the summer be more agreeably spent. The house affords every comfort that can be wished; the buildings are one hundred and forty feet in length; there is a ball-room, of very large dimensions, and fine piazzas extend along the walls, from which the eye may glance over hill and dale, cities and farms and forests, to the wide circuit of a hundred miles,—and embrace in the circle the neighbouring states of Vermont, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut.

The Hudson, covered with the mist of morning, or glittering in the clear brightness of mid-day, winds beneath, among the mountains; and from these heights the sun is seen to rise with such unequalled splendour, as fully to repay any one who has courage to leave his bed a little sooner than usual.

At the foot of these fairy hills is said to be the little ancient village, where Rip Van Winkle passed his days, patiently

bearing the unceasing eloquence of his dame, or reposing beneath the shade of the large elm, with the august Nicholas Vedder, and the learned Derrick Van Bummel. It was in these hills, that he beheld the short square-built ghosts of the renowned Hendrick Hudson and his companions, as they played at ninepins, in their red stockings and high-heeled shoes; and the thunder that rolls over the lofty peaks on a summer afternoon, still reminds the passing traveller, that the sturdy spirits are yet pursuing their unearthly game.*

Hudson, the capital of Columbia county, is situated on the east bank of the river, twenty-six miles above Rhinebeck, and one hundred and seventeen above New-York. Just below, on the opposite shore, is the town of *Catskill*; and just above, that of *Athens*. The rise of Hudson was perhaps as rapid as that of any other city in the United States. It was founded in the year 1784, when Mr. Jenkins, a Quaker from Providence in Rhode Island, purchased what was then a farm, laid it out in streets, and began a settlement. It was soon peopled by emigrants from Nantucket, and the neighbouring parts on the sea coast, whose business being injured by the peace, came here, and brought with them their spirit of enterprise, particularly in navigation. From that time, the place increased rapidly, and has now a population of about three thousand six hundred. It is incorporated as a city, and is governed by a mayor and corporation. Many of the houses are very well built: there are several distilleries, and extensive manufacturing establishments. Two weekly papers are issued, and the book-shops are on a respectable footing. The

* The following statement of the heights of mountains on the Hudson river, were calculated by Captain Partridge, and are deemed correct.

<i>Highlands.</i>					
Anthony's Nose	-	-	935 feet	Sugar Loaf	- - 866 feet
Bear Mountain	-	-	1350	Bull Hill	- - - 1484
Crow's Nest	-	-	1418	Breakneck	- - 1187
New Beacon	-	-	1535	West Point Plain	188
Fort Putnam	-	-	598		

<i>Catskill Mountains.</i>			
Round Top - - -	3105		High Peak - - 3019

<i>Below New-York.</i>					
Nevesink Heights	-	282	Staten Island	-	307
Hampstead Harbour Hill	-	319			

(*Newburg Political Index.*)

water obtained from the wells is not very good, in consequence of which it is brought by an aqueduct from a fine spring, about two miles distant. A number of ships are built here, though this trade is not pushed so extensively now as it was some years since: the vessels, however, that are owned here, are numerous, and are engaged in the whale and seal fisheries, and in European and West Indian trade; besides which, many that are owned here are employed on freight from New-York.

The passage up the river now becomes very beautiful, presenting on each side a finely cultivated country, occasionally swelling into rounded prominences, and interspersed with country-seats and busy landings spread every where along the shores. Six miles above Hudson, on the eastern shore, is the village of *Columbia*, containing about fifty houses, and several mills and factories. Five miles farther bring us to *Kinderhook* landing, on the same side. It is the port of the village of *Kinderhook*, which is itself situated about five miles inland, and is a neat little place, of twenty or thirty houses, with a church, academy, &c. Its name is of curious origin, and signifies children's corner, or point; and was so called from the number of children belonging to a Swedish family that anciently lived on a point of land, about half a mile above the present landing. The creek of the same name is celebrated as a mill stream; and upon the promontory between its mouth and the Hudson river, is situated the fine farm and seat of Mr. Robert Livingston.

From here to Albany, a distance of twenty miles, the only villages on either side, of any note, are *Baltimore* on the west, and *Greenbush* on the east. The latter is very flourishing, and contains about one hundred houses. Extensive barracks were erected near it, during the late war; and being white, and standing on elevated ground, they have a pleasing appearance.

The western shore is formed by the county of Albany, and the eastern by that of Rensselaer. The geological character of Albany county is that of transition, and secondary formations; the substratum is evidently argillite, and though masses of primitive rock are occasionally found, they have certainly been formed elsewhere. The soil and surface of the country are much diversified; along the shore of the river are some extensive alluvial flats, but in general, the

district is not one on which agriculture can be very profitable, without great expense and extreme labour.

The county of Rensselaer is all of transition formation, and abounds in extensive valleys and alluvial flats, which afford a deep and fertile soil. There are, however, large tracts of barren land, covered with hemlock, pine, and stunted oaks, and affording but little encouragement to the farmer.

About twelve miles below Albany, commences Rensselaer Wyck, or the Manor of Van Rensselaer, an extensive body of land on both sides of the Hudson, having Albany nearly in the centre. Two brothers of this name, the ancestors of the present family, were gentlemen of large fortune in Holland, who came over to this country about the year 1640. They brought with them a number of their countrymen as settlers, and obtained extensive grants of land, more in the nature of lordships, or large proprietary estates, unknown in the other colonies, than as simple grantees. These were originally subdivided among the settlers, who came from Holland and other parts by leases, some for years, some for lives, and some in fee, with the reservation of a very moderate rent; so that a regular succession of tenant and proprietor has been handed down to the present period, and Mr. Van Rensselaer can look over an extent of country peopled by his tenants, not only beyond that of any other man in the United States, but equal perhaps to several sovereignties in Europe.

The good conduct of the family has preserved their estate for nearly two centuries, and acquired the universal love of the people, so that the title of 'Patroon' is always given to Mr. Van Rensselaer, from general courtesy and respect, where he could claim it by no law. Their political course has been honourable and patriotic; their immense wealth, said now to amount to one hundred thousand dollars a year, has been generously and unostentatiously applied in the cause of science, and the promotion of happiness; and the kind and amiable character of the present representative of the family has more than sustained the illustrious reputation of his race, during a long life of unsullied purity and goodness.

In the river, a short distance below Albany, is a long island near the western shore; and it is at the upper part of this, that the celebrated navigator Hendrick Hudson is said to have ended his exploring voyage up the North river, and to have held his first conference with the Indians of these parts,

on the 19th of September, 1609. The Iroquois then inhabited this country; and tradition has preserved among their descendants, now scattered far to the west, an account of the arrival of the white men on their shores, and a scene of intoxication that occurred. This tradition is the more authentic, because it prevails among the descendants of the Lenni Lenape, at that time a neighbouring tribe; though, in their distant wanderings, and the long lapse of years, they have transferred the scene and the occurrence to the island of Manhattan, or New-York. In whichever spot the incident may have happened, the reader will be interested with it, and perhaps not less amused with the excellent account to which the Dutch relators of it have turned their classical knowledge, by transferring the Carthaginian cunning of Queen Dido to the wilds of the western hemisphere.

“A long while ago,” says our tradition,* “before a man with a white skin had yet been seen, as some Indians were fishing, they saw at a distance a large object moving on the water. They hurried ashore, and collected their neighbours, who together returned, and viewed intensely this astonishing phenomenon. What it could be, baffled all conjecture: some supposed it a large fish or animal; others, that it was a very big house, floating on the sea. Perceiving it moving towards land, the spectators thought proper to send runners in different directions, to carry the news to their scattered chiefs, that they might send off for the immediate attendance of their warriors. These arriving in numbers to behold the sight, and perceiving that it was actually moving towards them, conjectured that it must be a remarkably large house, in which the Manitto (Great Spirit) was coming to visit them. They were much afraid, and yet under no apprehension that the Great Spirit would injure them: they worshipped him. The chiefs now assembled, and consulted in what manner they should receive their Manitto. Meat was got ready for a sacrifice; the women were directed to prepare the best victuals; idols or images were examined, and put in order. A grand dance they thought would be pleasing, and in addition to the sacrifice, might appease him if angry. The

* See Heckewelder's Narrative, in the Historical Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. I.; and Yates & Moulton's History of New-York, Vol. I. p. 254.

conjurers were also set to work, to determine what this phenomenon portended, and what the result would be. To these, men women and children looked up for advice and protection. Utterly at a loss what to do, and distracted alternately by hope and fear, in this confusion a grand dance commenced. Meantime fresh runners arrived, declaring it to be a great house of various colours, and full of living creatures. It now appeared certain that it was their Manitto, probably bringing some new kind of game. Others arriving declared it positively to be full of people, of different colour and dress from theirs, and that one in particular appeared altogether red—this then must be the Manitto. They were lost in admiration, could not imagine what the vessel was, whence it came, or what all this portended. They are now hailed from the vessel, in a language they could not understand. They answer by a shout or yell, in their way. The house (or large canoe, as some render it) stops. A smaller canoe comes on shore, with the red man in it—some stay by his canoe to guard it. The chiefs and wise men form a circle, into which the red man and two attendants approach. He salutes them with friendly countenance, and they return the salute after their manner. They are amazed at their colour and dress, particularly with him who, glittering in red, wore something (perhaps lace and buttons) they could not comprehend. He must be the Great Manitto, they thought, but why should he have a white skin? A large elegant hock-hack (gourd, *i. e.* bottle or decanter,) is brought by one of the supposed Manitto's servants, from which a substance is poured into a small cup or glass, and handed to the Manitto. He drinks, has the glass refilled, and handed to the chief near him. He takes it, smells it, and passes it to the next, who does the same. The glass in this manner is passed round the circle, and is about to be returned to the red-clothed man, when one of them, a great warrior, harangues them on the impropriety of returning the cup unemptied. It was handed to them, he said, by the Manitto, to drink out of as he did. To follow his example would please him—to reject it, might provoke his wrath; and if no one else was bold enough, he would drink it himself, let what would follow, for it were better for one even to die than a whole nation to be destroyed. He then took the glass, smelled it, again addressed them, bidding adieu, and drank the contents. All eyes were

now fixed on him. He soon began to stagger. The women cried, supposing him to be in fits. He rolled on the ground. They bemoaned his fate : they thought him dying. He fell asleep. They at first thought he had expired, but soon perceived he still breathed. He awoke, jumped up, and declared he never felt more happy. He asked for more, and the whole assembly imitating him, became intoxicated. After this intoxication ceased, (they say, that while it lasted, the whites confined themselves to their vessel) the man with red clothes returned, and distributed beads, axes, hoes and stockings. They soon became familiar, and conversed by signs. The whites made them understand that they would now return home, but the next year they would visit them again with presents, and stay with them a while ; but as they could not live without eating, they should then want a little land to sow seeds, in order to raise herbs to put into their broth. Accordingly a vessel arrived the season following, when they were much rejoiced to see each other ; but the whites laughed when they saw the axes and hoes hanging as ornaments to their breasts, and the stockings used as tobacco-pouches. The whites now put handles in the former, and cut down trees before their eyes, and dug the ground, and showed them the use of the stockings. Here, they say, a general laughter ensued, to think they had remained ignorant of the use of these things, and had borne so long such heavy metal suspended round their necks. Familiarity daily increasing between them and the whites, the latter now proposed to stay with them, asking them only for so much land as the hide of a bullock spread before them would cover or encompass. They granted the request. The whites took a knife, and beginning on one place on this hide, cut it up to a rope not thicker than the finger of a little child. They then took the rope, and drew it gently along in a circular form, and took in a large piece of ground. The Indians were surprised at the superior wit, but they did not contend with them for a little ground, as they had enough. They lived contentedly together for a long time ; but the new comers from time to time asked for more land, which was readily obtained ; and thus they gradually proceeded along the Mahicanni-huck (Hudson river) until they began to believe they would want all their country, which proved eventually the case."

Albany is a very old town, originally founded by the Dutch in the year 1614, when it was called *Fort Orange*. On the conquest of the province by the English, its name was changed in honour of King James II. then Duke of York and Albany. Its situation is one of the most important in the United States, though by a stranger it would perhaps be thought unpleasant. Placed partly on an alluvial flat along the river shore, and then rising very abruptly to the height of two hundred feet, its surface is very uneven and irregular. But situated as it is, near the head of sloop navigation, and yet with sufficient water at its wharves to admit vessels of very large tonnage; being the great channel of intercourse and point of communication of the western lakes and countries on the one hand, and those of the north on the other, with New-York, the southern states, and the ocean; with roads extending from it in every direction into a rich and increasingly prosperous country; and, above all, being the spot at which the two great canals debouche, it is already a large and wealthy place, and must in the course of time become one of the principal inland cities of the nation. Its population, in 1820, was twelve thousand six hundred. The main street is called State street, which ascends rapidly from the river to the Capitol. The houses are closely and well built; many of them indeed are handsome and commodious.

The *Capitol*, or State-House, is a large building at the head of State street, which cost the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. It is a substantial stone building, faced with freestone taken from the brown sandstone quarries on the Hudson below the Highlands. The east front, facing State street, is ninety feet in length; the north, one hundred and fifteen feet: the walls are fifty feet high, consisting of two stories, and a basement story of ten feet. The east front is adorned with a portico, of the Ionic order, tetrastyle: the columns, four in number, are each three feet eight inches in diameter, thirty-three feet in height, exclusive of the entablature, which supports an angular pediment, in the tympanum of which are to be placed the arms of the state. The columns, pilasters, and decorations of the door and windows, are of white or gray marble, from Berkshire county, in Massachusetts. The north and south fronts have each a pediment of sixty-five feet base; and the doors are decorated with columns and angular pedi-

ments of freestone. The ascent to the hall, at the east or principal entrance, is by a flight of five stone steps, forty-eight feet in length. This hall is fifty-eight feet long, forty feet in width, and sixteen in height, the ceiling of which is supported by a double row of reeded columns; the doors are finished with pilasters and open pediments; the floor is vaulted, and laid with squares of Italian marble, diagonally, chequered with white and gray. From this hall, the first door on the right hand opens to the Common Council chamber of the corporation of Albany: opposite this, on the left, is a room for the Executive and Council of Revision. On the right, at the west end of the hall, you enter the Assembly chamber, which is fifty-six feet long, fifty wide, and twenty-eight in height. The speaker's seat is in the centre of the longest side, and the seats and tables for the members are arranged in front of it, in a semicircular form. It has a gallery opposite the speaker's seat, supported by eight fluted Ionic columns. The frieze, cornice and ceiling-piece (eighteen feet in diameter) are richly ornamented in stucco. From this hall, on the left, you are conducted to the Senate chamber, fifty feet long, twenty-eight wide, and twenty-eight high, finished much in the same style as the Assembly chamber. In the furniture of these rooms, with that of the Council of Revision, there is a liberal display of public munificence; and the American eagle assumes an imperial splendour. There are two other rooms on this floor, adjoining those first mentioned, which are occupied as lobbies to accommodate the members of the Legislature.

From the west end, in the centre of the hall, you ascend a staircase that turns to the right and left, leading to the galleries of the Senate and Assembly chambers, and also to the Supreme Court room, which is immediately over the hall. Its dimensions are fifty feet in length, forty in breadth, and twenty-two in height. This room is handsomely ornamented in stucco. An entresole, or mezzazine story, on each side of the court-room contains four rooms for jurors and the uses of the courts.

The attic story contains a mayor's court-room, a room for the Society of Arts, for the State Library, and the State Board of Agriculture. The basement story contains the county clerk's office, cellars and vaults for storage, and dwelling rooms for the marshal of the city.

In the Common Council room, there are portraits of some distinguished Americans ; in the Assembly chamber, there is an admirable full length portrait of Washington, by Ames, of Albany; and in the Senate chamber, one of George Clinton, unrivalled in faithfulness and unexcelled in execution.

From the balcony of the Capitol, is a prospect of exceeding beauty. In the foreground, the rich meadows of the Hudson, covered with all the products of a prosperous agriculture—beyond them, the various surface of the country becomes gradually less and less distinct, till the mountains of Vermont and the Catskill bound the scene.

The *Academy* is also a fine building, though yet incomplete, notwithstanding an expenditure of upwards of ninety thousand dollars. A *Lyceum of Natural History* has lately been established ; and the extensive and valuable collection of fossils, minerals, &c. belonging to it, which are deposited in its commodious apartments at the Academy, will well reward the attention of a scientific visitor. The Lyceum has lately commenced the publication of its proceedings ; and, with the able assistance of Dr. Beck, will add much to the literary and scientific character of the place. The *Arsenal*, the *Alms-House*, the *Lancasterian School*, and various other institutions, will be observed by the traveller, and speak highly for the liberality and public spirit of this rising city. But the great public work of the place is the *Canal Basin*. The two canals, having united about eight miles above Albany, flow along the western shore of the Hudson, until they reach the upper part of the city. The canal then enters the river, through a basin four thousand feet in length, and from eighty to three hundred feet in width, with ten feet water. This magnificent work is formed by a mole eighty feet wide, and eighteen feet high, and is a termination worthy, from its magnitude and utility, of the stupendous line of inland navigation which is conducted to it.

Albany is the residence of many gentlemen distinguished for their talents, their stations, and their high character ; and perhaps among the most interesting objects of association in the place, is the seat of the late General Schuyler, situated at the southern extremity of the city. It will recall many of the most interesting events of the revolution, and will be remembered as the scene of an honourable and boundless hospitality. Though no longer in the possession of the de-

scendants of him who so well performed the duties of its owner, it will still be recollected as the spot where the generous Schuyler received and entertained the unfortunate Burgoyne, burying in oblivion the injuries he had sustained from him by his wanton devastation at Saratoga. At the opposite or northern extremity of Albany is the house of the patroon, General Stephen Van Rensselaer, embowered in groves and shrubbery.

On leaving Albany for Saratoga, the traveller may select either of two routes:—that to the north-west through Schenectady, a distance of thirty-nine miles; or that along the western shore of the Hudson through Waterford, a distance of only thirty-seven miles.

The chief advantages of the route by Waterford, are, that the road passes through a much more pleasant and thickly settled country, and that we have an opportunity of visiting the Cohoes Falls, on the Mohawk. Immediately after leaving the city, indeed in its suburbs, the grand canal ascends from the Hudson, and continues along the narrow space between it and the road, as far as the village of *Washington*, five miles. Its course is along the meadows or flats of the river, and in these parts the land is fertile and well cultivated, but to the left it becomes more barren. The margin of the stream, as we pass along, appears sometimes profusely bordered with groves of acacia, elm, sycamore and other trees, often thickly covered with vines; at other times, the scene opens, and the river is seen gliding along, chequered with several islands, while the opposite banks rise more steeply, adorned with wood, cultivation and neat houses.

About three miles to the westward of Washington is the village of *Niskayuna*, a settlement of the *Shakers*; a peaceful and happy community, gradually increasing in numbers and in wealth. They are distinguished not only by the peculiarities in their mode of worship, but by their skill in the mechanical arts, their industry, excellent farming and liberal charities: and though we may be disposed to smile at the enthusiasm which displays religion in so strange a light, we cannot but admire the effects it has produced on their social, and apparently their moral state.

Leaving Washington, we cross the canal, which now winds along on our left, and arrive in one mile at *Gibbonsville*, a flourishing little village, containing about fifty houses, and

presenting the appearance of active trade. It has a bell and cannon foundry, manufactories of town clocks, surveyors' instruments, and paper-moulds; with a good church, and school-house. There are two basins here on the canal, and it has also a side-cut with two locks into the Hudson, which are of great advantage, and will no doubt occasion its rapid increase. Near this place is the *United States' Arsenal*; a set of buildings presenting a long front on the river, and consisting of the main edifice, thirty-five by one hundred and twenty feet, and a great number of buildings for quarters, magazines, mechanics' shops, &c. on the most extensive scale; it being designed to be the principal military depot for the northern section of the Union.* It has also a dock in front, on the Hudson, and several small offices and out-houses, the whole in a handsome style of architecture, neatly painted, and in very fine order. There are pleasant gravel walks through the depot, shaded by rows of the American elm tree, and extensive gardens. The shops are all well supplied with every necessary article, and the stores of every kind appear to be in the very best state of preservation and order. The public property is probably little short of a million of dollars in value. This depot enjoys such commanding advantages of geographical position, that it will probably be a principal one in this line, and be extended to a scale of magnitude proportionate to the national resources, and the supposed wants of warlike preparation. The canal runs through it, between the front and rear buildings, over which is a bridge. This establishment was commenced in 1814, under the direction of colonel Bomford, of the ordnance department. It has been for some years under the direction of major Dalliba, an officer of the same department, who has matured its details into an excellent system of economy and police. The United States' arsenal at Rome is considered as a branch of the ordnance department, subordinate to this.

Immediately opposite to Gibbonsville, on the eastern side of the Hudson, is the city of *Troy*, which, though it suffered so severely by the dreadful fire of June 1820, still ranks as the third town in the state, and, from its situation and resources, is destined to become, at no distant day, a great

* Spafford's Gazetteer, p. 554.

manufacturing place. It is situated on a low and level piece of ground, at the head of the tide, scarcely raised above the river, and is formed by one main street, bending with its inflections, and crossed by others running eastward to the adjacent hills. The view is extensive; but the quantity of pines and cedars, spread over the face of the country, gives an air of sterility and dreariness to the scene. The population of Troy is about seven thousand. There are several public buildings, and the schools and houses of religious worship are numerous. Its Lyceum has already risen into considerable celebrity; and Professor Eaton, one of the most distinguished scientific gentlemen of the country, has enriched it by his labours.

The Patroon, whose life seems to be spent in judicious and munificent acts of beneficence, has recently established in Troy an institution which cannot fail to produce the most salutary consequences to society, and is worthy of imitation by every man of large means, and a soul proportioned to those means. This institution is a school for the purpose of instructing persons who may choose to apply themselves, in the application of science to the common purposes of life. The principal object is to qualify teachers, for instructing the sons and daughters of farmers and mechanics, by lectures and otherwise, in the application of experimental chymistry, philosophy and natural history, to agriculture, domestic economy, the arts and manufactures.

During the summer term, the students attend courses of lectures on chymistry, on experimental philosophy, including astronomy, on so much mathematics as is necessary for land surveying, on geology, mineralogy, botany and zoology. During these lectures, each student has the opportunity to examine specimens, and operate with his own hands, so far as to become familiar with every important subject of natural history, and every manipulation.

During the winter term, each student is employed in giving experimental and demonstrative lectures, on the subjects of his summer course of instruction. He also hears an entire course of lectures on each subject—also on the laws regulating town officers and jurors, and on the social duties peculiar to farmers and mechanics.

In the summer term, the students are exercised by sections, under the direction of the teachers, in the art of ino-

culating and engrafting trees, transplanting by roots, cuttings and layers, pruning trees, surveying farms, calculating heights and distances, measuring corded wood, scantling and boards, and the solid contents of timber, gauging casks, taking measures, and calculating the velocity and pressure of rivers, water race-ways, aqueducts, &c. collecting and preserving plants and minerals, and in such other laborious exercises as comport with the objects of the school.

In the winter term, the students are exercised by sections, at the workshop in the school building, in the use of tools, to qualify them for making repairs and performing small jobs, when a professional artist is not at hand. By such exercises in the work-shop, it is not intended that students shall be qualified for exercising any of the mechanical arts; but for avoiding the delay and expense of calling a distant mechanic, to accomplish a purpose which does not require a set of tools appertaining to any trade. Besides, it is well known, that by a little labour in the work-shop, young persons acquire a taste for the mechanical arts, which will ever after inspire correct views on such subjects.

When that day comes, which is to close the career of the most estimable citizen who has planned and endowed this institution, how different must his feelings be from that portion of the wealthy class of society, whose sole object in life appears to be the promotion of personal and selfish views; without recollecting that the true use of riches, the true road even to fame, to reputation, to that standing in the world at which they are aiming, is the application of their wealth to such objects as these, which turn on them the eyes of their fellow-citizens, and make them objects of veneration and love.

At *Old Bank Place*, in the upper part of the city, is the dam, from the eastern shore of the Hudson to *Green Island*, and the celebrated *sloop lock*, a noble specimen of hydraulic architecture. The dam is about eleven hundred feet long, and nine feet high; and the lock, which is large enough for the sloops employed here and at Lansingburg and Waterford, is thirty feet wide, one hundred and fourteen feet long inside, twenty-five feet in height, and nine feet lift. The cost of the dam and lock exceeded ninety thousand dollars.

About two miles to the east of Troy is a fine cascade, known by the name of Mount Ida falls. It is formed by the Poesten-kill, a stream which rushes from the high lands, and

pouring down through wild ravines and woody dells, affords a scene which will attract the admiration of the lovers of the picturesque.

An island in the Hudson, opposite to the upper part of Troy, is known by the name of *Whale Island*. This appellation is probably derived from the following curious circumstance, thus mentioned by the old Dutch historian Vander Donck, in his entertaining description of the 'Noordt Rivier.'

"Here I cannot omit to relate, although something out of the way, that in the spring of 1647, when the water in the river was fresh almost to the bay, occasioned by the abundance of water coming down, two whales of a reasonable size swam up the river more than forty (Dutch) miles; and one returned, and stranded about ten or twelve miles from the shore. The other remained stranded on an island or bank, not far from the great Cahoe's falls. The fish was very fat; for notwithstanding that the inhabitants of Rensselaer-wyck boiled of it a large quantity of train oil, the river for three weeks afterwards continued very oily, and covered with grease. Yea, sometimes, while the fish was decaying, the stench infected the air so much, that to the leeward it might have been perceived to the distance of two miles. I cannot say, (sagely continues the historian,) what could have induced this fish to ascend the river so high, being at that time upwards of forty miles from all salt or brack water, and out of his usual course, except it might be, that he was allured by the numerous shoals of fishes which he met with."

From Gibbonsville to the bridge over the river *Mohawk*, is about three miles. This river enters the Hudson in four branches, or sprouts as they are termed, and thus forms three considerable islands. The first, *Green Island*, commences just above Gibbonsville, and extends up the river nearly two miles, and sometimes spreads to the width of half a mile; the next, *Van Schaik's Island*, is about the same width, but not quite so long, and is sometimes called *Cohoes Island*; the third, which is directly opposite the main stream of the Mohawk, and much smaller than the others, is called *Haver Island*. The American army was stationed on these islands, in August 1777; and many of the breastworks thrown up by them are still to be seen. It was the most southern point to which they retreated, under General Schuyler, before the then victorious Burgoyne; and here they in-

tended to make a desperate stand, in the last resort. But fortune was more propitious. After a short delay, they again marched northward; and a brilliant victory dispelled their apprehensions, and sealed the liberty of their country.

On the opposite or eastern shore of the Hudson, is *Lansingburg*, three miles above Troy, and nine from Albany, a town of considerable business, and with a population of about seventeen hundred. It has an academy, a bank, several places of public worship, and a number of extensive manufactories; but large sloops can only come up to it in certain states of the river; and Troy has gained a pre-eminence which it seems likely to retain.

The bridge across the Mohawk is unfortunately so constructed as to prevent the enjoyment by the traveller of any of the scene which presents itself on crossing it. From this spot, as we look up the stream, the *Cohoes Falls* are seen, in all their magnificence and beauty. In summer, the period of the year in which they are usually visited, the stream is not full, and instead of one noble cascade formed by the whole of the river, the rock is only partially covered, and several separate water-falls are formed. This circumstance, however, produces a feature of great beauty; for the dark red hue of the rocks which are thus disclosed, is finely contrasted with the silvery whiteness of the stream breaking across them. The rock from side to side is about seven hundred feet, and the height of the fall is said to be seventy. On each bank the cliffs rise to a considerable elevation, composed of the same dark red stone, and crowned with forest trees. In winter, the scene is one of much more grandeur: the Mohawk, then swelled with rains, pours down an immense stream, and not only flows over all the rock, so as to form one vast and entire cataract, but raises the water of the river below, twenty or thirty feet. At these times, the scene, which is always beautiful, becomes truly magnificent and sublime—while the height and steepness of the banks, the colour of the rocks, and the sombre shadows of the woods, increase its picturesque effect.

It is said, that when the country was inhabited by the Indians, they were in the habit of transporting the skins and articles of trade in their bark canoes down the Mohawk, and when they arrived at the falls, they carried their boats round by land. In speaking of this circumstance, old

Vander Donck relates the following anecdote:—"It chanced that an Indian, with whom I myself was well acquainted, accompanied by his wife and child, with about sixty beaver skins, was descending the river in the spring, when the stream is most rapid, intending to trade with the Netherlanders. Not being careful to come to in time, not regarding the current enough, and relying too much upon his own powers, before he was aware, he was carried down by the stream, and notwithstanding he exerted himself to the utmost when it was too late, the rapids precipitated him, with his bark canoe, his wife and child, his beaver skins, and other packages which he had with him, from the top to the bottom of the falls. His wife and child were killed, most of his goods lost, and his canoe dashed to pieces; but he saved his life, and I have frequently conversed with him since, and heard him relate the story."

From the bridge across the Mohawk, one mile brings us to the village of *Waterford*. It stands on an alluvial flat, forming the point between the Hudson and Mohawk, is well laid out, and has about nine hundred inhabitants, with two churches, a public school-house, and other buildings. It is a place of considerable business; and great expectations are founded, and no doubt with propriety, on the benefit it must derive from the improvements in the navigation of the Hudson, and the passage of the Champlain canal through it.

From Waterford, the road continues along the west shore of the Hudson, the alluvial flats of which are principally a stiff argillaceous loam; and the river hills have the same kind of soil, mixed with sand and gravel. The country is in places well cultivated; the canal winds along on the left, while frequent openings present views of the river, occasionally diversified with islands. There is nothing, however, which will excite the particular interest or attention of the traveller, during the stage of nine miles from Waterford, which brings him to a village called the *Borough*, just above which is *Anthony's Kill*, an excellent mill-stream, and the northern boundary of the township.

The road to the Springs here leaves the Hudson; and striking off directly to the left, passes for fifteen miles through the centre of Saratoga county to *Ballston Springs*.

The country, as we approach Ballston, becomes an open champaign, agreeably undulated with swells of a moderate

height. The soil is principally a strong gravelly loam, with some tracts of sand and clay : in some parts, the gravelly tracts are very stony, but, on the whole, the land is productive, and yields grain or grass ; for apple orchards it is very excellent, and the fruit is of the best quality for cider. The forest trees are of a lofty growth, and embrace a very great variety of kinds. The loamy lands have deciduous trees, and elm, ash, walnut, oak, maple, beech, birch and bass-wood, seem scattered in indiscriminate mixture, as if all found a choice of soil upon the same spot ; pine is principally confined to the sandy plains, or the marshes, though it slightly speckles the groves of deciduous trees. Some of the swells of the highest hills rise with a gentle ascent, and the eye embraces, from a moderate elevation, an extent and distinctness of view seldom equalled. The farms, farm houses, fields and forests of the intermediate plains and hills, invite to nearer view, and give a lively interest to the perspective.

Until within a few years, *Ballston Springs* were, without comparison, the most fashionable and generally attended of any watering-place on the continent ; but the greater variety of mineral springs, and especially the superiority of the Congress to any other, have of late given to the neighbouring village of Saratoga a decided preference.

The village of Ballston itself, which has arisen entirely from the visits to its springs, consists of about a hundred houses, and is badly built, and not well laid out. They are most of them open to the visitors in the summer, and it is never difficult to obtain accommodations, on terms to suit every description of persons. There are two principal boarding-houses—*Aldridge's*, on the west side of the village, and near the old Spa ; a spacious building, with every convenience, and a garden of unrivalled excellence—and *Corey's*, on the south-west, which is large, comfortable and convenient. The chief establishment, however, for the accommodation of strangers, as well as that of the most fashion, is the *Sans Souci*, which is delightfully situated, on the eastern edge of the village. It is one hundred and sixty feet long, exclusive of the wings or pavilions, which are each one hundred and twenty, and can afford accommodation to a hundred and fifty persons. It is larger altogether than any hotel either at Buxton or Harrowgate in England, though much on the same

plan; and is said to have cost Mr. Lowe, the gentleman who established it, from thirty to forty thousand dollars.

There are only two springs in general use at Ballston. One of them (that which was first discovered) is situated in the centre of the town, and is called the *Public Well*, having been reserved for the benevolent purpose of serving the public, by Sir William Johnston, in the original grant of the land to private individuals. This spring issues from a bed of stiff blue clay and gravel, which lies near a stratum of schist or shale, nearly on a level with the brook or rivulet which runs through the town, the course of which has been changed by a dyke or canal, in order to divert it from the source of the springs. The well is five or six feet deep, and the water rises up in such abundance, that it would be difficult to ascertain the quantity which it pours out in a given period of time. Immense quantities of gas, in the form of air-bubbles, break with a sort of explosion on the surface; and whenever the water continues at rest for any time, exposed to the atmosphere, a slight iridescent pellicle appears on its surface.

A circular vessel of wood forms the well in its present state, into the side of which a trough is introduced, which carries off the redundant water. The sides of the vessel in which the water is confined are covered with an incrustation of a light brown colour, and the whole channel through which it flows contains such a quantity of this substance, constantly depositing, that it is necessary to remove it every year, in order to give a free passage to the waters of the well.

This deposition is erroneously supposed to be the iron deposited from the water. But this is not the case: it effervesces, and nearly dissolves in acids, a proof that it consists principally of earthy carbonates, coloured by oxyde of iron.

The next well is situated about two hundred yards west of the public one. It lies very low in the valley, and not many feet above the level of the rivulet. The soil from which the water rises is much the same as that of the public well, but close to the spring is a peat morass, several feet deep, which is annually accumulating, and will continue to do so till it is drained.

This spring, which is called *Lowe's Well*, from its being situated on the private property of that gentleman, presents

exactly the same appearance as the public well just described.

These mineral waters, on which the whole celebrity, and it may be said, the whole existence of the place depends, are of great efficacy. They are not very unpleasant to the taste, in which they do not greatly differ from the Seltzer waters: they abound in a neutral salt, with some iron, magnesia, and a great quantity of fixed air, that renders them, when first taken out, as sparkling and bright as Champaign. They are said to be serviceable in gout, rheumatism, and scorbutic complaints; but the resort to them seems more for fashion than utility, and in a medicinal view they are indiscriminately frequented by all persons who think they have any kind of complaint, without recollecting, that the very quality which renders them so strongly beneficial where properly used, must make them in every other case as highly injurious. The young and the old, the sickly and the sane, the prudent and the giddy, crowd indiscriminately around the fashionable fountains; the thoughtless laughter of health is oftener heard than the sigh of sickness, and all drink because others have drunk before, careless whether the draught be one of pleasure or of disgust, of benefit or of injury.

Leaving Ballston, the road passes over a sandy soil for eight miles. The country is generally level, except an occasional sand-hill, and though not fertile, is well settled and improving. The ground is principally composed of two or three species of rocks of secondary formation, but these are so covered with immense beds of sand, that it is difficult to ascertain this formation; and it can only be done by an attentive examination of the rivulets, which in some places have laid bare the strata.

The surface of the ground, both at Ballston and Saratoga, is covered with large insulated masses of stone, commonly called boulders, consisting of large blocks of quartz, and round masses of other primitive rocks. These scattered blocks must have been transmitted from the neighbouring mountains, as they are not attached to the rocks in situ, and have no connection with them; they are found in every country, and only prove the action of an extensive flood of water.

In the centre of the village of Ballston, an excellent opportunity is offered of examining the situation of the strata.

A small rivulet runs through it, which has laid bare an entire range of flötz or horizontal rocks, consisting of what may be called a calcareo-argillaceous schist or shale. This schist is nearly of a black colour, and, from its staining the fingers, would appear to contain a portion of carbon : it effervesces slightly with acids, which shows that it also contains carbonate of lime. It breaks easily into laminæ of any thickness, and impressions of vegetables, chiefly a species of grass, can be observed between the laminæ ; but when large masses are exposed for any length of time to the atmosphere, it rapidly shivers, or decomposes ; and at this time assumes a trapezoidal form, having a tendency to break into spherical masses or columns of a prismatic shape, which are principally either hexagonal or pentagonal.

Alternating with this schist, and near the same place, wherever the beds of sand will admit an inspection of the rock, solid masses of calcareous rocks are observed.

This limestone is nearly of a black colour ; its fracture is slaty ; it abounds with shells of various forms, some of which are so very apparent in their structure and form, as not to be mistaken ; they principally consist of terebratulites, corrolites, and echinites, so extremely similar in many respects to fossils found at Mendip in England, that it is difficult to distinguish the specimens from each other. This stone, when rubbed, emits a smell similar to the stink-stone of Werner ; it burns also into lime, and it then loses its colour.

When we arrive at *Saratoga*, the same species presents itself, though there is some variety here in the formation of the rocks ; the shells are not so abundant in it, and the greater proportion of the rock is traversed with seams of flint or chert, which is found imbedded in it, sometimes in the form of veins, but principally in nodules or rolled pieces, so intimately mixed with the limestone that they appear to run into each other, having no simple line of division between the calcareous and siliceous parts ; the former being penetrated with the particles of the latter, which is a much more remarkable fact than finding seams or nodules of siliceous matter in a stratum that is purely calcareous, and would seem to strengthen the opinion of those who conceive that lime and flint are convertible into each other by natural processes.

The ingenious and intelligent Dr. Meade, to whom we are greatly indebted in this part of our little volume, and whose

essay on the mineral waters of Ballston and Saratoga should be in the hand of every traveller, was induced to suspect, that among the other mineral treasures of this district, coal might be found, though as yet no trace of it has been discovered on the surface of the earth. No metallic veins of ore have been discovered in the neighbourhood; yet, from the nature of the soil, and its geological formation, it would seem that there must be iron.

To the scientific traveller, however, there is yet open in this district a large and unexplored field, which will richly reward the labour of examination; and its plants and minerals would not afford him less delight than the gayer visitor of these scenes finds amid objects more animated, but not more interesting.

The village of *Saratoga Springs* is situated on a sandy plain, with a gentle descent to the south. It is handsomely laid out, and contains upwards of one hundred houses, many of which are taverns and boarding-houses for the accommodation of the summer visitors. The three principal hotels are, *Congress Hall*, the *Pavilion*, and *Union Hall*, all buildings of great extent, and fitted up with much elegance and comfort. There are a reading-room, a circulating library, billiard tables, and most of those means of amusement, which are necessary to drive away the ennui that always must attend a residence at a fashionable watering-place.

The situation of the country around Saratoga differs but little from that of Ballston, except that the hills are not so high, and the valley is more extensive. It is in this valley that the springs arise; they are numerous, and do not greatly vary in their quality. The one which has been longer used than any of the others, and which is known by the name of *Round Rock*, is so peculiar in its appearance as to attract particular notice. It stands in a little valley or meadow, between two steep banks, and rises in a conical rock of its own formation. This cone is about five feet high, hollow, and having a hole at the top, about nine inches wide, from which the water can be seen in a state of agitation, as if boiling, from the extrication of gas, which rises to the surface. An opening at the bottom of this cone, four or five inches wide, on a level with the surface of the ground, gives an exit at present to the water. The whole of this curious formation admits of an easy explanation. This, as well as

all the springs, contains a large portion of lime held in solution by the excess of carbonic acid with which they abound. When exposed to the atmosphere, the carbonic acid flies off, and the lime is precipitated in the form of a stalactite, or calc tufa. At the first appearance of this water on the surface, this process took place at the edges and sides of the well, and at length, in the progress of time, the whole of this cone, consisting of carbonate of lime, was formed, the well always rising as it was enclosed, and continuing to flow or find its own level at the top; till either from accident or design an opening was made at the bottom of the cone, which now gives an exit to the water, requiring nothing more to restore it to its former situation than carefully to close the opening at the bottom, when the water, as before, would rise to meet its own level.

Formerly, this was the only spring in use; but, since the place has been so much resorted to, a number of others have been used, as the Congress, Columbian, Washington, Hamilton, Flat Rock, &c. Of these, however, the principal one, and indeed that which has given celebrity to Saratoga, is the *Congress*, the waters of which are sent to a great distance, and fifteen hundred bottles of it are sometimes put up for transportation in a single day. Of its mineral properties, Dr. Meade thus speaks: "The taste of the water is highly saline, but brisk and pungent; much more saline than the Ballston water, and rather more stimulating and acidulous. It has no sensible chalybeate taste, and no smell. Its saline taste being very much counteracted by the smart pungency which it possesses from the carbonic acid, renders it less disagreeable to the palate than it would otherwise be, and after a little use, its taste is by no means unpleasant; on the contrary, it is thought by many a most agreeable drink."

After a careful analysis, the following result was obtained from a quart of the water:—

Muriate of soda	103 grains.
Carbonate of lime	27 $\frac{1}{2}$ do.
————— magnesia	17 do.
Muriate of lime	3 $\frac{1}{4}$ do.
————— magnesia	4 $\frac{3}{4}$ do.
Oxyde of iron	$\frac{1}{2}$ do.
Carbonic acid gas	66 cubic inches.
Azotic gas	2 do.

But the minerals of Saratoga, and the healing virtues of its springs, are not the only nor the principal objects which draw to its sands the thousands who annually flock thither. Fashion, the goddess who can make an Oasis in every desert, has made this, at least for the present, the Spa or Buxton of the western hemisphere; and from June to September, all parts of the country pour forth their children, on the pilgrimage of fashion, or perhaps of health. The scene, or the living actors who animate it, are for ever moving, in endless succession; each day brings new faces, and each day presents some character to laugh at or admire. We see men in their natural attitudes and true colours, and in all their variety. We may laugh at the conceited, admire the great, and sympathize with the sad—see the vulgar and the genteel jumbled together without distinction—ministers of state, judges, generals, parsons, philosophers, wits, poets, players, fops, fiddlers and buffoons. There are few who cannot, at least for a short time, extract some pleasure from such a scene. The amusements too, for occupying time are many, and we are never at a loss to find those who will unite with us in enjoying them. Billiards and cards, drinking the waters, a ride to Lake George, or the field of Burgoyne's surrender, occupy the day; and in the evening there are dances at one or other of the principal hotels. In a word, Saratoga is like all other fashionable watering places; and our readers must either visit it and judge for themselves, or take a description of it in the words of Master Simkin:—

Of all the gay places the world can afford,
By gentle and simple for pastime adored,
Fine balls and fine singing, fine buildings and springs,
Fine rides, and fine views, and a thousand fine things,
(Not to mention the sweet situation and air)
What place with these Springs can ever compare?
First in manners, in dress, and in fashion to shine,
Saratoga, the glory must ever be thine!

EXCURSION TO GLENN'S FALLS, AND LAKE GEORGE.

FEW persons leave Saratoga Springs, without making an excursion to these two places; and the fatigue of the journey will be amply compensated by the pleasure a traveller receives in visiting them.

It is eighteen miles from the Springs to *Glenn's Falls*, on the Hudson. The whole journey is over a dreary barren, covered with pines, occasionally intermingled with a few other trees; and the road is through a deep sand, full of small hills, often stony, and intersected by bad bridges rudely thrown across the streams and swamps, which frequently occur. The distance of the houses from each other, and the numerous cross roads, nearly as large as the main one, which pass in every direction, sometimes occasion a little embarrassment; but this difficulty is fast disappearing with the improvement of the country. The Hudson is crossed by a bridge, and about one hundred yards from it, on a high bank, is the village of *Glenn's Falls*.

This cataract is one of the most interesting objects which the traveller will meet with in his whole tour. It is indeed highly grand and beautiful; and though it is not in any degree equal to Niagara in height and greatness, yet it is so diversified, and so rudely wild, as to occasion the most awful and sublime sensations.

It is, however, difficult to describe, and almost impossible to sketch; as such a multiplicity of falls playing in every direction, such a variety of rocks moulded into every form, with numberless fissures and cavities, and so many tints of water and shadow, for ever varying in their colour, would require a length of time, and extreme minuteness of detail, either in the writer or painter to express, nor when done could convey more than a faint idea of the beauty of the scene.

The Hudson, above the falls, is about one hundred and sixty yards wide, and is crossed by a rock of fine blue limestone, perfectly flat, which seems to penetrate into both banks, and then to pass across the country. Over this the river tumbles, not in one regular fall, but in two grand ones,

which are again subdivided into many others. The height of the fall is about forty feet, and that seems to be the depth of the limestone to a harder substance, as the bottom of the river appears perfectly flat. The two great cascades are divided in the middle by a large projecting rock, which extends down the stream, and leaves a deep glen between it and the shore on each side; into these the waters precipitate themselves, and as they do not fall in a direct course, the various streams, acting on one another, have rent the rocks in a thousand shapes, and formed a cataract of wild and romantic beauty.

Above the falls, a very strong dam of logs is thrown across, so as to turn the water into numerous troughs or races, which convey it to several mills. These are so scattered, and fixed just on the edge of the precipices, that they seem almost to hang in the air; and though they cannot add to the native beauty of the scenery, they give it much diversity. A feeder, itself a navigable canal, extends from the Hudson, two miles above Glenn's Falls, through this village and Sandy Hill, to the Champlain canal, which it enters at Kingsbury, two miles above the village of Fort Edward. It is about seven miles long, and is fed by a dam across the Hudson, twelve feet in height, and seven hundred and seventy feet long, where it has a guard-lock; and there are to be thirteen locks near the east end, supplying water for the main canal navigation, and water-power for hydraulic works. In the seams of the horizontal lime-rock, on the island below the falls, there are some curious excavations, water-worn, well worth a little attention from tourists.

The basis of the country here is a black limestone, compact, but presenting spots that are crystalized, and interspersed, here and there, with the organic remains of animals, entombed, in ages past, in this mausoleum. The strata are perfectly flat, and piled upon one another with the utmost regularity, so that a section, perpendicular to the strata, presents almost the exact arrangement of hewn stones in a building.*

* Satin spar is found in thin, delicate, but extensive veins, principally in the fallen rocks below the bridge; generally, it is of a brilliant white, but sometimes it is black, although still retaining its fibrous structure. *Crystals of Bitterspath*, well defined, and glistening in black limestone, occur at the same place.—*Silliman's Tour*, 144.

From Glenn's Falls to Lake George, a stage of nine miles, the road passes through the same kind of dreary forest as that before we reach the falls. The first part of the way is a very deep sand, with small hills, and the country not very thickly settled; the latter part is hilly and stony, as it crosses a spur of those mountains which have been for some time visible on the west, and which, crossing the Hudson above, here wind round and encompass the lakes. About two miles before we reach Lake George, there is a fine view of it from the top of a hill. Descending this, the road passes through a beautiful little plain, which bounds the head of the lake, and extends on the left for a mile or two along it. This plain was cleared many years ago by the English, being in the neighbourhood of their forts, and presents a finely cultivated appearance.

The road to the village of *Caldwell*, now leads along the southern extremity of the lake, and close beside it, on a small eminence, stands *Fort George*; a small square fortress of masonry, whose ruins are yet distinctly visible, and which, from the importance of its situation, would seem worth preservation and repair.

Turning to the left, the road passes through the ruins of *Fort William Henry*, a considerable work, constructed of earth, by the British and colonists, to prevent the approach of the French, so early as 1755. The walls, the gate and the outworks, may yet be distinctly traced; the ditches are still deep, and water may even now be drawn from the well, which once supplied the garrison. Though now silent, peaceful and almost unnoticed, in former days it was the scene of many a gallant and bloody conflict, where the French and English soldiers brought into a distant country and an unknown forest, the bravery and hereditary hatred with which they have met for centuries on the fields of Europe. But the tumult of war has long since passed away; green and fertile fields now cover their bones, and the time has already come, when the ploughman looks with surprise on the mouldering implements of war, which he chances to turn up in the furrow.

Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila:

Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulcris.

The immediate cause of erecting this fort, was one of those extraordinary chances of war, which often lead to results far different from those that were expected. In the year 1755, Sir William Johnston had encamped on this spot, with a body of British and colonial troops, preparing to attack Crown Point, a fortress then in possession of the French: the British had also occupied Fort Edward, and several of the places of defence in the surrounding district. The French army, then stationed at Ticonderoga, was commanded by General Dieskau; and this officer, having learned that the garrison at Fort Edward was small and badly provided to sustain a siege, determined by a sudden march to seize on so important a post. The British general, however, had gained intelligence of the movements of his rival, and despatched Colonel Williams from the camp at Lake George, with a thousand regulars, and two hundred Indians, to succour Fort Edward. When Baron Dieskau had nearly reached that place, he discovered it was better provided than he had supposed, and that a siege would probably be long and difficult: he determined, therefore, instead of pursuing his march as he had originally intended, to turn suddenly to the right, and, crossing the steep and rugged mountain which forms the eastern barrier of Lake George, fall unexpectedly on the army of Johnston, encamped unsuspectingly in the valley below. It was about noon, on the 8th of September, 1755, as Colonel Williams and his small party were ascending the narrow defile of the mountain, on their way to the assistance of Fort Edward, that they suddenly met the French army in the road before them. A bloody battle ensued: a deadly fire was poured in front upon the troops of Colonel Williams, while the Indians attached to the French army, and who had placed themselves in ambuscade, rushed from the woods upon their flanks, and added their fierce and barbarous cruelty to the overwhelming superiority of the French. Those who escaped the bloody conflict fled back to the camp, but Williams and Hendrick an old Mohawk chief, fell gallantly at the head of the troops; a rock on the east side of the road is yet pointed out as the spot where they expired, and still preserves, in memory of the event, the name of *Williams's Rock*. Baron

Dieskau pursued the fugitives down the defile, and attacked General Johnston's army, as they lay entrenched in their camp. The fortune of the day, however, no longer accompanied him. His army fought long, and with persevering valour; but, deserted by their Indian allies, they were at last forced to retreat. The retreat was worse than the battle; for, just as the exhausted remnant of the army had arrived at the defile where they had defeated Williams in the morning, and had seated themselves to snatch a moment's rest, they were attacked by a body of troops that had been despatched from Fort Edward to assist General Johnston, and totally defeated. Thus, within the circle of four miles, and in one day, were fought three desperate battles; and a pond near the roadside, into which the bodies of the dead soldiers were thrown, still preserves in its name, *the Bloody Pond*, a record of an event which has left no other traces of its occurrence.

Sir William Johnston was rewarded, for the exploits of the day, with five thousand pounds sterling, and the title of Baronet was conferred on him by the King of Great Britain. The fate of Dieskau is uncertain: the tradition of the surrounding country still says, that, being wounded in the battle, and unable to retreat, he leaned against a tree; a soldier approached to seize him as a prisoner, but mistaking a movement which he made to take out his watch and offer it to his captor, for an attempt to raise a pistol, he shot him on the spot. The unfortunate chief was conveyed, mortally wounded, to the camp, and expired on the bed of Johnston.

The events of this dreadful day caused the immediate erection of Fort William Henry; but they were not the last events of the same nature, of which this spot was to be the scene. As soon as the fortress was erected, the French became sensible of the necessity of reducing or destroying it. Accordingly, three attempts were made to take it; but they all proved unsuccessful. In the year 1757, however, about two years after its erection, the Marquis de Montcalm, who then commanded the French army, determined to besiege it in form. In August of that year, he landed ten thousand men on the shore of the lake, and summoned the fortress to surrender; the place where he landed is still pointed out, and the remains of his batteries are yet visible. He had a powerful train of artillery, and although the fort and works

were garrisoned with three thousand men, and were most gallantly defended by the commander Colonel Monroe, it was obliged to capitulate: but the most honourable terms were granted to Colonel Monroe, in consideration of his gallantry. The bursting of the great guns, the want of ammunition, and above all, the failure of General Webb to succour the fort, although he lay idle at Fort Edward with four thousand men, were the causes of this catastrophe.

The capitulation was however, most shamefully broken. The Indians attached to Montcalm's army, while the troops were marching out at the gate of the fort, dragged the men from the ranks, particularly the Indians in the English service, and butchered them in cold blood; they plundered all without distinction, and murdered women and little children with circumstances of the most aggravated barbarity. The massacre continued all along the road, through the defile of the mountains and for many miles, the miserable prisoners, especially those in the rear, being tomahawked and hewn down in cold blood. It might well be called the *bloody defile*, for it was the same ground that was the scene of the battles only two years before, in 1755. It is said, that efforts were made by the French to restrain the barbarians, but they were not restrained; and the miserable remnant of the garrison with difficulty reached Fort Edward, pursued by the Indians, although escorted by a body of French troops. "I passed over the ground," says Mr. Silliman, "upon which this tragedy was acted, and the oldest men of the country still remember the deed of guilt and infamy."

Fort William Henry was levelled to the ground by Montcalm, and has never been rebuilt. Fort George was built as a substitute for it, on a more commanding site, and although often mentioned in the history of subsequent wars, was not the scene of any very memorable event.*

It was the depot for the stores of the army of General Burgoyne, till that commander relinquished his connection with the lakes, and endeavoured to push his fortunes, without depending upon his magazines in the rear.

Nor are the historical recollections, which this spot revives, all that render it interesting to the traveller. The view from it, up the lake, is exceedingly beautiful. On the right, the

* Silliman's Travels, 163.

mountain comes immediately down to the water, leaving scarcely room for a few neat settlements, which stand prettily at its foot. On the left, the hills mount immediately from the plain, at the distance of about half a mile from the lake, but soon winding around, project into it in a bold promontory: they are covered with a thick forest, which at the foot is formed of deciduous trees, intermixed with evergreens; but as they rise, pine, hemlock, spruce and fir, assume their prerogative, and clothe the summits with perpetual verdure. In front, a number of beautiful wooded islands are seen; and beyond them, the mountains, interlocking for a great distance in a variety of shades.

We now enter *Caldwell*, the capital of Warren county, a flourishing town, containing about sixty houses, a printing office, a neat church, and the public buildings of the county. The hotel is large, commodious and well furnished, so that travellers who visit the lake will not suffer for want of accommodation. It is named after James Caldwell, a gentleman to whose liberality and public spirit it owes its existence, and who has conferred on the whole district inestimable benefits by his individual enterprise.

After reposing at night from the fatigues of a rough and uncomfortable journey from Saratoga, the traveller should arise with the dawn of day, to behold the beautiful scenery of the lake, and sail for an hour on its placid bosom. It is hardly necessary for us to describe the enjoyment of such an excursion; but the description which has been given by a traveller, who seems to unite with a profound and accurate knowledge of the works of nature, a glowing perception of her beauties, and a peculiar felicity in depicting them, is so graphically correct, that we shall take the liberty of inserting it.

“In the first gray of the morning,” says Mr. Silliman, “I was in the balcony of the inn, admiring the fine outline of the mountains by which Lake George is environed, and the masses of pure snowy vapour, which, unruffled by the slightest breeze, slumbered on its crystal bosom. During all the preceding days of the tour, there had not been a clear morning; but now, not a cloud spotted the expanse of the heavens, and the sky and the lake conspired to exalt every feature of this unrivalled landscape.

"The morning came on with rapid progress; but the woody sides of the high mountains, that form the eastern barrier, were still obscured by the lingering shadows of the night, although on their tops the dawn was now fully disclosed, and their outline, by contrast with their dark sides, was rendered beautifully distinct; while their reversed images, perfectly reflected from the most exquisite of all mirrors, presented mountains pendent in the deep, and adhering by their bases to those which at the same moment were emulating the heavens.

"A boat had been engaged the evening before, and we now rowed out upon the water, and hastened to old Fort George, whose massy walls of stone, still twenty feet high, and in pretty good preservation, rise upon a hill, about a quarter of a mile from the southern shore of the lake. I was anxious to enjoy, from this propitious spot, the advancing glories of the morning, which, by the time we had reached our station, were glowing upon the mountain tops, with an effulgence that could be augmented by nothing but the actual appearance of the king of day.

"Now, the opposite mountains, those that form the western barrier, were strongly illuminated down their entire declivity, while the twin barrier of the eastern shore, except on its ridge, was still in deep shadow. The vapour, which was just sufficient to form the softened blending of light and shade, while it veiled the lake only in spots, and left its outline and most of its surface perfectly distinct, began to form itself into winrows,* and clouds and castles, and to recede from the water, as if conscious that its dominion must now be resigned. The retreat of the vapour formed a very beautiful part of the scenery; it was the moveable light drapery, which at first adorning the bosom of the lake, soon after began to retire up the sides of the mountains. At the distance of twelve or fourteen miles, the lake turns to the right, and is lost among the highlands; to the left is Northwest Bay, more remote, and visible from the fort. The promontory, which forms the point of juncture between the

* This possibly is an American word, meaning the rows of hay that are raked together in a meadow, before the hay is thrown into heaps. It exactly describes the vapour, as it appeared in some places on the lake, and I knew no other word that did.

lake and the bay, rises into lofty peaks and ridges, and forms in appearance the northern extremity of the lake. Up these mountains, which are even more grand and lofty than those along the margin, the vapour, accumulated by a very slight movement of the atmosphere from the south, rolled in immense masses, every moment changing their form; now obscuring the mountains almost entirely, and now veiling their sides, but permitting their tops to emerge, in unclouded majesty.

“Anxious to witness, from the surface of the lake, the first appearance of the sun’s orb, we returned to our boat, and in a few moments reached the desired position. Opposite to us, in the direction towards the rising sun, was a place or notch, lower than the general ridge of the mountains, and formed by the intersecting curves of two declivities.

“Precisely through this place, were poured upon us the first rays, which darted down, in lines of burnished gold, diverging and distinct, as if in a diagram. The ridge of the eastern mountains was fringed with fire, for a mile. The numerous islands, so elegantly sprinkled through the lake, and which recently appeared and disappeared through the rolling clouds of mist, now received the direct rays of the sun, and formed so many gilded gardens. At last came the sun, ‘rejoicing in his strength,’ and as he raised the upper edge of his burning disk into view, in a circle of celestial fire, the sight was too glorious to behold;—it seemed, when the full orb was disclosed, as if he looked down with complacency, into one of the most beautiful spots in this lower world, and, as if gloriously representing his great Creator, he pronounced it ‘all very good.’ I certainly never before saw the sun rise with so much majesty. I have not exaggerated the effect; and, without doubt, it arises principally from the fact, that Lake George is so completely environed by a barrier of high mountains, that it is in deep shade, while the world around is in light; and the sun, already risen for some time, does not dart a single ray on this imprisoned lake, till, having gained considerable elevation, he bursts, all at once, over the fiery ridge of the eastern mountains, and pours, not a horizontal, but a descending flood of light, which instantly piercing the deep shadows that rest on the water, and on the western side of the eastern barrier, produces the finest possible effects of contrast. When the sun had attained a little height above

the mountain, we observed a curious effect: a perfect cone of light, with its base towards the sun, lay upon the water, and from the vertex of the cone, which reached half across the lake, there shot out a delicate line of parallel rays, which reached the western shore; and the whole very perfectly represented a gilded steeple. As this effect is opposite to the common form of the sun's effulgence, it must probably depend upon some peculiarities in the shape of the summits of the mountains at this place."

The depth and transparency of the waters of Lake George are notorious. The traditional story of the people who reside on its shore, is, that in some parts it has no bottom; but this opinion, which is common to every inland sheet of water, of more than ordinary depth, merely shows that it has probably never been sounded with any thing longer than the lines of the fishermen. Its transparency is remarkable, and no tempest ever obscures it; the fish may be distinctly seen biting the hooks, many fathoms beneath the surface. The cause of the transparency and purity of these waters is obvious. With the exception of small quantities of transition limestone, its shores seem to be composed of primitive rocks, made up principally of silicious and other very firm and insoluble materials. The streams by which the lake is fed flow over similar substances, and the waves find nothing to dissolve, or to hold mechanically suspended. Clay, which abounds around the head waters of the contiguous lake (Champlain) and renders them turbid, scarcely exists here.

The lake abounds in fish, and those of the finest kind; bass and trout are usually preferred, and the salmon trout equal, if they do not excel, those which are elsewhere found; they attain a very large size, and frequently weigh from ten to twenty pounds.

The mountains which surround the lake are steep and rocky, and would afford the naturalist a fine field for observation and research. They are all primitive, covered with wood, but unfit for cultivation, and inhabited only by deer, bears, wolves and rattlesnakes, the last of which are very numerous.* The echoes returned by the rocks, in some

* "I was credibly informed," says Mr. Silliman, "that a few years since, there was a man in this vicinity, who had the singular power and the still stranger temerity to catch *living* rattlesnakes with his naked hands, without wounding the snakes, or being wounded by them. He used to accu-

places, are remarkably distinct; and their wild projections, and jutting promontories, present a scene of beauty, for ever varying with the light, but always grand.

The lake is crowded with little islands, which appear, covered with trees, to have risen as if by magic from the water, on which they seem to float. The one which is chiefly visited, though perhaps it is not the most picturesque, is *Diamond Island*, about four miles from Caldwell, where the quartz crystals are found.

This small island, scarcely covering the area of a common kitchen garden, is inhabited by a family, who occupy a small but comfortable house, and constantly explore the rocks for crystals. These are found lining the cavities, and forming geodes in the limestone. These cavities are often brilliantly studded with them; and doubtless it arose from their falling out, by the disintegration of the rock, that the crystals were formerly found on the shores of the island, and in the water. At present, they are scarcely obtained at all, except by breaking the rocks. The immediate matrix of the crystals seems to be a mixture of fine granular quartz with the limestone: it is impressible by steel, but sometimes does not effervesce with acids; though generally it does, and feebly scratches glass. The crystals of this locality are of the common form, very limpid, and often contain a dark coloured substance imbedded in them.

Lake George extends from Caldwell northward, about thirty-six miles, to the celebrated pass where *Fort Ticonderoga* is built, one of the most important posts in the communication between the United States and Canada, and which has been the scene of frequent contests. There the communication is reduced to a small strait, which has a rapid descent of two hundred feet in one mile, round which it is necessary to pass by land carriage. The strait continues twelve miles to *Crown Point*, another important fortress, where it empties into Lake Champlain, whence the passage by water is uninterrupted into the St. Lawrence. The navigation of Lake George is by means of rafts and flat boats of four or five tons burthen.

mulate numbers of them in this manner, for curiosity or for sale, and for a long time persisted uninjured in this audacious practice; but at last the awful fate which all but himself had expected, overtook him; he was bitten, and died."

In returning from Lake George to Saratoga, or Albany, the traveller, instead of passing by the dreary road of Glenn's Falls, may diversify his journey, and take the route through *Fort Anne*, *Sandy Hill*, and *Fort Edward*. A description of these places will be found in a subsequent part of our volume.



ALBANY TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

	M.	M.
ALBANY to Schenectady - - - - -		16
Cross Mohawk River		
Haveley's Tavern - - - - -	5	21
Groat's Tavern - - - - -	8	29
Cross Chuctenunda Creek to		
Amsterdam - - - - -	4	33
Tripe's Hill - - - - -	4	37
Caughnawaga - - - - -	5	42
Johnson's Creek - - - - -	1	43
Connolly's Tavern - - - - -	6	49
Palatine Lower Bridge - - - - -	8	57
Palatine Upper Village - - - - -	4	61
Palatine Church - - - - -	6	67
Oppenheim, on East Canada Creek - -	7	74
Little Falls Village - - - - -	7	81
West Canada Creek - - - - -	5	86
Herkimer - - - - -	1	87
Schuyler - - - - -	6	93
Cross Mohawk River to		
Utica - - - - -	8	101
Hartford - - - - -	4	105
Vernon - - - - -	13	118
Oneida Creek - - - - -	5	123
Canesaraga, on Canesaraga Creek - -	11	134
Chitteningo River - - - - -	3	137
Manlius - - - - -	6	143
Jamesville, on Butternut Creek - - -	6	149
Onondaga Hollow, on Onondaga Creek	4	153
West Hill - - - - -	1	154
Marcellus - - - - -	9	163
Skeneateless, outlet of Skeneateless Lake	6	169
Auburn, outlet of Owasco Lake - - -	8	177
East Cayuga - - - - -	8	185
Cayuga Bridge, across Cayuga Lake -	1	186
Seneca Falls - - - - -	3	189
Waterloo - - - - -	4	193
Geneva - - - - -	6	199

	M.	M.
Cross Canandaigua outlet to		
Canandaigua - - - - -	16	215
Bloomfield Church - - - - -	8	223
Honeoye Creek - - - - -	6	229
Lima - - - - -	3	232
Avon - - - - -	9	241
Genesee River - - - - -	1	242
Caledonia - - - - -	7	249
Cross Allen's Creek to		
Le Roy - - - - -	5	254
Black Creek - - - - -	5	259
Batavia - - - - -	7	266
Tonnewanta Creek - - - - -	4	270
Murder Creek - - - - -	10	280
Cross Ellicott's Creek to		
Williamsville - - - - -	7	287
Buffalo - - - - -	19	306
Black Rock - - - - -	2	308
Tonnewanta Creek - - - - -	8	316
Cayuga Creek - - - - -	6	322
FALLS OF NIAGARA - - - - -	5	327

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ALBANY to BUFFALO (*by the Canal.*)

ALBANY to		
Junction of Erie and Champlain Canals		8
Lower Aqueduct over the Mohawk - -	4	12
Wat Hoix Gap - - - - -	3	15
Fort's Ferry - - - - -	2	17
Vischer's Ferry - - - - -	2	19
Upper Aqueduct over the Mohawk - -	5	24
Schenectady - - - - -	4	28
Plattekill Aqueduct - - - - -	5	33
Chuctenunda Aqueduct - - - - -	13	46
Schoharie Creek and Guard-Lock - -	4	50
Voorhees's, Lock No. 36 - - - - -	5	55
Anthony's Nose and Mitchell's Cave -	6	61
Canajoharie - - - - -	6	67
Guard-Lock, Otsquada Creek - - - -	3	70

	M.	M.
Nowadaga Creek - - - - -	11	81
Little Falls - - - - -	5	86
German Flats - - - - -	2	88
Steel's Creek, Aqueduct and Feeder -	8	96
Myers's Creek - - - - -	2	98
Long Level commences - - - - -	1	99
Ferguson's Creek, Aqueduct - - - -	6	105
Clark's Creek, Aqueduct - - - - -	1	106
Utica - - - - -	2	108
Sadaquada Aqueduct - - - - -	3	111
Whitesborough - - - - -	1	112
Oriskany - - - - -	3	115
Mansion-House, Rome - - - - -	8	123
Wood Creek - - - - -	3	126
Smith's Verona - - - - -	4	130
Oneida Creek - - - - -	9	139
Canastota - - - - -	5	144
New Boston - - - - -	4	148
Chitteningo Creek - - - - -	4	152
Manlius Landing - - - - -	8	160
End of Long Level - - - - -	8	168
Syracuse - - - - -	1	169
Geddes - - - - -	2	171
Otisco Aqueduct - - - - -	6	177
Canton - - - - -	6	183
Jordan - - - - -	6	189
Weed's Basin - - - - -	6	195
Bucksville - - - - -	3	198
Montezuma - - - - -	6	204
Clyde - - - - -	11	215
Lyons - - - - -	9	224
Newark - - - - -	6	230
Palmyra - - - - -	9	239
Mud Creek, Aqueduct - - - - -	1	240
Fullam's Basin - - - - -	12	252
Hartwell's Basin - - - - -	2	254
Great Embankment over Irondequot Creek	2	256
Pittsford - - - - -	2	258
Brighton - - - - -	6	264
Rochester - - - - -	4	268
King's Basin - - - - -	6	274

	M.	M.
Webber's Basin - - - - -	3	277
Spencer's Basin - - - - -	3	280
Bates Village - - - - -	3	283
Brockport - - - - -	4	287
Holley - - - - -	6	293
Smith's Basin - - - - -	6	299
Sandy Creek Embankment - - - - -	3	302
Newport - - - - -	1	303
Gaines's Basin - - - - -	1	304
Otter Creek Embankment - - - - -	1	305
Clark's Brook - - - - -	2	307
Arch Road-Way - - - - -	3	310
Oak Orchard Aqueduct - - - - -	2	312
Middleport - - - - -	5	317
Royalton Embankment - - - - -	5	322
Lockport - - - - -	9	331
Sulphur Springs - - - - -	5	336
Pendleton - - - - -	2	338
Entrance of Tonnewanta Creek		
Leave Tonnewanta Creek - - - - -	12	350
Black Rock Harbour - - - - -	8	358
BUFFALO - - - - -	4	362

DEVIATION.

By CANANDAIGUA, ROCHESTER, and LEWISTOWN.

CANANDAIGUA to		
Mendon - - - - -		15
Pittsford - - - - -	7	22
ROCHESTER - - - - -	8	30
Greece - - - - -	5	35
Parma - - - - -	6	41
Clarkson - - - - -	7	48
Sandy Creek - - - - -	7	55
Gaines - - - - -	8	63
Oak Orchard - - - - -	7	70
Hartland - - - - -	14	84
Cambria - - - - -	11	95
LEWISTOWN - - - - -	15	110

ALBANY to the FALLS OF NIAGARA.

AFTER leaving Albany, the first stage is sixteen miles to *Schenectady*. It is one of the most dreary rides in the world, being a deep sandy soil, covered with gloomy forests. Formerly, the road was very bad, from the depth of the sand; but a good turnpike is now formed, which does great honour to the enterprise of the country. The ground is in general broken and sandy, and in its natural state extremely barren. The white pine, blended in places with the cedar, is the principal timber of the district, and spreads on either hand far as the eye can reach over these broad plains—

—Undique solers,
Arva coronantem nutrire Favencia pinum—

but on the margins of the streams, it is mixed with some white oak, black oak, and white birch, and with a few trees of red flowering maple. The water courses which cross the road flow north-east towards the Mohawk, and have some fine extensive farms upon their alluvial bottoms.

Before reaching Schenectady, from a hill the traveller has a full view of the adjacent country. The town itself, standing on the fertile meadows of the Mohawk, presents a rich and lively picture, which is strongly contrasted with the barren scene we have just passed.

In a geological point of view, according to Professor Eaton, the whole of this district belongs to the transition and secondary formations: the argillite (or common slate) evidently underlays the whole. The graywacke overlays the argillite, and conceals it, in most of the middle and western parts of the county. No well-characterized red sandstone (freestone) or breccia, was found in place. Fragments however of the latter have been observed in the south part of the county, attached to large blocks of graywacke slate. The graywacke is often covered with shell limestone, which last is frequently overlayed by secondary sandstone, or rather, calcareous sandstone. Large blocks of primitive rock are frequently found reposing on the soil, yet the above enumerated rocks are all that are found in place. These blocks were evidently

transported to this district from New-England, or some other primitive country, by causes which we shall not attempt to assign.

The city of Schenectady is situated at the foot of the hills, and on the alluvial plain bounding the south side of the Mohawk, which is here about one hundred and fifty yards wide. It is laid out with greater regularity than most of the towns founded at the earliest periods of the settlement of New-York, and is now said to contain about three thousand inhabitants. Many of the buildings are large, expensive and elegant; and the situation is such as always to ensure to it the benefits of an extensive commerce with the rich and prosperous country through which the Mohawk spreads; nor have its inhabitants been backward in pursuing these advantages, but appear to carry on with enterprise a lucrative and increasing trade.

Schenectady, like Albany, is an old town, which owes its origin to a fort built to protect the country from the inroads of the Indians, and as a frontier town recalls many facts of historical interest. On the 9th of February 1690, as we are informed by the tradition of the inhabitants, although history has fixed it on the 8th, a marauding party of French and Indians surprised the inhabitants before daylight in the morning. Aroused from their peaceful beds by the explosion of fire-arms, and the piercing yells of their savage enemies, an indiscriminate slaughter ensued. The mother and the babe, the husband and wife, the brother and sister, shared the same fate. A few escaped, and, almost naked, through frost and snow, carried the distressful tidings to Albany.

This was one of the many and one of the most tragical of those savage border conflicts that have occurred, with some intervals, around our settlements, for upwards of two centuries. The history of our frontier still presents us, from time to time, with similar scenes of ferocious warfare; but we trust that the period is rapidly approaching, when the tomahawk shall for ever be buried, and the red and the white man will know each other only as brothers.

When the dreadful massacre at Schenectady was known at Albany, it struck terror into the citizens; they determined, in consternation and despair, to abandon their homes and all that was dear to them, rather than remain exposed to the inroads of their cruel foes. A number of Mohawk chieftains however, their friends and allies, immediately on learning

the sad event, hastened to console and animate them. They offered them their aid; they incited them to honourable exertion. "Do not pack up and go away," they exclaimed; "this will give courage to your dastardly enemy! Take heart; we are resolute, as to our parts, to continue the war. Our chain is a strong chain; it is a silver chain; it can neither rust nor be broken!" The whole speech has been preserved by Mr. Colden, in his History of the Five Nations; and even at this distant period, it is impossible to read it without emotion, without respecting its affectionate sympathy, and admiring its magnanimous spirit, and without ranking it among the most respectable models of eloquence which history affords.

The Mohawks however, then the most powerful tribe of a powerful nation, have now disappeared from the world; and all that yet remains to attest their former existence, is the name of the beautiful stream upon which is situated the town of Schenectady. Its current, once stained with human gore, now flows, gentle, pure and steady, through the peaceful settlements of the people whom they saved from destruction.

Schenectady is the seat of justice for the county of the same name, and as such contains the usual buildings necessary for courts of justice and prisons. It is also more honourably remarkable, as having within its limits Union College, a respectable literary institution, incorporated in 1794, which took its name from the union of several religious societies in its formation. In 1785, a small academy, the first building in this city devoted to literary purposes, was erected by the Consistory of the Reformed Dutch Church, which, after the establishment of *Union College*, was presented to its trustees, and used as a grammar-school. Liberal donations from individuals, amounting to upwards of thirty thousand dollars, raised a suite of edifices in the heart of the city, the principal one of which is now used as a court-house. In 1814, the trustees disposed of these, and purchased a site on the rising grounds, a little east of the populous part of the city, and commenced the erection of a very extensive set of well-adapted buildings. The situation is extremely well chosen, on a commanding eminence of gentle acclivity, embracing every convenience, and an extensive view of the surrounding country. Two only of the college edifices are yet erected, each

two hundred feet in length, four stories in height, of brick, stuccoed in imitation of white granite. They stand in a line, six hundred feet asunder; and, to complete the whole set, there are yet wanting six other buildings. This institution sustains its high celebrity, and has now in the different classes two hundred and thirty-four students. It has a library of five thousand volumes, a museum, and a very excellent philosophical and chymical apparatus. Besides the President, there are three professors, a lecturer, two tutors and a register.

The *Erie Canal* passes through the town. The section of this work between Schenectady and the Cohoes is very interesting; and indeed the passage from Albany is so much more agreeable than the ride over the barrens, that it may be recommended to travellers as the most eligible route. The canal, after leaving the Cohoes Falls, rises by four locks thirty-two feet, and passes for about two miles along the south shore of the Mohawk. At this point, the engineers of the state, courageous and enterprising as they were, felt dismayed at the difficulties they had to encounter. To continue along the southern bank of the river, was impossible; rocky precipices bounded it for nearly the whole length, and after numerous examinations, no practicable pass could be discovered. The bold plan of twice crossing the Mohawk was at length adopted, and this spot was selected for the eastern aqueduct. The canal therefore is here carried over the Mohawk, on a wooden trunk or aqueduct, eleven hundred and eighty-eight feet in length, supported by twenty-six piers, and abutments of stone. After passing the river, *Wat Hoix Ridge* is seen on the right, and in about two miles we enter the celebrated gap of the same name. It is a singular natural ravine, varying in width from fifteen to eighty feet, and affording a remarkable passage for the canal, where it would have been impossible for art to have formed one. It is a scene of wild and romantic beauty, and forms one of the most interesting features on the whole passage. The *Wat Hoix* rapids, which are here seen in the Mohawk, are not above ten feet in descent; they were called by the Indians, the *White Horse*, or *Evil Spirit*. Two miles farther, the old road from Albany to the Springs crosses the canal. At the twentieth mile stone from Albany, the canal passes through the deepest cutting on the whole line: it is not less than

thirty-two feet, and the soil is a transition argillite. After rising by two locks of seven feet each, four miles bring us to the upper aqueduct across the Mohawk, where the line of canal is again changed to the southern bank: it is not so long as the lower one, being but seven hundred and forty-eight feet in length; it is supported by sixteen piers, twenty-five feet above the water. There is here also a guard-lock and feeder of half a mile from the river, and a high bank of one hundred and thirty feet. In four miles more, we reach the city of Schenectady, through which the canal passes, and crosses diagonally in its course not less than eight of the streets.

Leaving Schenectady, we cross the Mohawk on a fine wooden bridge of nine hundred and ninety-seven feet in length, built by Theodore Burr, a celebrated bridge architect. Its formation, the principles of which are said to be entirely new, is on the following plan: four piers were erected in the river, on the top of which the roadway passes; but in order to sustain this intermediately between the piers, instead of adopting the usual course of throwing an arch from one to the other, the architect has raised on the top of each a high frame-work; between every two of these frames he has *suspended* an inverted arch, the lowest point of which descends to the roadway, at the middle point between the piers. From this inverted arch the platform of the road is supported by braces hanging perpendicular to it. The great disadvantage of such a bridge will be instantly perceived—its weakness at the centre of the arch; and indeed that fault has occurred to a great degree in this very instance, for it has become necessary to carry up an intermediate pier, across the whole river, to support the bridge at each point where the arch descends to the platform.

Immediately after crossing the Mohawk, the road to Ballston strikes off to the right, while the great western road passes along the rich meadows or flats which bound the northern side of the river. These flats, it has with great probability been conjectured, were once the bottom of a vast lake; and the rich alluvion of their soil forms a broad and fertile valley, through the midst of which the Mohawk courses along, while its edges are bounded by the sterile sand-hills that are seen both on the north and south.

Five miles from Schenectady is *Havely's Tavern*, and eight miles more bring us to *Groat's*. The country over which we pass becomes broken, and less fertile than that below. On this shore of the Mohawk, indeed, the banks often rise abruptly and precipitously; but on the south, they slope more gently from the stream, and present flourishing farms, through which the great western canal winds along, scattering new riches at every point, and rewarding the enterprise that effected it, by continued proofs of the benefits and advantages it has bestowed. On the hills, the pine tree still reigns, though the birch and oak are sometimes seen rising to contest its sway; the chesnut, the walnut, the hickory and tulip tree, spread their more cheerful shade over the valleys. The river is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and filled with islands, which follow each other in rapid succession. Sand and rounded pebbles form the superstratum, but schistose limestone appears projecting from the banks in a horizontal position, marking a secondary region.

A country of similar features continues for four miles farther, to the village of Amsterdam, though the horizontal or slaty limestone begins more generally to prevail.

Amsterdam is a romantic village, containing about fifty houses, and placed on the western shore of the *Chuctenunda* creek, a stream which rises in Saratoga county, and rushes impetuously over a ridge of limestone, one hundred and twenty feet in height, into the Mohawk. The cataract thus formed is in itself an object of great beauty; but, in addition to its effect in appearance, it affords in reality a site of peculiar excellence for the erection of mills. There are now in operation, within the distance of a hundred rods, a scythe manufactory, a clothier's works, and an excellent grist-mill and saw-mill.

Four miles from Amsterdam, we arrive at *Tribe's Hill*, one of the most singular and difficult passes on the Mohawk. The hill rises abruptly, is high, sandy, and extremely painful in the ascent. There is no mode to avoid this inconvenience, as the bank of the river is an elevated ledge of rock, on the north side. The table-land is a sandy plain, and the descent from above is but little less than the ascent from below. From the highest part of the hill, the mouth and valley of the *Schoharie* are in full view. The bottom of the Mohawk

is here extensive, but extremely flat on the south side; the Schoharie is seen meandering over this plain, in its course from the hills to the river. The bottoms appear extremely fertile, but are subject to occasional inundation, and from their undeviating level, the crops must suffer great injury when these accidents occur.

Five miles from Tripe's Hill is the village of *Caughnawaga*, situated near the junction of the *Cayadutta* with the Mohawk, and containing about forty houses, a Dutch Reformed church, a post-office and school-house. It was the principal town of the Mohawk Indians, one of the most warlike and powerful tribes of the aborigines. Uniting with the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas and the Senecas, they formed the celebrated confederacy of the *Iroquois*, or *Five Nations*. The name signifies 'a coffin,' and it is said to have been given to the place from a large black stone, shaped like a coffin, and still seen, at low water, in the bed of the Mohawk; or it may be, from the perils to which the light barques of the Indians were here exposed, in their passage down the river.*

About four miles to the north of Caughnawaga is *Johnstown*, the capital of Montgomery county. It contains about one thousand inhabitants, is well laid out, and, besides the county buildings, has several churches and other public edifices. The soil of the county is generally a stiff argillaceous loam, or brownish grit mould, variously combined with vegetable remains, and in some parts running into black muck; there are tracts also of sandy alluvion.

About three quarters of a mile from Johnstown, and beau-

* "Of this name, as of many others of Indian origin, it may be here remarked, that the orthography, which seems to come the nearest to the pronunciation, according to the ear or fancy of one person, may not do so to that of another. There is no such thing as a rule applicable to cases of this kind, only to simplify the word, and modernize it, so far as may be consonant with a due preservation of etymology. There are few, perhaps no Indian sounds or words, which different persons would represent by the same English letters. The difficulty is also farther increased by the synonyma of rude dialects. In that of the Mohawks, the same expression is used for coffin, death, destruction, &c., and they have traditions of many lives being lost on this rock, now not in the main channel, and only visible at low water. In like manner, they use one and the same expression for youth, morning, spring, east, &c. To my ear, hearing an old Mohawk speak Cahnawaga, his expression seems to me better represented by these letters than by adding ug."—*Spafford's Gazetteer*, 258.

tifully situated on a fine rising ground, commanding a charming view of the surrounding country, is the *Hall* erected by Sir William Johnston in 1773, and in which he resided to the time of his death. He was the proprietor of the surrounding district, and a man of great energy and enterprise. The court-house, the gaol, and the Episcopal church in which his bones still repose, were built by him, by means of an assessment levied on the district to furnish a certain quantity of stone, a tax paid without difficulty. It was here that Colonel Willet, on the 25th October, 1781, with four hundred undisciplined militia and sixty Indians, defeated a body of British and Indians amounting to six hundred men.

To the north-west of Caughnawaga, a high ridge or hill, called the *Klipse*, extends across the country in a south-westerly direction, as far as the Mohawk. Its name is a Dutch word, signifying a rock, or rocky ledge; and it is formed of silicious and calcareous sandstone, with bare sides, oftentimes singularly precipitous. As it approaches the river, it slopes down to it, from an elevation of probably five hundred feet, and is in its shape no bad imitation of a gigantic nose, from which it has received its name of *Anthony's Nose*. This mountain once crossed the present channel of the river at this place, in the bed of which may be traced the bare rock, running obliquely from shore to shore. It is merely the eastern front of a lofty rampart of hills and mountains, or an elevated plain from which hills and mountains rise, spreading westward beyond the Little Falls, and extending from Otsego county, a spur of the Catskill mountains, across a part of Montgomery and Herkimer counties, and far northward. At this spot may be seen indubitable evidence of the great power of water, and that the stream which now flows so gently has at some former time burst through this immense rocky barrier, and worn it down to what it now appears. At *Dachsteder's*, just below, there is an alluvial plain of one mile in length, and half a mile wide, composed at the upper end of coarse gravel, and rounded pebbles, much water-worn, growing finer as we proceed, and all its sand placed at the lower end. It is well worth examining, and has, besides, some interesting Indian antiquities. "The time has been," says Mr. Spafford, "in my opinion, when this valley of the Mohawk was traversed by a stream immensely greater than

at the present day, a remark equally applicable to the Hudson. At some period or other, those hills have formed the eastern barrier of a vast lake, extending westward far over the summit-level of Rome, and the region about the Oneida lake. Possibly this may have been at a time when the surface of Lake Ontario was a hundred or more feet higher than at the present day, and when the valley of the Hudson, and of the lower part of the Mohawk country, was all a vast lake from above the Highlands."

On the south shore of the river, opposite to the Klipse, in the township of *Canajoharie*, this mountain again rises, and forms a promontory which is also called the Nose. In the neighbouring cliffs, several natural caverns have been discovered. In the summer of 1821, a party of gentlemen undertook to explore the largest, called *Mitchell's Cave*. They descended about five hundred feet, and found as many as thirteen or fourteen apartments, and in several of them stalactites. The cavern, indeed, seems worthy of more regular and scientific investigation.

From Caughnawaga to *Palatine Lower Village*, is fifteen miles. The road passes generally over the meadows, along the river, which however are narrow, and soon terminated on the north by steep and rocky ridges, of secondary formation. The south bank, too, which has hitherto presented a broad and fertile bottom, now becomes more rocky and abrupt. The land, however, is rich and fertile; the timber is large and good; the sugar-maple, a sure sign of a fine soil, flourishes luxuriantly, and the other trees are such as indicate an extremely favourable one. The rock strata are schistose limestone and sandstone, alternately overlaying each other.

Passing *Palatine Upper Village*, four miles farther on, and six miles above it, *Palatine Church*, we arrive in seven miles more at the village of *Oppenheim*, at the mouth of East Canada creek. The appearance of the country does not greatly vary; the valley or flat land now spreads out on the northern shore, but precipitous cliffs are frequently seen. The soil is everywhere fertile; that along the river bank, a rich alluvion—that of the adjacent uplands, an argillaceous loam, rather heavy, but very productive. Quartz, calcareous spar, and a dark brown hornstone, are found; and about Palatine,

anthracite, and quartz crystals containing it, have been observed.

The village of Oppenheim contains little worthy of remark. It was settled at an early period before the revolution, by Germans, who named it after a town in their native land; and it was, like the rest of the surrounding country, exposed to devastation and injury during the revolutionary war. *East Canada Creek*, on which it is situated, is the boundary between Montgomery and Herkimer counties. It rises in the northern part of Montgomery, on the table-lands, from which some of the tributary streams of the Hudson also flow, and presents, like them, from its rapid descent, many excellent situations for the establishment of mills.

From Oppenheim, seven miles bring us to the village of *Little Falls*. The vale of the Mohawk again deserts us, and we pass over high hills, while the southern shore slopes gradually away, chequered with farms and forests, amid which the sugar-maple is conspicuous.

The village of Little Falls is a flourishing place, containing upwards of a hundred houses, stores, shops, &c., and a church and school-house. It derives its name from one of the most interesting scenes which the traveller has yet beheld—the falls or rapids of the Mohawk, called *little*, in comparison with the bolder cataract of the Cohoes, but not less interesting, from their scenery, and natural phenomena. We cannot introduce them to the traveller in better language than that of Mr. Clinton, a gentleman whose capacious mind embraces at once the depths of moral and political science, a patriotic ardour in the pursuit of every thing which can add to the domestic interests of his country, and a knowledge of the wonderful works of nature, united with a strong perception of their beauties.

“The Little Falls on the Mohawk river,” says Mr. Clinton, in his introductory discourse, “in connection with the surrounding country, exhibit a very interesting aspect. As you approach the falls, the river becomes narrow and deep, and you pass through immense rocks, principally of granite, interspersed with limestone. In various places, you observe profound excavations in the rocks, made by the agitation of pebbles in the fissures, and in some places the river is not more than twenty yards wide. As you approach the western

extremity of the hills, you find them about half a mile distant from summit to summit, and at least three hundred feet high. The rocks are composed of granite, and many of them are thirty or forty feet thick : and the whole mountain extends at least half a mile from east to west. You see them piled on each other like Ossa on Pelion, and in other places, huge fragments scattered about, indicating a violent rupture of the waters through this place, as if they had been formerly dammed up, and had formed a passage; and in all directions you behold great rocks, exhibiting rotundities, points and cavities, as if worn by the violence of the waves, or hurled from their ancient positions.

“The general appearance of the Little Falls indicates the former existence of a great lake above, connected with the Oneida lake ; and as the waters here forced a passage and receded, the flats above were formed, and composed several thousand acres of the richest land. Rome being the highest point on the lake, the passage of the waters on the east side left it bare ; the Oneida lake gradually receded on the west side, and formed the great marsh or swamp now surrounding the waters of Wood creek. The physiognomy of the country, from the commencement of Wood creek to its termination in the Oneida lake, confirms this hypothesis. The westerly and north-westerly winds continually drive the sand of the lake towards the creek, and you can distinctly perceive the alluvion increasing eastwardly by the accumulation of sand, and the formation of new ground. Near the lake you observe sand without trees, then to the east a few scattering trees; and as you proceed in that direction, the woods thicken. The whole country, from the commencement to the termination of Wood creek, looks like made ground. In digging the canal in Wood creek, pine trees were found twelve feet deep. An old boatman, several years ago, said that he had been fifty years in that occupation, and that the Oneida lake had receded half a mile within his memory. William Colbreath, one of the first settlers at Rome, in digging a well, found a large tree at the depth of twelve feet. This great lake, breaking down in the first place the barriers which opposed the progress of its waters to the east, and then gradually receding to the west, is a subject well deserving of minute investigation.”

This idea, that the Little Falls were once the eastern barrier of a vast lake, is confirmed by the levels which have been taken in forming the Erie canal. It has been ascertained that the Falls hill, on the south side, is seven hundred and twelve feet above the level of the tide, and that a dam at the Falls, of fifty feet, would raise the water over all the country, as far as the Oneida lake. That such a dam did once exist, is evident from the rocks which rise on either side, and marks of water far above fifty feet are distinctly visible.

The Little Falls present a curious geological fact, which should not be passed unnoticed. The country, all the way from Albany to Utica, is a *transition* formation; but at this point, a spur of the primitive comes down from the mountains which compose the great primitive region in the north-west part of the state: a similar spur crosses the Mohawk below, at the Nose; and these two are the only deviations from the uniform transition formation which we have just mentioned. These ridges are chiefly made up of gneiss rock, whose layers are frequently almost horizontal, being rarely much inclined. It seems to be what Cleaveland calls "the more recent variety;" and often contains but little felspar or mica. Sometimes it passes in an almost pure quartzose sandstone, and frequently passes gradually into silicious limestone. The gneiss rocks which are seen while passing the Noses and Little Falls, present a red and orange tinge. This is caused by the decomposition of iron pyrites on the exposed surfaces, and the production of sulphate of iron. A fresh fracture will prove that this is not the natural colour of the rock. These rocks generally consist of large square and oblong blocks, set in layers of great extent. Slaty layers are frequently interposed, however, which have the appearance of mica slate. Many of these blocks are broken off, and widely scattered over the adjoining country. Near Palatine, where the soil is thinly spread over the metalliferous lime-rock, these blocks or boulders almost hide the face of the field; but they are concealed by the deep alluvion, in the low intervals.

But few minerals are found in these gneiss rocks. Iron pyrites, petrosilex, and scales of plumbago, were observed by Mr. Eaton, in his accurate survey.

Before leaving the Little Falls, we must turn our attention, for a moment, to the scenery of the spot, the beauties of nature, and the beauties of art. The native scenery is wild and striking: the river, pent in by rugged and fantastic rocks, seems to have formed for itself a trench through them. Huge and misshapen fragments of granite are heaped upon each other, overgrown and interspersed with maple, elm, hemlock and pine; the water foams, and roars over amid the interstices, while above them it flows silently and placidly along; still beyond, and stretching to the west, are seen the German Flats, rich in forest, in farms, and in every varied scene of fertile culture.

Of late years, art has added her attractions. The Erie canal, coursing, as we have mentioned, along the south bank of the Mohawk, is here conducted with great skill, as it were along the very bed of the river; it rises at this place rapidly, and has no less than five locks in one mile, to bring it to the level of the country above. But this is not all. The canal is here connected with an old one, formed many years since on the northern bank, to improve the navigation of the natural stream, by an aqueduct of great beauty. It has three arches; an elliptical one in the centre, of seventy feet span, embracing the whole stream when it is not above its ordinary level, and one on either side of fifty feet span each, forming a segment of a circle. By this aqueduct, the canal is raised thirty feet above the surface of the river, which foams and dashes over the rocks below. Its design was chiefly formed by Mr. Canvass White, a young gentleman, whose talents and acquirements as an engineer have placed him in the highest rank in his profession; and whose taste will suffer no injury from the early specimen he has here given of it.

On leaving Little Falls, the road passes along the valley of the Mohawk. The level surface of the country is however often varied by the points of high land, which, running down to the river, raise the road to considerable elevations. From these the views are beautiful: the Mohawk, stealing quietly along at our feet, with boats from time to time floating slowly on its surface; meadows and farms, green with luxuriant herbage, or yellow beneath the ripe harvest; the canal, bending round the winding course of the stream, and promontories of the hills, or rising above them—and the hills themselves, crowned with forests, bounding the prospect.

All that creation's varying mass assumes,
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms ;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand, and conquering rivers flow.

On the south shore of the Mohawk, extends the large alluvial tract, known by the name of the *German Flats*, and celebrated for its great fertility. The soil, evidently an alluvial deposit, is extremely productive, and it was chosen by the German colonists at a very early period: but its very fertility, added to its frontier situation, made it the scene of much cruelty and devastation in earlier times, in the war between the colonies and their French and Indian neighbours. To a contemplative wanderer, who looks down upon these plains, the associations must be strange ; he will indeed be struck with the vicissitudes of things, not on the narrow scale in which the ordinary changes of the world would strike him, but on that vast scale which Nature presents, when we compare her works, after long and distant periods of time. Here was once a mighty lake, or inland sea, before the barriers at the Little Falls were broken down—then followed a dreary waste—centuries after, our forefathers found a thick forest, inhabited by a savage race—this race disappeared before the efforts of civilization, and farms and villages arose—yet, only for a moment ; war again laid waste the country which industry had reclaimed—that war has passed away ; the savage enemy is unknown but by tradition, or the occasional visit of some of his degenerate descendants ; and churches, schools, villages and farms, denote the residence of peace and plenty through the land. Yet who can tell how long this scene is to last ? It may be one of long duration, or it may be one which shall soon be shifted, to give room to others, as unexpected and as various as those which have preceded it.

From the Little Falls to *West Canada Creek*, is five miles. This stream, like its namesake, rises in the ridge of mountains to the north-west, and flowing with considerable descent into the Mohawk, is well adapted to manufacturing establishments. Its whole course is about sixty miles : rising in the wild tract of evergreen swamps, which abound in this quarter, its course is little known, till it arrives near the confines of Oneida county ; here it meets a range of hills, through

which it has worn a devious course, passes several falls, and emerges into a better country, clothed with deciduous forest trees. The road from the Little Falls to Lewis county, passes this stream at *Trenton Falls*, a beautiful cataract of great elevation, immediately below which is a bridge of ninety feet span. This fall is a mass of cascades, of unequal height; and all combined form one of the most picturesque views that can be imagined. About two miles below, is another fall, of about a hundred feet, within a few rods, which perhaps surpasses the upper one, in height and sublimity. From this cataract to the Mohawk, are many rapids and falls, its whole course being through the hilly country, described as a continuation of the Catskill hills. A short distance above its entrance into the Mohawk, a large grist-mill, a saw-mill and distillery, have lately been erected, supplied with water by a dam of curious construction, quite across the creek, and which forms itself a beautiful cascade, a few rods above the turn-pike bridge. The dam is composed of stone and brushwood, gravelled, and was erected at an expense far less than that of similar works on any other construction. On the east side of the creek, a few miles above, bog iron ore has lately been discovered, from which considerable expectations are formed. In a range of sand-rock near this creek, Professor Hadley collected more than half a bushel of most elegant limpid crystals of quartz, with pyramids on both ends of all the prisms.

Crossing the creek, a mile farther brings us to the village of *Herkimer*, situated on an alluvial but elevated plain, composed of pebbles, clay and sand. The buildings in the town, though principally of wood, are well arranged. It contains about a hundred houses, stores, &c. the county buildings, and a handsome church, with a steeple and spire of one hundred and forty feet in height. The surrounding country is well cultivated, and the timber fine; the sugar maple, the elm, the white walnut, the oak, the ash and the hickory, abounding on the hills and valleys.

In six miles, we pass the small and unimportant village of *Schuyler*, and thence continue through a flat country, which, though not so well cultivated as that we have left, is rich, and covered with noble forests. The soil, which affords strong marks of its having been once overflowed, is composed of sand, loam and round pebbles.

As we approach Utica, eight miles from Schuyler, the appearance of the country greatly improves. We enter it on the north, partly by a very bad road, and partly by a causeway, which is well made, and cross the Mohawk into it by a good bridge.

Utica is built on the site of old Fort Schuyler, and stands upon the south bank of the Mohawk, in the county of Oneida, in latitude $43^{\circ} 6'$ north. It is said to possess a great amount of commercial capital, and to have made immense sums by trade. It is adorned with many edifices, public and private, of good taste in architectural design, and is enriched by several very excellent establishments, one of which is a Lyceum, a young institution, with a hundred members. Utica has properly but two banks, the bank of Utica and a branch of the bank of Ontario; and the bank of Utica itself has a branch in Ontario. In 1794, Utica had one very small tavern in a log house, and there were then but two or three other buildings in the place, mere log huts. Its population is now nearly five thousand; and it contains seven churches, a courthouse, one free and sixteen other schools, an office of the Supreme Court of the state; and terms of that court, and of the United States' Circuit Court, are held here. From Utica, roads diverge in every direction, and public conveyances are to be found for almost every part of the state. An innkeeper, at whose door fifteen stages now stop daily, carried, not more than twenty years since, the solitary and weekly mail in his coat-pocket from here to Albany.*

The *Canal* passes through the centre of Utica. Its course, since we left it at the Little Falls, has continued to wind along the southern margin of the Mohawk. In about nine miles from that place, it rises by five locks forty-one feet, and soon after passes two creeks, Fulmer's and Steel's, on small aqueducts. It then ascends in two miles twenty-four feet more, and at the village of Frankford the *Long Level* commences. This noble stretch of canal is seventy miles in length, extending westward, through Utica, Whitestown, Rome, &c. nearly to Syracuse. About two miles before it enters Utica, it is carried across Clark's creek, on an aqueduct of four arches.

* Views of Society in America, p. 172.

In order to ascertain with accuracy the amount of freight with which the boats navigating the canals are loaded, so as to ensure the collection of the full amount of tolls, and to detect and prevent any frauds upon the revenue, a hydrostatic lock has been constructed at Utica. It is formed with a chamber, sufficiently large to receive any boat used on the canals. The chamber is on the same level with the canal, and is filled from it by a paddle-gate, which is fixed in a large gate. On a level below the chamber, is a receptacle, into which, by a gate, the chamber can be emptied, and from this through another gate the water may be discharged. The gates are made as accurate as possible, to prevent leakage; and although they cannot be made perfectly tight, yet if they are equally so, the result will be the same, as the loss at the one will be compensated by the gain at the other.

When it is designed to ascertain the weight of a loaded boat, the chamber is first filled by the opening of the paddle-gate, after which the large gate is opened, the boat is moved from the canal into the chamber, and the gates closed behind it. The depth of the water in the chamber is then carefully ascertained, by means of a metallic rod, graduated into feet, tenths, and hundredths of a foot; and the cubic content of the water, with the boat floating in it, is at once obtained from a table constructed for the purpose, and adapted to the graduations of the rod.

Suppose the column of water in the lock, in which the boat is afloat, is eighty-five feet long, fifteen wide, and four feet deep; then by multiplying the length, width and depth of this column into each other, its contents in cubic feet are obtained. Thus, $85 \times 15 \times 4 = 5100$ cubic feet of water, including what is called the flotation bulk of the boat, or in other words, including the contents of the volume of water displaced by the boat. The water is then drawn off into the receptacle, and the boat settles down upon timbers, so arranged as to yield to its shape, by which it is supported, without being strained or injured. The quantity of water drawn from the lock is then ascertained by the graduated rod. Suppose the water in the receptacle measures thirty feet long, twenty-five feet wide, and five feet deep; these, multiplied into each other, as before, will produce three thousand seven hundred and fifty cubic feet. It is a principle in hydrostatics, that every body which floats in water dis-

places a volume of this fluid precisely equal in weight to the floating body. It appears from the above, that the water, with the loaded boat floating in it, contained five thousand one hundred cubic feet, and that the same water, drawn off and measured separately, contained three thousand seven hundred and fifty cubic feet, which, subtracted from the preceding, will give one thousand three hundred and fifty cubic feet of water, displaced by the loaded boat: and as a cubic foot of fresh water weighs one thousand ounces avoirdupois, or sixty-two and a half pounds, it follows, that $1350 \times 62\frac{1}{2} = 84375$ is the weight of the loaded boat. This is to be reduced to tons, and the weight of the empty boat, previously ascertained in the same manner, is to be deducted, and the remainder will be the weight of the cargo. After an empty boat has once been weighed, she is numbered, and her weight is registered at the several hydrostatic locks.

The soil around Utica is underlayed, in the opinion of Professor Eaton,* with graywacke rock; but the alluvion is too deep to permit an examination of it. From the direction of this stratum, it being almost horizontal, or a very gradually descending inclined plane, we are authorized to form this conjecture—that the graywacke underlays, at no great depth, all the western part of the state of New-York; that is, a depth not exceeding six or eight hundred feet, or perhaps considerably less. The graywacke, which lies west of the Little Falls ridge of gneiss, forms the north-eastern limit of the secondary formation. It runs along about two or three miles, south-westerly from the Mohawk; about the same distance south of the west branch of Fish creek, and the same distance south of the general course of Salmon river, until it meets the south-east corner of Lake Ontario. The beds of the Mohawk, the Salmon, and that branch of Fish creek, are chiefly upon or over this rock, as far as it forms the boundary of the secondary district. This belt of graywacke will average about eight or ten miles in breadth, between the metaliferous lime-rock and the secondary formation, from near the Little Falls to Lake Ontario.

Leaving the valley of the Mohawk, and the canal on its banks, far to the right, we now ascend into a higher region. For a short distance around Utica, the same appearance of

* Geological Survey, p. 35.

fertility and prosperity presents itself, as when approaching it from the east; but this does not last long—the country soon assumes a rougher aspect than the traveller has yet beheld, and *girdled* and falling trees, log houses and thick forests, convince him that he has arrived at a newly settled district. Owing to some disputed claims in the land titles, the progress of settlement and cultivation has been less rapid here, than even farther west; but they are now resuming their wonted pace, and from the top of many an eminence, we look down upon woods rapidly yielding to the axe of the settler, and fields which will not long bear even the marks of their present wildness.

Four miles from Utica, bring us to the village of *New-Hartford*. It is situated at the junction of the Genesee turnpike with the road to Oxford, and carries on a considerable trade. Within what are considered its limits, there are seventy dwelling houses, three churches, a grammar-school, a school-house, thirteen buildings used as stores and mechanics' shops, in one of which ingrain and damask carpeting are made, with much other weaving, in various branches: there are also an extensive cotton factory, a grist-mill, two cloth factories, a nail factory, an oil-mill, a paper-mill, a tin and hat manufactory, and various other works. *Sadaquada*, or, as it is pronounced, Sauquait creek, which passes by this village, is about ten miles in length, rising in Oneida county, and entering the Mohawk at Whitestown. It seldom rises above its banks, and is celebrated for the excellence of the trout found in its waters. In its short course, it drives the machinery of eight cotton factories, three woollen factories, eight grist-mills, fourteen saw-mills, seven fulling and carding works, one nail factory, one clover-mill, two oil-mills, two paper-mills, two bark-mills, one blast furnace, and one trip-hammer.

A road to the left from New-Hartford leads to the village of *Paris*, which has a post-office, three churches, and about forty houses. It derives its name, as does the whole township, from an act of singular benevolence, which was well deserving of perpetual remembrance. In the year 1789, there was a great scarcity, and the farmers and adventurous settlers in this, at that time, wild and remote district, were reduced to great distress. In this dreadful emergency, Mr. Isaac Paris, a merchant at Fort Plain on the Mohawk, came forward to relieve and aid them. He supplied them with

Virginia corn, on a liberal credit, and received in payment whatever they could procure; gave them the necessaries of life, and alleviated their distress. The grateful inhabitants, with a unanimous voice, when the town was erected, gave it the name of Paris;

Et nunc servat honos sedem tuam, ossaque nomen
 ————— si qua est ea gloria, signat.

After leaving New-Hartford, the road passes for seven miles to *Westmoreland*, over a fine country, with gentle undulations and improving farms. A few miles to the left, is *Hamilton College*, a flourishing literary institution, placed on a noble eminence, from which it looks down on the villages and farms spread over the valleys below. It is a building of stone, fifty feet by ninety-six, four stories high, each divided into eight square rooms, two halls, and sixteen lodging-rooms. The corner-stone was laid by Baron Steuben, one of the noble and generous foreigners who embarked life and fortune in the cause of our youthful freedom, and whom the successive generations that shall receive the advantages of education in this institution, will continue to honour through distant ages. Iron ore abounds in this district, and is extensively worked into iron. Strata of silicious and calcareous stones are found, and easily quarried; and Mr. Silliman mentions sulphuret of lead and zinc, among the minerals of the neighbourhood.

Six miles farther is *Vernon*, a village containing about one hundred houses, two churches, a post-office, and several manufacturing establishments, and presenting the appearance of a busy, thriving town. Among the minerals contained in the cabinet of the Albany Institute, are specimens of lenticular argillaceous oxyde of iron, obtained at this place.

Five miles beyond Vernon, we reach *Oneida Creek*, the boundary between the county of the same name and Madison. The geological features of the former, through which the road has passed ever since we left Utica, will be interesting to the scientific traveller; and the researches of the intelligent Professor Eaton enable us accurately to describe them. All the hills of this district, including that on which Hamilton College stands, are made up chiefly of ferriferous sand-rock; and the valuable iron mines in Westmoreland, Paris, &c. are mostly embraced in it. In some of the mines, the iron ore

alternates several times with the rock, and often appears in irregular beds, differing in extent and thickness. In some places, we find the ferriferous slate-rock underlaying the whole; and in a few places, it alternates with the sand-rock. All the varieties of both rocks, in all positions, with the lenticular and jaspery varieties of ore, are best exhibited in Mr. Laird's ore-bed, in the south-west corner of Westmoreland, eleven and a half miles west of Utica. Here marine and fresh water petrifications have been found, both in the ore and in the sand-rock. Not far to the east of Vernon, the red slate appears with the red sand-stone, in considerable proportion; and here the first salt spring occurs. It issues from the upper surface of the rock, on the west side of the Skanando creek, whose banks consist of the soft red saliferous slate, beautifully spotted with nodules of green slate, resembling ferriferous slate. Four or five miles farther west, and about a mile beyond Vernon, carburetted hydrogen gas issues from beneath the same red rock, in great quantities. It would at least seem to be the same rock, because from the wells and other appearances it is evidently the principal underlaying rock here; though the ferriferous strata overlay it in the hills. The gas issues through gravelly soil at the foot of a hill, at the rate of about one gallon in a minute. It is precisely the same carburetted hydrogen gas, which is produced in most coal mines. To save the men from the explosions produced by igniting this gas when combined with atmospheric air, Davy's safety-lamp was introduced. It burns with a flame which is not so white as that of the artificial coal gas; neither does it partake of that blue colour, which is exhibited in burning the light carburet produced by decaying vegetables. The production of this gas has generally been considered as a strong indication of the presence of coal. Dr. Hays, of Canandaigua, analyzed a similar gas, similarly situated, six miles from that village. This gas may be produced by the decomposition of water by coal, at a great distance from the place where it issues; but it would follow a natural cleavage between two layers of the rock from which it issues. By disintegration, this rock produces a gravelly and sandy soil. When mixed with the soft aluminous graywacke slate beneath it, or the soft ferriferous slate above it, a productive soil is made.

Judging from the strata of the eastern continent, this country has the strongest indication of coal ; and it appears unreasonable to suppose, that the species of formation which never proves barren in European regions, should not here yield it, though extending in length more than two hundred miles. It is all that is wanting to complete the internal wealth and prosperity of this fortunate state.

Where the road passes *Oneida Creek*, is a settlement, or reservation of the Indians of that nation, still holding, though under far different circumstances, a small portion of the wide country of their ancestors. The village is known by the name of *Oneida Castle*, though no trace exists of any building from which it might derive that name. The number of Indians in this settlement, in 1823, was said not to exceed eleven hundred and fifty ; and they are found to be a harmless, inoffensive tribe, little resembling their ferocious ancestors, who conquered so many neighbouring nations of their own race, and so often struck terror into the hearts of their more practised and skilful foes. Several of them have become voluntary apprentices to different mechanics, placed among them by the Baptists, such as blacksmiths, wheelwrights, &c. ; and many of the Indian women are becoming weavers and spinners, under the instruction of the benevolent females of the missionary families.

The next village is eleven miles farther, on the *Canesaraga Creek*, from which it formerly took its name, but it has lately received that of *Sullivan* ; it contains about forty houses. The country through which the road passes, is rich in mineral productions ; immense masses of gypsum are found in it, limestone also, and iron ore, and, what has proved of invaluable benefit to the state in her recent enterprises, the hydraulic cement, or water-lime. The soil is warm and fertile, admirably calculated for the growth of grain ; and its surface is beautifully varied with undulations, crowned with forests, or the luxuriance of agriculture. As the traveller passes over the hills and dales, at every season of the year, he is struck with the beauties of the country, throughout all this region. In the spring, the gay verdure, bursting forth with a richness and rapidity not seen in more southern climates,—in the summer, the deeper green that clothes the forests, and the ripe yellow harvest which adorns the fields with boundless luxuriance, all glowing beneath the pure azure of a cloudless

sky,—and in autumn, the season at which perhaps he is most likely to behold it, the foliage varying with every hue, from the bright colours of the maple to the brown vesture of the oak—that season, as our own expressive poet tells us,

When all the woods are hung
With many tints, the fading livery
Of life, in which it mourns the coming storms
Of winter, and the quiet winds awake
Faint dirges in their wither'd leaves, and breathe
Their sorrows through the groves.

Three miles from Sullivan, we arrive at *Chitteningo*, a village of about fifty houses, and rapidly increasing in trade and population. It has a valuable set of mills, belonging to Mr. Yates, and consisting of a grist-mill, fulling-mill, carding machine, saw-mill, oil-mill, a trip-hammer, and mill for grinding water-lime and gypsum. A branch canal, formed at the voluntary expense of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, extends a mile and a half to the Erie canal, and is of great benefit to the country, in the transportation of its lime and gypsum.

Six miles beyond Chitteningo, is the village of *Manlius*, containing about two hundred houses, three churches, a masonic lodge, and a post-office. On *Limestone Creek*, which runs by it, are a number of valuable manufactories; and a flourishing trade is carried on with the surrounding country.

Jamesville is six miles farther, situated on *Butternut Creek*, and containing about forty houses. Near this place, is an extraordinary cavern in the earth, discovered by digging a well, which opened into a cavity that has been traced thirty rods under ground. *Green Pond* is also a curiosity; its surface being near two hundred feet below the common level of its shores, which are precipitous and rocky. Unlike the surface of a smooth water on Alpine heights, where the reflection of light shows a ruddy splendour like burnished gold, this has a mirror of deep green; and it merits alike the attention of the scientific philosopher and the merely curious traveller. It is known to be two hundred feet deep, and the water at the bottom has a strong smell of sulphur. It is a mile and a half in length, and three-fourths of a mile in width.

After leaving this village, we reach, in four miles, *Onondaga Hollow*. At a short distance from it, and looking in a north-eastern direction, the waters of the *Oneida Lake* may be occasionally seen, glancing among the forests and between the hills. There is nothing striking in this little town, which contains about seventy houses, and of which the inhabitants are generally mechanics. But three miles to the south, there is a village, which will attract the notice of a traveller, that of *Onondaga Castle*, the residence of a remnant of an Indian nation, which has clung, perhaps unfortunately, yet with a devotion which we cannot but admire, to the soil of its forefathers, amid every change, and amid every disadvantage.

All this country was, in former times, inhabited by the *Iroquois*, or confederated Indian nation; and as the traveller will continually find traces of the existence of this once powerful race, we may detain him a few moments, with a brief sketch of its former glories, and its present extinction. The able pen of Mr. Clinton has rendered the task easy to every one, and we have little more to do, than to follow him through his researches and intelligent investigations.

The country now embraced by the United States, that is, from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Ocean to the Mississippi, seems anciently to have been inhabited by a great number of Indian tribes, who formed themselves into a few larger confederacies. Of these, the Powhatans, the Creeks, the Cherokees, the Choctaws, and other nations, inhabited the country south and west of the Potomac; while the vast territory to the north of that river and the Ohio, was occupied by two large confederacies, those of the Lenni-Lenape, or, as they were called by the Europeans, the Delawares, from holding their great council-fire on the banks of that river, and the Aganuschioni, or Mingoës, as they styled themselves, but better known by the French as the Iroquois, and by the English as the Five Nations. It is difficult to fix the boundaries of these savage nations, varying as they for ever do, either from the conquest of bordering tribes, or the change of smaller ones from one confederacy to another. It seems however, that the great Delaware nation was composed of all the various tribes, who extended from the Chesapeake and Potomac, northward and eastward, between the Alleghany mountains, the Highlands and the Hudson, on the one hand, and the Atlantic on the other; embracing the

Nanticokes, and other nations of Maryland, the Delaware tribe, properly so called, of Pennsylvania and Jersey, and the Mohegans, with all their subsidiary tribes, who spread over New-England.

The Iroquois were a race of much more valour and enterprise than their neighbours, and extended their conquests over their country, and even carried their arms beyond the great northern lakes; they seem indeed to have been the *terræ dominantis alumni* of former ages, and to have subdued or rendered tributary the most powerful Indians of the continent. Their territory appears to have extended from Lake Champlain and the Hudson, across New-York and Pennsylvania, and the western states, as far as the Mississippi,—bounded to the north by the great Lakes, and on the south and east by the Alleghany mountains and the river Ohio. The dwelling lands of this confederacy were admirably adapted for convenience, for subsistence, and for conquest. They comprised the greatest body of the most fertile land in North America; and they are the most elevated grounds in the United States, from whence the waters flow in every direction. Five great inland seas reach upwards of two thousand miles through a considerable part of this territory, and afford an almost uninterrupted navigation to that extent. By these lakes and rivers, the confederates were enabled, at all times, and in all directions, to carry war and destruction among the surrounding and the most distant nations. The numerous waters were stored with fish of various kinds, and the forests abounded with an incredible number and variety of game. The situation of the inhabitants was rendered very eligible, from these sources of subsistence, connected with a productive soil; for they had passed over the pastoral state, and followed agriculture, as well as fishing and hunting. The selection of this country for a habitation, was the wisest expedient that could have been adopted by a military nation, to satiate their thirst for glory, and to extend their conquests over the continent; and if they preferred the arts of peace, there was none better calculated for this important purpose. In a few days, their forces could be seen, their power could be felt, at the mouth of the Ohio or the Missouri, on the waters of the Hudson or the St. Lawrence, or in the bays of Delaware and Chesapeake.

The confederates had proceeded far beyond the first element of all associations, that of combination into families; they had their villages, their tribes, their nations, and their confederacy: but they had not advanced beyond the first stage of government; they were destitute of an executive and judiciary, to execute the determination of their councils; and their government was therefore merely advisory, and without a coercive principle. The respect which was paid to their chiefs, and the general odium that attached to disobedience, rendered the decisions of their legislatures, for a long series of time, of as much validity as if they had been enforced by an executive arm.

They were originally divided into five nations—the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. In 1712, the Tuscaroras, who lived in the back parts of North Carolina, and who had formed a deep and general conspiracy to exterminate the whites, were driven from their country; they were adopted by the Iroquois as a sixth nation, and lived on lands between the Oneidas and the Onondagas, assigned to them by the former.

The Mohawks had four towns and one small village, situated on or near the fertile banks of the river of that name. The position of the first was at the confluence of the Schoharie creek and Mohawk river, and the others were farther to the west. This nation, from their propinquity to the settlements of the whites, from their martial renown, and military spirit, have like Holland, frequently given their name to the whole confederacy, which is often denominated the Mohawk, in the annals of those days.

The Oneidas had their principal seat on the south of the Oneida lake, the Onondagas near the Onondaga, and the Cayugas near the Cayuga lake; the principal village of the Senecas was near the Genesee river, about twenty miles from Irondequot Bay. Each nation was divided into three tribes, the Tortoise, the Bear, and the Wolf; and each village was a distinct republic, and its concerns were managed by its particular chiefs. Their exterior relations, general interests, and national affairs, were conducted and superintended by a great council, assembled annually in Onondaga, the central canton, composed of the chiefs of each republic; and eighty sachems were frequently convened at this national assembly. It took cognizance of the great questions of war and peace,

of the affairs of the tributary nations, and their negotiations with the French and English colonies. All their proceedings were conducted with great deliberation, and were distinguished for order, decorum and solemnity. In eloquence, in dignity, and in all the characteristics of profound policy, they surpassed an assembly of feudal barons, and were perhaps not far inferior to the great Amphictyonic Council of Greece.

The conquests of the Iroquois, previously to the discovery of America, are only known to us through the imperfect channels of tradition; but it is well authenticated, that since that memorable era, they exterminated the nation of the Eries or Erigas, on the south side of Lake Erie, which has given name to that lake. They nearly extirpated the Andastez, and the Chouanons; they conquered the Hurons, and drove them and their allies, the Ottawas, among the Sioux, on the head waters of the Mississippi, where they separated themselves into bands, and proclaimed, wherever they went, the terror of the Iroquois. They also subdued the Illinois, the Miamies, the Algonquins, the Delawares, the Shawanese, and several tribes of the Abenakis. After the Iroquois had defeated the Hurons, in a dreadful battle fought near Quebec, the Neperceneans, who lived upon the St. Lawrence, fled to Hudson's Bay to avoid their fury. In 1649, they destroyed two Huron villages, and dispersed the nation; and afterwards, they destroyed another village of six hundred families: two villages presented themselves to the confederates, and lived with them. "The dread of the Iroquois," says the historian,* "had such an effect upon all other nations, that the borders of the river Ontaouis, which were long thickly peopled, became almost deserted, without its ever being known what became of the greater part of the inhabitants." The Illinois fled to the westward, after being attacked by the confederates, and did not return until a general peace; and were permitted, in 1760, by the confederates, to settle in the country between the Wabash and the Scioto rivers. The banks of Lake Superior were lined with Algonquins, who sought an asylum from the incursions of the Five Nations. They also harassed all the northern Indians,

* Herriot. p. 70.

as far as Hudson's Bay; and they even attacked the nations on the Missouri.

Nor was it with Indians alone, that these gallant warriors contended; for nearly a century and a half, they carried on a war against the French possessions in Louisiana and Canada, sometimes alone, and sometimes in conjunction with the English colonists. During this eventful period, they often maintained a proud superiority, always an honourable resistance; and no vicissitude of fortune, or visitation of calamity, could ever compel them to descend from the elevated ground which they occupied in their own estimation, and in the opinion of the nations.

In 1683, M. Delabarre, the governor-general of Canada, proceeded with an army against the cantons. He landed near Oswego, but finding himself incompetent to meet the enemy, he instituted a negotiation, and demanded a conference. On this occasion, Garangula, an Onondaga chief, attended in behalf of his country, and made his celebrated reply to M. Delabarre. The French retired from the country with disgrace. The second general expedition was undertaken in 1687, by M. Denonville, governor-general. He had treacherously seized several of their chiefs, and sent them to the galleys in France. He was at the head of an army exceeding two thousand men. He landed in Irondequot Bay, and when near a village of the Senecas, was attacked by five hundred warriors: he would have been defeated, if his Indian allies had not rallied and repulsed the enemy. After destroying some provisions, and burning a few villages, he retired without any acquisition of laurels. The place on which the battle was fought, has within a few years been owned by Judge Porter, of Grand Niagara. On ploughing the land, three hundred hatchets, and upwards of three thousand pounds of old iron, were found.

The confederates, in a year's time, compelled their enemies to make peace, and to restore their chiefs. It was with the French the only means of escape from destruction. Great bodies of them threatened Montreal, and their canoes covered the great Lakes; they shut up the French in their forts, and would have conquered the whole of Canada, if they had understood the art of attacking fortified places. This peace was soon disturbed by the artifices of Kondiaronk, a Huron chief; and the Iroquois made an irruption on

the island of Montreal, with one thousand two hundred men, destroying every thing before them.

The third and last grand expedition against the confederates, was undertaken, in 1697, by the Count de Frontenac, the ablest and bravest governor that the French ever had in Canada. He landed at Oswego, with a powerful force, and marched to the Onondaga lake, but he found their principal village burnt and abandoned. He sent seven hundred men to destroy the Oneida castle, where a few prisoners were taken. An Onondaga chief, upwards of one hundred years old, was captured in the woods, and abandoned to the fury of the French savages. After sustaining the most horrid tortures, with more than stoical fortitude, the only complaint he was heard to utter, was when one of them, actuated by compassion; or probably by rage, stabbed him repeatedly with a knife, in order to put a speedy end to his existence; "Thou ought not," said he "to abridge my life, that thou might have time to learn to die like a man. For my own part, I die contented, because I know no meanness with which to reproach myself." After this tragedy, the Count thought it prudent to retire with his army; and he probably would have fallen a victim to his temerity, if the Senecas had not been kept at home, from a false report, that they were to be attacked at the same time by the Ottawas.

Ever faithful to their treaties, the Iroquois adhered to the English throughout our revolutionary struggle; and though we may weep over the sufferings of our countrymen on the frontiers, who felt their heavy vengeance, we must still admire the constancy and firm fidelity of this savage race. The smiling banks of the Mohawk could tell many a tale of savage horror, acted upon them in those dreadful times; but perhaps the traveller who now visits Onondaga Castle, will think that our vengeance has been ample.

It became necessary, however, in the revolutionary war, that the Iroquois should receive a signal chastisement for their barbarous and cruel incursions; and accordingly, General Sullivan, with an army of nearly five thousand men, marched into their country, in the year 1779. Near Newtown, in the present county of Tioga, he defeated them, and drove them from their fortifications. He continued his march between the Cayuga and Seneca lakes, and through their territory as far as the Genesee river, destroying their orchards,

corn-fields, and forty villages, the largest of which contained one hundred and twenty-eight houses. This expedition was nearly the finishing blow to the cruelty and audacity of the Indians. Their habitations were destroyed, their provinces laid waste; they were driven from their country, and were compelled to take refuge under the cannon of Niagara. Their hostility terminated with our pacification with Great Britain.

From this period, it is painful to trace the history of the Iroquois; it is painful to behold their constant diminution, sometimes rapid, and sometimes gradual. Their present condition furnishes an admonitory lesson to human pride, and adds another proof to the many on record, that nations, like individuals, are destined by Providence to destruction. Throughout every part of our country, wherever we turn our eyes, the same lesson is conveyed, the same unaccountable dissolution, if we may use the term, is to be seen. "Where," says a youthful poet, who has made these events the subject of an interesting tale—

Where is the Mohawk, he whose war-cry made
A hundred nations flee along the glade?
Where the high race, who battled side by side,
Where broad Potomac's sunny waters glide?
Where the gigantic warriors, who stood
Where Susquehanna rolls the western flood?
Where are the council-fires, which lit the shore
Of thy vast valley, beauteous Shenandoah?
No song of Indian maid now swells the gale,
Which sweeps the verdure of thy quiet vale;
The feast of harvest, and the song of war,
Along thy plains shall never murmur more.

Of the ancient domains of the Iroquois, all that now remain are a few reservations in the Oneida, Onondaga and Seneca countries. The Mohawks abandoned their country, during the revolutionary war; and the Cayugas have also since done the same. A remnant of the Tuscaroras reside on three miles square, near the Niagara river, on lands given to them by the Senecas and the Holland Land Company. The Oneida reservation does not contain more than ten thousand acres; and the Onondaga is still smaller. The Senecas have their principal settlement at Buffalo creek; their reservations are

extensive and valuable, containing more than one hundred and sixty thousand acres; and they possess upwards of one hundred thousand dollars in the stock of the late bank of the United States.

The Six Nations have lost their high character and elevated standing. They are, in general, addicted to idleness and drunkenness; the remnant of their eloquence and military spirit, as well as national strength, is to be found only among the Senecas. Their ancient men, who have witnessed the former glory and prosperity of their country, and who have heard from the mouths of their ancestors the heroic achievements of their countrymen, weep like infants, when they speak of the fallen condition of the nation. They, however, derive some consolation from a prophecy of ancient origin, and universal currency among them, that the man of America will, at some future time, regain his ancient ascendancy, and expel the man of Europe from this western hemisphere. This flattering and consolatory persuasion has restrained, in some degree, their vicious propensities; has enabled the Seneca and Shawanese prophets to arrest, in some tribes, the use of intoxicating liquors; and has given birth, at different periods, to certain movements towards a general confederacy of the savages of North America. That they consider the white man as an enemy and an intruder, who has driven them from their country, is most certain; and they cherish this antipathy with so much rancour, that when they abandon their settlements, they make it a rule never to disclose to him any mineral substances or springs, which may redound to his convenience or advantage.

There is another feature in the aboriginal history of this country, which will strike the traveller peculiarly after passing Onondaga. Over the vast extent of country spreading to the west of this place, and even beyond the Mississippi, are seen the remains of fortifications, or rude camps, which would seem to be the work of nations advanced in civilization, far beyond the Indians who were found here by the Europeans.

A number of these works are to be found in the western parts of this state. There is a large one in the township of Onondaga; one in Pompey, and another in Manlius; one in Camillus, eight miles from Auburn; one in Scipio, six miles, another one mile, and one half a mile from that village.

Between the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, there are several ; three within a few miles of each other. Near the village of Canandaigua, there are three ; in a word, they are scattered all over this country.

These forts were, generally speaking, erected on the most commanding ground. The walls or breastworks are earth ; the ditches are on the exterior of the works. On some of the parapets, oak trees are to be seen, which, from the number of concentric circles, must have been standing one hundred and fifty, two hundred and sixty, and three hundred years ; and there were evident indications, not only that they had sprung up since the erection of those works, but that they were at least a second growth. The trenches are in some cases deep and wide, and in others narrow and shallow ; and the breastworks vary in altitude from three to eight feet. They sometimes had one, and sometimes two entrances, as is to be inferred from there being no ditch at those places. When the works were protected by a deep ravine, or a large stream of water, no ditch is to be seen. The areas of these forts vary from two to six acres ; and in some of them, fragments of earthenware, and pulverized substances, supposed to have been originally human bones, have been found.

The present race of Indians seem entirely unacquainted, alike with the origin and use of these extraordinary works ; and if any of them pretend to a traditional knowledge, its utter inaccuracy is proved at once, by the contradictory accounts they give, their entire inapplicability to any mode of warfare practised by them, and their unfitness for any of their domestic usages. Their origin, it is now in vain even to conjecture ; but of all the theories respecting them, that of Mr. Clinton, although apparently contradicted in some instances by several facts, seems entitled to the most consideration, and supported by the most ingenuity and science. Mr. Clinton believes, that the conquest by the ancient Goths of the civilized nations of Europe, the irruption of the barbarians from the unknown regions of the north, over France, Italy and Spain, are but modern repetitions of a scene which was acted, centuries ago, on the plains of America ; that this continent was inhabited by nations powerful in arts and arms, skilful in agriculture, acquainted with the use of metals, and far advanced in civilization ; that as Siberia and Russia were the 'officina gentium' of Europe, so the vast regions in the

north of Asia, overteeming with population, supplied the hordes which sought new homes in another continent ; that the people of America, compelled to defend themselves from their ruthless invaders, constructed numerous works for their protection, and long and vigorously resisted their hardy antagonists ; but, like the degenerated Romans, worn down by successive inroads, and perhaps enervated by peace and civilization, they were conquered by their barbarous and innumerable foes—while in these rude and decaying monuments, we behold all that is left of the ancient and exterminated race. “ This is perhaps,” concludes Mr. Clinton, “ the airy nothing of imagination, and may be reckoned the extravagant dream of a visionary mind : but may we not, considering the wonderful events of the past and present times, and the inscrutable dispensations of an overruling Providence, may we not look forward into futurity, and, without departing from the rigid laws of probability, predict the occurrence of similar scenes, at some remote period of time ? And perhaps, in the decrepitude of our empire, some transcendent genius, whose powers of mind shall only be bounded by that impenetrable circle which prescribes the limits of human nature, may rally the barbarous nations of Asia under the standard of a mighty empire. Following the track of the Russian colonies and commerce towards the north-west coast, and availing himself of the navigation, arms and military skill of civilized nations, he may, after subverting the neighbouring despotisms of the old world, bend his course towards European America. The destinies of our country may at length be decided on the waters of the Missouri, or on the banks of Lake Superior ; and if Asia shall then revenge upon our posterity the injuries we have inflicted on her sons, a new, a long and a gloomy night of Gothic darkness will again set in upon mankind. And when, after the efflux of ages, the returning effulgence of intellectual light shall again gladden the nations, the wide-spread ruins of our cloud-capped towers, of our solemn temples, and of our magnificent cities, will, like the works of which we have treated, become the subject of curious research and elaborate investigation.”

About a mile beyond Onondaga Hollow, is the village of *West Hill*, or, as it is now called, *Onondaga Post-Office*. It is situated on a fine eminence, and has a court-house and

offices, a gaol, two churches, and about eighty houses, stores and shops.

In nine miles from West Hill, we reach the village of *Marcellus*, seated on Otisco creek, and containing a church, a school-house, and about forty houses. In the *Otisco Creek* there are very large springs, which it is supposed are fed from the Skeneateless, by a subterranean passage. It is certain that the waters of the Otisco, for a short distance below these springs, possess strong petrifactive qualities, not observable above.

The road now passes through a flourishing country, well cultivated, and containing many manufacturing establishments. As we approach Skeneateless, the lake is seen spreading its glassy surface several miles to the south, and its shores gemmed with little villas, rising amid woods and fields. The village of *Skeneateless* is six miles from Marcellus, contains a church, library, &c. and appears to carry on a prosperous trade. The lake of the same name, at the outlet of which it is situated, extends about fifteen miles to the south, and varies in width from half a mile to a mile and a half; it is very deep, fed by springs, and is always late in freezing over. Its name signifies 'long,' in the dialect of the Onondaga Indians.

The next stage is eight miles to the village of *Auburn*, seated at the outlet of Owasco lake. It is the capital of Cayuga county, and contains one hundred and fifty houses and stores, with many handsome private mansions. The court-house and county offices are here; and the state prison and a theological seminary are not far distant from one another.

Owasco Lake is about eleven miles in length, and from one to nearly two miles in width. Its outlet, Owasco creek, on which stands the village of Auburn, discharges north through Aurelius and Mentz to Seneca river, about fifteen miles. Owasco inlet is a small stream that runs into the head of Owasco lake. Owasco, in the language of the Iroquois, is 'a bridge;' and its lake took its name from an Owasco, or bridge, of drift-wood, anciently formed across it, near the north end.

After passing Auburn, the country is much more open and improved; well-furnished houses and thriving villages are

seen continually. The soil is good, the surface pretty well watered ; its products various, like those of the surrounding country, and in luxuriant abundance. There are few better farming counties in the state. This country abounds much with calcareous petrifications; and the limestone with impressions resembling muscle-shells, less common in the harder varieties. It seems to have for a basis rock, at various depths, the clay slate, so extensively spread in the west, with tracts of limestone, gypsum and hydraulic lime. The alluvial soil and sub-soil are principally calcareous, in the southern part ; but that of the northern is more loamy. Iron ore is found in nearly every part, in the form of an argillaceous oxyde.

Eight miles beyond Auburn bring us to *East Cayuga*, a post town, containing about twenty houses, and placed on the margin of the *Cayuga Lake*. This lake extends north and south, and is thirty-eight miles in length, forming a part of the divisional line between Cayuga and Seneca counties. The north end is twenty-five miles south of Lake Ontario. The lake varies in width from one to four miles, and has a shore considerably indented and irregular. In some places, it is terminated by precipices, but is in general ten or twelve feet high, with unbroken acclivities, that rise from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, in about half a mile from the lake. At the Cayuga bridge, the lake is a mile and a quarter wide ; at *Union Springs*, six miles above, two ; three, at *Levana*, four miles further south ; and four and a quarter at *Aurora*, south of which it contracts to about two miles, and less. This lake freezes in winter, for six or eight miles above the outlet, or where the water does not exceed twenty or thirty feet in depth ; but in the deeper parts, it generally remains open through the season. At its south end, which is in Tompkins county, it receives several fine mill-streams—*Fall Creek* from Cayuga county, and *Six-mile* and *Main Inlet Creeks*, in Tompkins county ; *Salmon Creek* enters from the east shore, five miles north of these ; and it receives, besides, many smaller mill-streams. This lake discharges itself into Lake Ontario, through the common channel of all the small lakes in this part of New-York, that is, the Seneca and Oswego rivers. The Seneca river, leaving the lake of that name at its northern extremity, pursues an easterly direction to the Cayuga lake, which it joins in its most northern point ; the mingled waters of these

two then flow together, winding along, and receiving in their course the waters of the Canandaigua, Owasco, Skeneateless, Otisco, Onondaga, and other smaller lakes, till they meet the outlet of the Oneida lake, at *Three River Point*; the united stream then receives the name of the *Oswego* river, and bears it till it enters Lake Ontario. It is a singular fact in geography, that the Oswego river, only twenty-four miles in length, conveys to Lake Ontario the surplus waters discharged from all the lakes of 'the lake region,' in the western part of this state, from the Oneida westward to Canandaigua lake, swelled by a vast number of small streams, many of them of sufficient volume for all sorts of hydraulic works. Its width is about two hundred yards, discharging a powerful stream, collected from an area of about seven thousand square miles, in the very heart of a rich and flourishing region.

The Cayuga lake, here a mile and a quarter broad, is crossed on a bridge built on piles, about two miles above its northern extremity; as we pass it, a charming view is presented of the lake, the varying declivities of its shores, the farm houses, and the fields, chequered with cattle, or rich with the products of agriculture. Immediately on the western bank is *Bridgeton*, or *West Cayuga*, a village settled in the year 1789, by James Bennett and Colonel John Haines, who established a ferry across the lake. It may contain about one hundred and fifty inhabitants.

The road now passes over a country well settled, chiefly by emigrants from the eastern states, for three miles, when we reach *Seneca Falls*. This place contains about forty dwelling houses, and has a church and parsonage, two large merchant mills, an oil-mill, a fulling-mill, saw-mill, tannery, distillery, several stores and inns, with about two hundred inhabitants. Here are the mills of Colonel Mynderse, a gentleman of enterprise, who settled at this spot in 1795, where are annually made into flour forty thousand bushels of wheat; and the reputation of his flour does credit to that gentleman and to the country. The post village of *Waterloo*, on the north bank of the same stream, is four miles west of Seneca Falls, seven east of Geneva, one hundred and eighty-seven west of Albany; and has the court-house and jail, a number of manufacturing establishments and mills, with stores, taverns, about a hundred dwelling houses, and six hundred inhabitants. The location and first settlement of this village were in 1816,

as its name will show: since that period, how rapid has been its increase! But a few years since, the hunter might have pursued his chase uninterrupted, where now he finds the busy haunts of man! One misfortune, however, has attended it—want of healthiness; it is severely visited by the ague; but as in many other instances, this may pass away, with increasing civilization, the diminution of the forests, and the improvement of the low grounds.

Six miles beyond Waterloo, we arrive at *Geneva*, a flourishing town, situated on the north-western extremity of the Seneca lake, one hundred and ninety-nine miles from Albany, one hundred and eight from *Buffalo*, thirty from *Sodus Bay* on Lake Ontario, twelve miles south of the Erie canal, and fifty-eight from *Elmira*, on the Tioga branch of the Susquehanna. It contains about three hundred dwelling houses, a number of shops, two printing-offices, a bank, a land office, and a library. There are three handsome churches, for Episcopalians, Methodists and Presbyterians; and a large and substantial stone edifice has lately been erected as an academy, in which are already nearly one hundred students. This building, it is expected, will in a short time assume the standing of a college, for which arrangements are now making. The whole population of the village is about two thousand. There are two glass factories in operation, about two miles south of the village; and much of the capital owned here is actively employed in various works and sections of the surrounding country. The trade of the village is estimated at half a million of dollars per annum. Stage coaches pass daily between this place and Albany, Utica and Buffalo; three times a week, communicate with Albany, by Cherry Valley; and with Newburg, Owego, Ithaca and Ovid; twice a week with Vienna, Lyons, Palmyra, Rochester, Sodus and Pulteneyville. The navigation through the Seneca river to the Erie canal is pretty good, and Geneva seems yet likely to retain its present business, and to increase in population. The situation of the village is elevated, commanding an extensive view of the lake and the adjacent country, and few places have more business, or more of the means or enjoyments of active industry and enterprise.

The *Seneca Lake* is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in our country. It extends to the south for about thirty-five miles, varying in width from two to four miles,

and is very deep. It is never closed by ice, being fed by springs, and by the outlet of the Crooked lake. Pike, salmon, trout, and many varieties of fish, are caught in great plenty; and its shores abound with wild fowl and game. The banks of the lake vary with great beauty, as we sail up it; sometimes descending to the water in bold declivities, but generally sloping gradually away, and blending themselves almost imperceptibly with the placid waters. The following beautiful little poem was written by Mr. Percival, on visiting this enchanting spot:—

On thy fair bosom, silver Lake !
The wild swan spreads his snowy tail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream !
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror, spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain side !

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow

On thy fair bosom, silver Lake !
O ! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us, toil is o'er.

Leaving Geneva, the road passes for sixteen miles over a country beautifully diversified with hill and dale, to the town of *Canandaigua*, situated at the northern end of the lake of the same name. It is the capital of Ontario county, one of the finest in the state, and, next to that of New-York, the

largest in population. The surface is agreeably diversified, waving in gentle swells and vales of ample area, with tracts of champain, and the southern part more or less hilly. The soil partakes of a considerable variety, but a warm and rich mould forms the greater proportion, while along the borders of Lake Ontario, there are tracts of argillaceous loam, but with a slight admixture of mould. The whole, however, may be pronounced a very excellent country, for the various products of agriculture. Few counties of this state, or in the United States, enjoy more of the abundance of nature, or possess the blessings of social life, in a richer variety. The climate is temperate, and for persons inured to it, perfectly healthy; nor as a fruit country, for the apple, pear, plum, cherry, melon and the grape, is it excelled in the state. Canandaigua is built on an inclined plane, rising from the lower extremity of the lake. It consists principally of a fine broad street, with an open area in the centre of the village, commanding a beautiful view, at less than half a mile distant from the lake. This street is about a mile in length, rising by an easy acclivity from the water, and, at the end of the borough, or village, attains a commanding elevation. In point of beauty and elegance of position, as well as in the style of its buildings, Canandaigua is excelled by no place of the same extent in the United States. It contains about four hundred houses and stores, and between two and three thousand inhabitants. Among its public buildings, are the court-house, jail, fire-proof office of the court, three churches, a state arsenal, an academy, five school-houses, a masonic hall, two banks, and two land offices. There are three or four printing offices and three gazettes, forty stores, several of which are very extensive, and a large book-shop. The county prison is a large stone building, enclosed on the north and west sides by a thick stone wall, and cost the county thirty thousand dollars. In 1790, this spot contained but a single human habitation; and when the Duke de Liancourt travelled through it, some years after, the inn at which he passed the night had but one chamber, which was also used as a corn-loft, in which all the guests, of whatever sex, rank or age, were obliged to sleep. It was in the midst of thick forests, inhabited by Indians; and the road to Niagara was but a foot or horse track, traced with great difficulty through the woods. In the year 1818, as Mr. Darby was travelling through this country, he accident-

ally met an old gentleman, with whom he entered the town. "As we came to the lower extremity of the lake," he observes, "and the extensive orchards and meadows near the town came in view, I expressed my admiration at the state of improvement everywhere visible. My fellow traveller replied, 'Twenty-nine years ago, I came to this outlet; and at that time, no mark of the human hand was here to be seen, except those made by savages, a village of whom existed on that point,' showing me the lower end of the now flourishing town of Canandaigua. I could not doubt his information,—though there was something in the shortness of the period, when compared with the effects of human labour under my eye, that seemed almost the effect of magic!" The ground plan of Canandaigua is decidedly superior to that of any other considerable village in the western part of this state. The private mansions of many individuals are extensive and elegant, having spacious courts and gardens, and combining every convenience of art with elegance and taste. The principal public buildings are on an open area, in the centre, of considerable extent,—a plan so convenient and ornamental, that it ought everywhere to be adopted, in populous country towns.

We may here introduce with great propriety the observations of Miss Frances Wright, the intelligent English lady, who travelled over our country a few years since, and published, as the fruit of her travels, the interesting *View of Society and Manners in America*. "The villages at the heads of the different lakes," she observes, "are all thriving, cheerful, and generally beautiful; but Canandaigua, I think, bears away the palm. The land has been disposed of in lots of forty acres each, one being the breadth, running in lines diverging on either hand of the main road. The houses are all delicately painted; their windows, with green Venitian blinds, peeping gaily through fine young trees, or standing forward, more exposed, on their little lawns, as green and fresh as those of England. Smiling gardens, orchards laden with fruit—quinces, apples, plums, peaches, &c. and fields rich in golden grain, stretch behind each of these lovely villas; the church, with its white steeple, rising in the midst, overlooking this land of enchantment.

"The increase of population, the encroachment of cultivation on the wilderness, the birth of settlements, and their

growth into towns, surpass belief, till one has been an eye-witness of the miracle, or conversed on the spot with those who have been so. It is wonderfully cheering to find yourself in a country which tells only of improvement. What other land is there, that points not the imagination back to better days, contrasting present decay with departed strength, or that even in its struggles to hold a forward career, is not checked at every step by some physical or political hindrance?

"I think it was one of the sons of Constantine, I am sure that it was one of his successors, who, returning from a visit to Rome, said that he had learned one thing there, "that men died in that Queen of Cities, as they did elsewhere." It might require more, perhaps, to remind a stranger of the mortality of his species in these states, than it did in old Rome. All here wears so much the gloss of novelty—all around you breathes so much of the life and energy of youth, that a wanderer from the antique habitations of time-worn Europe might look around, and deem that man here held a new charter of existence; that Time had folded his wings, and the Sisters thrown away the shears."

About ten miles north-east of Canandaigua, are some sulphur springs, which have attracted considerable notice, and have obtained the name of *Clifton Springs*. The waters are strongly impregnated with sulphur, at first perfectly transparent, becoming opaque, and changing to a yellowish cream colour, as the precipitates form, which consist of carbonate of lime, and of sulphur, in the state of brimstone. In this state, they emit great quantities of sulphuretted hydrogen, which diffuses the scent to very considerable distances. Yet plants grow in these springs, though covered with the deposition of sulphurous and calcareous matter, as are the stones also, and every other body resting in the water; and cattle drink from them very freely, without injury, or any perceptible effects. Where one of the springs rises, is a spot of five or six rods in diameter, completely covered with these mineral precipitates, principally sulphur, which is found to be in some places nearly six feet deep; and cart-loads of it may be collected in a few minutes, though mixed with every substance which chance has thrown into the mass: and yet, abundant as it is, no attempts seem to have been made to cleanse or manufacture any of it for use. These springs have

become places of considerable resort, especially by persons afflicted with scrofulous affections, in which the use of the waters has been found highly beneficial. The Clifton Hotel has a small library, with good accommodations for visitors.

About nine miles south-west of Canandaigua, in the township of *Bristol*, there is another remarkable fountain, known by the name of the *Burning Spring*. The following account of a visit to it is given by an intelligent traveller:—

“We entered a small but thick wood of pine and maple, enclosed within a narrow ravine, the steep sides of which, composed of dark clay slate, rise to the height of about forty feet. Down this glen, whose width at its entrance may be about sixty yards, trickles a scanty streamlet, wandering from side to side, as scattered rocks or fallen trees afford or deny it a passage. We had advanced on its course about fifty yards, when, close under the rocks of the right bank, we perceived a bright red flame, burning briskly on its waters. Pieces of lighted wood being applied to different adjacent spots, a space of several yards was immediately in a blaze. Being informed by our guide, that a repetition of this phenomenon might be seen higher up the glen, we scrambled on for about a hundred yards, and, directed in some degree by a strong smell of sulphur, applied a match to several places, with the same effect. The rocky banks here approach so closely, as to leave little more than a course to the stream, whose stony channel formed our path: sulphur, in some places, oozed from them abundantly. We advanced about seventy yards further, when we found the glen terminate in a perpendicular rock, about thirty feet high, overgrown with moss, and encumbered with fallen pine trees, through which the drops, at this dry period of the season, scarcely trickle. These fires, we were told, continue burning unceasingly, unless extinguished by accident. The phenomenon was discovered by the casual rolling of some lighted embers from the top of the bank, while it was clearing for cultivation. In the intensity and duration of the flame, it probably exceeds any thing of the kind yet discovered. We could however find no traces of a spring on its whole course: the water on which the first fire was burning had indeed a stagnant appearance, and probably was so, from the failure of the current; but it had no peculiar taste or smell, was of the ordinary temperature, and but a few inches deep;

a few bubbles indicated the passage of the inflammable air through it; on applying a match to the adjacent parts of the dry rock, a momentary flame played along it also. These circumstances induced us to consider the bed of the streamlet as accidentally affording an outlet to the inflammable air below, and the water as in some degree performing the part of a candle-wick, by preventing its immediate dispersion into the atmosphere."

There are also considerable sulphur springs, nine miles north-west of Canandaigua; and it may perhaps be worth noticing, that a line drawn through both would strike, in a south-west direction, the warm spring near Huntingdon, in Pennsylvania—the Berkley medicinal waters, on the Potomac—and thence, following the course of the mountains south-west, the hot springs of Bath, and the sulphur springs in the Alleghany.

From Canandaigua, a stage is frequently taken to Rochester, and thence to the Falls of Niagara; passing along the Ridge road, and through Lewistown and Manchester, instead of Buffalo. Continuing however the usual route by the latter place, we pass through a flat and in some places swampy country. The soil, however, is exuberantly fertile; the timber is fine, and the maple, the hickory, the elm, ash, hemlock and oak, adorn the forests; the farms have a fine appearance, and the whole country seems in a state of rapid improvement. The frequency with which the public houses succeed each other, evinces the great travelling on this road.

Much pains have been taken, in the western parts of New-York, to open and render convenient the highways; but in few countries is the construction of good roads more difficult. The rich fertility of the soil, and its depth of vegetable mould, though so very desirable in an agricultural point of view, oppose very serious obstacles to the formation of roads. In the winter season, unless when the surface is completely frozen, travelling must in this quarter be very difficult and painful.

As we approach *East Bloomfield*, eight miles beyond Canandaigua, a change in the appearance of the country is visible; its flatness disappears, the hills rise to a considerable elevation, and the road becomes agreeably diversified. There is one feature in these hills, which is worthy of remark in a geological point of view; they all, as far as Buffalo and the

Falls of Niagara, lie parallel to each other and to the Seneca, Cayuga, and other lakes; schistose limestone, extremely fissured, is the first rock that is seen, overlaid by sand, rounded pebble, and vegetable earth.

Five miles beyond is the village of *West Bloomfield*, where there is an academy, and a number of houses and shops. A short distance beyond, we pass *Honeoye Creek*, the outlet of a small lake of the same name, and of *Caneadea* and *Hemlock* lakes. Passing through the villages of *Lima* and *Avon*, the one three and the other twelve miles beyond Honeoye creek, we reach the *Genesee River*. This stream, rising on the table-land in the western part of Pennsylvania, where the Ohio and Susquehanna have their sources, and even interlocking with the head waters of those mighty rivers, flows in a northerly direction through the western part of New-York. Its whole course in that state is about one hundred and twenty-five miles, and is in general a direct one; its small windings are however numerous, and embrace many tracts of rich and productive lowland. There are a number of rapids and cascades on this stream, during its passage through the state. Near its mouth, at Carthage, are falls of one hundred and four feet; at Rochester, just above, of ninety-seven and a half feet, and some rapids, for two miles further, from the head of which the feeder leads into the Erie canal. Half a mile below the lower fall, at Carthage, it has a sloop navigation, and harbour, to Lake Ontario, about four miles. From the head of the rapids above Rochester, it is navigable at high water to the falls, ninety miles by water, by land fifty, and at low water, seventy miles, though by land only thirty-five, through a very rich and productive country. In the town of Nunda, at the north end of Alleghany county, there are two other falls, near each other, of sixty and ninety feet, above which it is again a sluggish stream, but quite small, and at Angelica, little more than a good sized mill-stream. These several falls amount to four hundred and seventy-six feet, enough to show that the river flows through a country of lofty elevation. Mr. Spafford, a gentleman of great intelligence and observation, to whom the state of New-York is exceedingly indebted, as well for the extent and minuteness of his investigations, as for the valuable works he has published upon her history, statistics, topography, geology, &c., is of opinion, that fossil coal is to be found in the region

around the head waters of this stream. The name, he tells us, signifies, in the original language of the country, 'a pleasant valley.'

A short distance above Avon, on the alluvial shores of the river, is *Geneseo*, a township celebrated for the fertility of its soil, and its extensive and luxuriant farms. About twelve hundred acres, situated in a turn of the river, are known by the name of the *Big-tree Tract*, not from the size of the timber, as we might at first suppose, but from an Indian chief named Big-tree, who with his little tribe inhabited this bend when this region was first settled by the English. It is now however the farm of Mr. Wadsworth, well known throughout the United States for its fertility and products, but above all for the celebrity of its live stock. Mr. Wadsworth is a gentleman of New-England, who, about the end of the last century, accompanied by his brother, pierced the wilderness, then inhabited only by the savage and his prey. They selected the level country bordering on the Genesee, seated themselves down among Indians and wild uncultured forests, and contended for years with hardships, dangers and sickness. Their choice and judgment, however, have not misled them: from the portico of his house, Mr. Wadsworth may now look down over a wide champain country, rich with flocks and herds, or bending beneath luxuriant harvests. Around his mansion, the gentle declivities are adorned with clumps and groves of young acacias; but in the distance, the eye dwells on forests, in which a few poor Indians still linger, and seek a precarious subsistence by hunting the wild animals, ere they have entirely disappeared before the restless footsteps of enterprise. To the right is seen the village of *Geneseo*, the largest in the county, containing the public buildings, and a little chapel, whose spire we behold arising from its bosom, an emblem as it were of gratitude for the blessings which have been lavished around. The whole is a scene which makes us love our country, and venerate the enterprising man who has created it. It leads the imagination to wander back to those times, when Rome could find her noblest citizens at the plough; and while it recalls to our memory the many similar scenes which we may everywhere behold as we pass along, it awakens in our hearts the enthusiasm, it forces from our lips the glowing language, of

the Roman poet, and tells us that we may without vanity apply it to a distant country and another age.

Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
 Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
 Laudibus Italiæ certent; nec Bactra neque Indi—
 Hic gravidæ fruges, oleæque, armentaque læta;
 Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.
 Adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem;
 Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis;
 Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.
 Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus!
 Magna virum!

If we have not yet the unnumbered cities rising amid every rocky defile, if our rivers do not yet glide beneath walls mouldering with age, we still see on every side an innocent and a happy people, marching in the true road to greatness, with more rapid steps than any that the world has yet beheld. Long may it be in our power, when asked by the taunting European for our poetry and ruins, to point for the one to plains teeming with luxuriant harvests, and smiling farms and villages, springing up almost spontaneously from the wilderness—for the other, to the time-worn veteran, who spends the decaying years of his life in rural cares, soothed by the blessings and gratitude of his country!

Crossing the Genesee river on a substantial wooden bridge, we pass for about two miles over a plain called the *Genesee Flats*, an extensive alluvial tract. Leaving these, we enter a country whose soil is greatly inferior to that on the eastern side of the river; well cultivated farms become less frequent, and the oak forms the prevailing timber of the region. Passing through the little villages of *Caledonia* and *Le Roy*, and crossing *Allen's* and *Black Creeks*, we arrive at *Batavia*, the seat of justice of Genesee county. It is pleasantly seated on the northern shore of *Tonnewanta Creek*, and contains many good houses. Besides the court-house and jail, it has several public buildings, the Holland Land Company's office, some elegant private mansions, and numerous stores, shops, hotels and taverns. A great many roads centre in this village, on one of which, about a mile north-west from the court-house, stands an arsenal belonging to the state, in which are depo-

sited arms to a considerable amount, and various kinds of munitions of war and military stores. This appears to be a flourishing town, and to carry on an active trade with the surrounding country: but the completion of the Erie canal has not had a favourable effect on the business of this or the neighbouring villages; the towns which have sprung up immediately on its banks have absorbed much of the commerce which they formerly enjoyed, and they have cause to envy the good fortune of their younger neighbours—

Mantua væ! miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.

Leaving Batavia, the road follows for some distance the valley of the muddy and sluggish Tonnewanta river, which is crossed at four miles from that place. The soil, of which the basis is schistose limestone, overlayed by sand, round pebbles and vegetable earth, is excellent, though too flat for health, or very beneficial cultivation. Ten miles farther, we reach *Murder Creek*, beyond which the road rises into a hilly broken country, where, however, some extensive flats occur. This part of the country is rendered most worthy of remark, by the numerous masses of schistose fissured blue limestone. Many places are seen, where this rock covers large spaces, and has every appearance of having once formed the bed of a body of water. The timber in the neighbourhood consists chiefly of pine, elm and sugar-maple; the soil is fertile, though agriculture must in many places be incommoded by the large bodies of naked or slightly covered limestone, which we have mentioned.

The next village is *Williamsville*, on *Ellicott's Creek*, a busy little place, having a post-office, a great many mills, a toll-bridge upwards of two hundred feet in length, and a number of handsome shops, inns and stores. From this village, the next stage brings us to *Buffalo*. That borough is seated on the fine though rather low plain, which forms the eastern shore of Lake Erie. The soil is a moist gravelly or clayey loam, with gentle slopes towards the waters of the lake.

Like most other new towns, Buffalo is composed in a great part by one street, following the course of the road towards the eastward, though the town itself lies very nearly in a northern and southern direction. A few others cross the main street, but are little improved. Very little remains of the destructive rage of an enemy; most of the houses are rebuilt, but

some vestiges still exist to attest the fury of invasion. Many good and convenient, and some elegant dwellings and store-houses, have been erected since the termination of the last war. Three or four excellent inns, and many decent taverns, offer their accommodations to the traveller. The number of houses now exceeds three hundred.

Buffalo Creek, which enters the lake at this place, is formed by the union of Cayuga, Seneca, and Cazenovia creeks, which, rising in the hills to the south-east, approach Buffalo by a very rapid current; this, however, subsides before the united waters enter Lake Erie. The harbour formed by this creek is excellent, and perfectly safe from all winds; but from the shallowness of the bar at its mouth, will only admit small vessels of four or five feet draught. A light-house is erected on the point between the lake and the creek, and is certainly a great advantage to those who navigate the lake. The creek is navigable for boats from the first forks above its mouth, from whence upwards it is interrupted by falls.

Large vessels are obliged to be anchored out in the lake, or fall down below Bird island, in the mouth of Niagara river. The current begins to be apparent opposite the mouth of Buffalo creek, but is there very gentle, gradually and imperceptibly augmenting as the strait contracts, until opposite Black Rock, where the whole volume is less than a mile wide; the velocity of the stream cannot be less than five or six miles an hour, with a medium depth of from twenty to thirty feet.

Leaving Buffalo for the Falls of Niagara, we proceed northward along the shore of the Niagara river, and in two miles reach Black Rock. The greater part of the distance is a sand-bank, which, after the first half mile, rising into a ridge probably ten feet above the water, has doubtless been produced by the winds and waves dashing against the shore for many centuries, and it is probably daily increasing. *Bird Island*, lying in the river as we pass along, is nothing more than a ledge of rocks, rising above the surface of the water; but it affords an admirable harbour, in which the vessels navigating the lake may find a shelter against every wind.

Black Rock is a small but flourishing village, on the margin of the Niagara river, which is here about two-thirds of a mile in width. Its banks rise by a gentle acclivity from the water; both sides of the river being cultivated, afford a fine

prospect, though from its having been longer settled, the Canada shore is much more improved than that of New-York. The bottom of the river is composed of smooth rock, over which the water glides with a rapidity which is astonishing; if the stream flowed over broken masses of stone, it would be impassable.

In the Niagara river, about three miles below Black Rock, is situated *Grand Island*. It is twelve miles long, and from two to seven broad, and contains about eighteen thousand acres of land. The soil is strong, rich, and well adapted to cultivation; and much of it is covered with fine timber. The Indian title to this and other islands in the Niagara was ceded to the state of New-York, by a treaty made at Buffalo on the 12th September 1815, between Governor Tompkins and others, commissioners on the part of the state, and the chiefs of the Seneca nation. The state paid one thousand dollars down, and secured an annuity of five hundred dollars. This island will probably, at no distant period, become very populous and highly cultivated.

Nearly opposite the middle of Grand Island, the *Tonawanta* and *Ellicott's Creek* enter the eastern channel of the Niagara. Extensive marshes skirt the former, from its mouth a long distance inland, and it is navigable for boats upwards of twenty miles. Soon after passing these streams, the river turns almost directly west; its rapid current has however become tranquil, and we see nothing that would lead us to anticipate the awful scene we are approaching.

At the lower extremity of Grand Island, and divided from it by a narrow strait, is *Navy Island*. Nearly opposite is *Fort Schlosser*, an old stockade at the mouth of *Gill Creek*, and the upper landing for the portage round the falls. Large store-houses have been erected here, where all the merchandise intended for the south-western country is deposited, and forwarded thence in boats to Black Rock. Its site is opposite the north end of Navy Island. This post was surrendered to the United States in 1796, agreeably to the provisions of Jay's treaty. It was nothing more than a stockade, and is now only known as a fort by retaining its former name. It was built by the British, soon after they gained possession of this country, in the old French war. A mile and a half more bring us to the little village of *Manchester*, situated on the bank of the river, close to the Falls.

Having now reached Lake Erie, the western termination of the *Grand Canal*, it is proper, before proceeding farther, that we should mention to the reader some of the most striking features which occur in that great work, after it passes Utica, where it will be recollected the road crosses and diverges from it.

On leaving Utica, its course is north-west, and passing Sadaquada creek on an aqueduct, it reaches in four miles *Whitesborough*, a village containing a court-house and jail, two churches and upwards of one hundred houses. This place was first settled by Mr. White, a gentleman from New-England, in the year 1784, who lived to the advanced age of eighty years, when he beheld what he had found the utmost verge of civilization, changed into the outskirts of a rich and populous country, stretching far to the west. Passing by *Oriskany* village, about fifteen miles from Utica, is the town of *Rome*, nearly half a mile to the north, and situated on the bank of the old canal connecting *Wood Creek* with the Mohawk. It is built on the site of old *Fort Stanwix*, a post erected by the British in 1758, at the enormous expense of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and from a heap of ruins rebuilt and enlarged in the revolutionary war, under the name of *Fort Schuyler*; its ruins are now scarcely visible. Rome is incorporated as a village, extends west from the Mohawk, in a handsome street of more than a half mile in length, and has one hundred houses and stores, one church and the county buildings. About half a mile west of this village, on the old canal, is situated the *United States' Arsenal*, on the road from Rome to Sackett's Harbour, and three hundred yards north of the Erie canal. This establishment was located in 1813, and built in 1815 and 1816. It stands on the Rome summit, the highest land between the Hudson and Lake Ontario, and was designed as a subordinate branch depot, under the ordnance department. The buildings consist of an arsenal, forty by ninety-six feet, three and a half stories high, with strong stone walls; a magazine, nineteen by sixty-five feet, one story, surrounded by a stone wall fifteen feet high, two hundred and seventy feet perimeter; a brick house for officers' quarters, thirty-seven by forty-five feet, two and a half stories above the basement, built and finished in good style; a brick office, two wooden store houses, each one hundred by twenty feet,

two mechanics' shops, each seventy by nineteen feet, two houses for mechanics' quarters, each nineteen by forty-eight feet; besides a laboratory, wood-house, stable, &c. The whole are painted a cream colour, and appear very neat, and in excellent order, as do also the cannon, carriages, small arms and other public property deposited at this place. This depot was located and built under the direction of Major James Dalliba, commanding officer at Watervliet, and it is no more than justice to say, that it is a neat, well executed establishment of the kind, and at once commodious and ornamental to the place. The buildings are in a chaste style of architectural design, a matter too often overlooked in public edifices.

The canal now enters the valley of *Wood Creek*, a stream formerly of great importance, as forming part of the chain of navigation between the Oneida lake and the Mohawk; but whose use has now dwindled away before the greater glories of the Erie Canal. Thirteen miles beyond Rome are the *Verona Glass Works*. The soil is highly favourable for works of this kind, as the sand which is used in the manufacture of glass is found in great abundance. Iron ore too is very plentiful, and several furnaces in the neighbourhood are supplied from its beds. Three miles farther bring us to *Oneida Creek*, down which the navigation might be rendered perfectly good for small craft.

The canal then passes through the townships of *Lennox* and *Sullivan*, for thirteen miles, to *Chitteningo Creek*. Limestone, water-lime, and gypsum are in abundance, in parallel strata, in the hills near the canal. Iron ore is also found, probably the argillaceous oxide, or bog ore, which works easily and makes the best bar iron. Across Chitteningo creek is an aqueduct, and there is a branch extending a mile and a half to the south, and rising by four locks twenty-four feet, to the little village of the same name. The canal now winds among the head waters of several streams, which run northward and enter the Oneida lake. It passes through the township of *Manlius*, about four miles north of the village of that name, and continuing its winding course, has a side-cut to the little village of *Orville*, and arrives at the sixtieth mile stone from Utica, at the lock No. 54, the termination of the celebrated Long Level. It here falls by two locks twenty feet, and in about three quarters of a

mile reaches *Syracuse*, a village about five miles north of Onondaga, and a mile and a quarter south of the celebrated salt works at *Salina*, to which there is a branch canal. The salt trade and the manufacture of that article, employ a very large proportion of the inhabitants, who are necessarily collected into clusters around the various works. These springs belong to the people of this state, and an officer is appointed to superintend the public interests in the works, who pays the revenues derived from them into the public funds. The duties on salt next year are estimated at one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars.

But a small part of the land in this township is in a state of cultivation, the government having reserved the lands in wood, for supplying fuel to the salt works. The canal will now do this, and as the timber has been principally consumed, the lands will soon be sold to individuals and improved. The water, from which the salt is made, rises in the marshes round its borders, or on the margin of the lake. Wells, of eight to twelve feet deep, supply fifteen to twenty thousand gallons per day, containing sixteen to twenty-five ounces of salt per gallon of water. The quantity of first-rate water is immense, and there is no reasonable room for doubt that a supply of it might here be had, for making several millions of bushels of salt every year. The water contains, besides common salt or muriate of soda, several other substances, in small proportions, such as muriate of lime, oxyde of iron, and Epsom salts. But, with a little care in the manufacture, these substances are excluded, so that they do little injury. Several materials are used in the process for this purpose, the best of which, say the most experienced manufacturers, are blood, milk, glue, and eggs. They are put into the pickle, collect the impurities, rise to the surface in the scum, and are all taken off together. Lime, alum, resin, ashes and ley of wood ashes, are also used by some, but only partially, as they are supposed to act injuriously. It has always been the practice at these works, to hasten the processes to completion, and of course to make only fine salt; but experiments are now making to produce coarse salt, and there can be no doubt of its practicability, or of its great importance to the public. To do this, it is necessary to prepare the pickle, and allow it time to form its own crystals, at perfect leisure, when the crystallization will be natural, not forced, and the salt will

be more pure and far more valuable. It is surprising that these facts have been so strangely overlooked. The quantity of salt made in this township yearly, for some years, has been near a half million of bushels, and the average price at the works something less than twelve and a half cents per bushel, exclusive of the duty of twelve and a half cents imposed by the state, which goes to the canal fund.

A quarter of a mile beyond Syracuse, the canal falls six feet, and passes *Onondaga Creek* on a stone aqueduct of four arches, each of which is thirty feet span; soon after, it rises, by lock No. 57, six feet, to a level of seven miles, on which it passes the village of *Geddes*, containing about fifty houses, and twelve or fourteen salt works which carry on a very extensive business. *Otisco*, or, as it is sometimes called, *Nine-mile creek*, is crossed on a stone aqueduct of two arches, each of thirty feet, and the canal then rises, by one lock, eleven feet; on this level it continues twelve miles, passing by the village of *Canton*, which is just half way between *Albany* and *Buffalo*. The country here is level, and the soil is principally a warm sandy loam; the *Seneca River* now winds along at the distance of a few miles from the canal, passing through or receiving the waters of several small lakes and streams. At about four miles from it, there are some very interesting remains of ancient works, among which are two forts, on the farm of Judge *Mauro*. The largest of these is on a high hill, and seems to have had an area of about three acres, surrounded by a ditch and a wall of earth. The gateways may be plainly seen. A large block of limestone, found in this fort, has writing upon it, in an unknown character. The other fort was smaller, and situated on lower ground. A well is said to have been discovered, on opening which great quantities of human bones were thrown out, mouldered to a chalky dust. It is supposed, from the appearance of the place, and finding flints in the well, that an invading victorious army had hastily interred its dead at this spot.

At *Jordan*, six miles beyond *Canton*, the canal falls by one lock, No. 59, eleven feet, and crosses *Skeneateless* outlet on an aqueduct bridge of three arches. The village of *Skeneateless* is nine miles, and that of *Elbridge* two miles, to the left. Four miles farther is *Weed's Basin*, a village of seventy houses, and the canal port of *Auburn*, which is about

seven miles to the south, and to which there is a regular stage. At *Bucksville*, on the *Owasco Creek*, is a lock of nine feet fall, and an aqueduct of four arches, each twenty feet span. There are also dry docks, boat-houses, and large establishments for the construction and repair of the craft passing on the canal. Six miles farther we reach *Montezuma*, at the head of the *Cayuga Lake*. The canal, at this place, drops by a lock of seven feet fall, to the Seneca river level, and passes through the Cayuga marshes, which here spread along its banks. It may serve, like the canal through the Pomptine marshes near Rome, the double purpose of a conveyance for passengers and merchandise, and a drain to carry off some of the superfluous waters. Indeed, as we glide over them in the passage-boat, we experience all the sufferings which poor Horace had to endure in his journey through those more classical fens ;

Aquam quod erat teterrima ventri—
 Tum pueri nautis, pueris convicia nautæ
 Ingerere ; atque mali culices, ranæque palustres
 Avertunt somnos.

Not far from Montezuma, is a celebrated sycamore tree, seventeen feet in diameter, and hollow in the inside. It is said that a sermon was once preached by a missionary, to thirty-five people, within it, and that fifteen more could have been conveniently admitted.

Six miles beyond Montezuma, we reach lock No. 63, where the canal commences its rise to Lake Erie, without any intermediate depression. Five miles farther, is the village of *Clyde*, situated on the bank of a river, now known by the same name : it has a post-office, some mills, and twenty or thirty houses. We now for a short time course along the northern bank of *Clyde River*, or *Mud Creek* as it was formerly called ; that stream then makes a bend to the south, and we do not meet it again till we arrive at *Lyons*, where it is joined by the outlet of *Canandaigua Lake*. Lyons, from the great advantages it possesses in situation, is becoming a place of very considerable importance ; its population is rapidly increasing ; and its trade is already prosperous and extensive. It is two hundred and twenty-four miles from Albany. A little more than a mile westward of it, the canal is carried across Mud creek, on a large stone aqueduct of three arches,

each of which is thirty feet on the chord. Keeping now to the southward of that stream, and of the turnpike road, it rises in the next fourteen miles twenty-four feet, and reaches the village of *Palmyra*. This is a place of very considerable business, the third in rank in the county, and increasing rapidly. Several large stores and store-houses, for the canal trade, are erected and erecting; and a regular line of two canal packets has been running between Pittsford in Monroe county, this place, and Utica. It has one Presbyterian, one Methodist, and one Baptist church, an academy, two or three school-houses, a number of excellent shops and stores, several inns, and two tanneries, one of which is so extensive as to employ fifty hands, with a number of other mechanical establishments. It has three capacious basins on the canal, one of which has a dry dock. Mud creek runs eastward, forty rods north of the main street, which is one mile in length; and the Erie canal is between this street and the creek, except that near the eastern border of the village it crosses this street; at the western extremity, the canal comes within two rods of it. There are many mills closely bordering on, and some within the village, which now contains a printing-office, post-office, and about one thousand inhabitants. Palmyra is thirteen miles north of Canandaigua, to which there is a regular daily stage, and one also to the *Sulphur Springs*.

A mile and a quarter beyond Palmyra, the canal is again carried across Mud creek on an aqueduct, when it strikes off rather to the north-west, leaving entirely the valley of this stream, and entering that of *Thomas Creek*; proceeding down this a short distance, it makes a remarkable bend, almost at right angles, to the south, in order to keep up the level in passing *Irondequot* or *Teoronto Creek*. The embankment constructed to carry the canal over this valley, is one of the noblest and boldest specimens of engineering on the whole extent of the work. It is raised to the immense height of seventy-two feet above the creek, and that in a place where the soil is composed of gravel and sand, very little adapted to retain water: it was indeed necessary, for a great length of time after its formation, to have a watch regularly stationed, to give the first notice of any breach that might occur; none however took place, and the work has now become thoroughly consolidated. The Irondequot is passed under-

neath, through an immense culvert, two hundred and forty feet in length, and twenty-six feet high, built of stone. Soon after passing this gigantic work, we rise eight feet, and reach in two miles the village of *Pittsford*, a busy little place, with upwards of a hundred houses. Six miles beyond, near *Brighton*, the canal rises very rapidly, there being five locks within the space of a mile and a quarter, with a total lift of thirty-seven feet. The *Genesee Level* commences at this point, and extends westward sixty-five miles to Lockport in Niagara county; a mile and a half beyond, the feeder from the Genesee river, two miles in length, enters the main trunk. The canal now bends a little to the north, till it reaches the *Genesee River*. This large stream is crossed by the celebrated aqueduct, perhaps the most remarkable and striking feature of the whole work. It is placed on a rift of solid rock, a short distance to the south of the great fall, and is seven hundred and eighty feet in length. It consists of eleven large arches, formed of segments of circles, the crowns of which are eleven feet above the chord of the arch, and fifteen above the surface of the river : the two exterior arches have a span of forty feet, and pass under them water-courses for the supply of mills ; the other nine are fifty feet wide. The piers at their extremities are of a circular form, and terminate under the water-table in the shape of a half-dome, thus giving a beautiful finish to the archways : above the water-table, the walls rise five feet to a cornice, which supports the towing-path, and is guarded by a neat railing. Every one who examines this structure will be struck at once with its extreme beauty and simplicity, its excellence as an hydraulic work, and the skill exhibited in the selection of its site. All these it owes to the great man by whom it was designed, Benjamin Wright, well known everywhere as the distinguished engineer who was the guide and director in the construction of the Erie canal, but still better known, by those who are more intimately acquainted with him, as a man who so blends the strength of intuitive talent and the wisdom and experience of age, with the modesty, the candour and the probity of unassuming virtue, that, amid all the delicate and difficult situations in which his professional station has placed him, he has secured universal confidence, and has ever been as much the object of esteem as he must be of admiration.

Rochester, which we now enter, is one of the most flourishing towns in the state, and contains the county buildings. The population is about four thousand; and there are a great many mills and manufactories, carrying on a profitable business. In the year 1812, this place contained but two or three, and those very ordinary, dwelling houses; and though we must admit that its growth has been rapid almost beyond example even in our own country, of all others the best supplied with such examples, yet, on a candid examination of its great natural and artificial advantages, it will be manifest that Rochester has by no means reached its maximum. Many of the buildings are very good, considering the rapidity with which they were built; and the place has all the bustle of business, that characterizes commercial towns.

Among the minerals discovered near this place, in excavating the canals, may be noticed the snowy gypsum and fluat of lime, beautiful specimens of which have been procured.

The distance from Rochester to Lockport, by the canal, is sixty-three miles, to Buffalo ninety-seven, to Utica one hundred and fifty-seven, to Albany two hundred and sixty-eight, to Albany by stage road two hundred and thirty-six, to Buffalo nearest route seventy-four, via Lewistown one hundred and two, Niagara Falls eighty-four, Oswego by water sixty, York (U. C.) one hundred, Kingston (U. C.) one hundred, Ogdensburg one hundred and sixty.

A remarkable object at Rochester must not be passed unnoticed—we mean, the falls of the Genesee river. There are three of these cataracts: the first, a noble cascade of ninety feet, rushing over a large shelf of horizontal limestone, seven hundred feet wide, with great grandeur; the second is inconsiderable, compared with that either above or below; the third, although it does not exceed eighty feet in height, is perhaps the most picturesque of the whole. The water has here been conducted from the main channel of the river, to several mills, situated on each side; and after having turned the wheels, forms some pretty little cascades on the side of the great fall. These mills are very useful to the neighbourhood, and grind a vast quantity of flour, besides sawing timber, &c. An old Indian, when he saw the first that was erected, after looking at it for some time, exclaimed, "White man is very cunning—he makes even the water work."

On leaving Rochester, the canal for a short distance takes a northerly direction; it then turns westward, and courses along the south side of the *Ridge*, as it is called, sixty-three miles, to the village of Lockport. This remarkable ridge or elevation of land extends from the Genesee river to Lewistown on Niagara river, a distance of eighty miles. It is composed of common beach sand, and gravel stones, apparently worn smooth by the action of the water, and the whole intermixed with small shells. Its general surface preserves a very uniform level, being raised to meet the unevenness of the ground through which it lies. It is found to be elevated about one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty feet from Lake Ontario, from which it is distant six to ten miles, towards which there is a pretty uniform though gradual descent; and the whole intermediate space is said to be a good soil, exhibiting strong evidences of alluvial origin. This remarkable strip of land would appear as if intended by nature for the purpose of an easy communication. It is in fact a stupendous natural turnpike, descending gently on each side, and covered with gravel; and but little labour is requisite to make it the best road in the United States. When the forests between it and the lake shall be cleared, the prospects and scenery which will be opened to a traveller on this route to the cataract of Niagara, will surpass all others in sublimity and beauty, variety and number. There is every reason to believe, that this remarkable ridge was the ancient boundary of Lake Ontario. The gravel with which it is covered was deposited there by the waters; and the stones everywhere indicate by their shape the abrasion and agitation produced by that element. All along the borders of the western rivers and lakes, there are small mounds or heaps of gravel, of a conical form, erected by the fish for the protection of their spawn: these banks are found in a state that cannot be mistaken, at the foot of the ridge, on the side towards the lake; on the opposite side, none have been discovered. All rivers and streams which enter the lake from the south have their mouths affected with sand in a peculiar way, from the prevalence and power of the north-westerly winds. The points of the creeks which pass through this ridge, correspond exactly in appearance with the entrance of the streams into the lakes. These facts evince, beyond doubt, that Lake Ontario has, perhaps one or two thousand years ago, receded from

this elevated ground; and the cause of this retreat must be ascribed to its having enlarged its former outlet, or to its imprisoned waters, aided perhaps by an earthquake, forcing a passage down the present bed of the St. Lawrence; as the Hudson did at the Highlands, and the Mohawk at the Little Falls. On the south side of this ridge, in its vicinity, and in all directions through the country, the remains of numerous ancient forts are to be seen; but on the north side, that is, on the side towards the lake, not a single one has been discovered, although the whole ground has been carefully explored. Considering the distance to be, say seventy miles in length, and eight in breadth, and that the border of the lake is the very place that would be selected for habitation, and consequently for works of defence, on account of the facilities it would afford for subsistence, for safety, for all domestic accommodations and military purposes; and that on the south side of Lake Erie these ancient fortresses exist in great number, there can be no doubt but that these works were erected when this ridge was the southern boundary of Lake Ontario, and consequently that their origin must be sought in a very remote age.

Twelve miles beyond Rochester, on the canal, is *Spencer's Basin*, to the right of which, about two miles, is the little village of *Parma*, on the Ridge road. Three miles beyond, is *Bates*, a little place which has sprung up with the canal; and five miles farther, *Brockport*, where the navigation terminated from the autumn of 1823 to that of 1824. On the Ridge road, a mile and a half to the right, is *Clarkson* or *Murray* village, with a post-office and about fifty houses. It is eighteen miles by the turnpike from Rochester; and around, the soil is generally of an excellent quality, and in a rapid state of improvement. There are a great number of salt springs; but the manufacture of salt has not yet been carried to any considerable extent or perfection, being still in its infancy, though pursued in a few cases to considerable advantage.

Five miles west of Brockport is *Holley*, where the canal is carried over the east branch of *Sandy Creek*, on an embankment seventy-three feet high, as it is by another embankment across the west branch, nine miles farther on. In this neighbourhood salt springs have been discovered, and some of superior richness were opened in cutting the canal

where it crosses Sandy creek. A very large tooth, weighing two pounds two ounces, was dug up from the bed of this creek, said to measure thirteen inches in circumference. The tooth is in a sound state, and appears to have been one of the molares or grinders of some very large quadruped, perhaps a mammoth or elephant.

A mile beyond is the little village of *Newport*; and two and a half miles to the right, on the Ridge road, the town of *Gaines*, where there are a post-office, several stores, and a number of houses, with considerable trade. *Otter Creek*, a stream rising in the high land to the south, and entering Oak Orchard creek a little distance above its mouth, is passed by an embankment of fifty-five feet; and *Clark's Brook*, a mile and a half beyond, by a long one, though of only fifteen feet. At Fish creek, three miles farther, there is another embankment, and a road aqueduct: indeed, this level is a complete succession of these works, for the numerous streams which arise in the high ridge or bluff to the south, all force their way through the alluvial elevation which we have mentioned, leaving deep but narrow ravines, over which the canal must be carried. *Oak Orchard Creek*, across which it now passes, is one of the largest, rising forty miles in the interior, and near this spot it falls thirty feet; *Ridgway* is seated on it, four miles below. Where the canal passes its western branch, is the little village of *Middleport*, which has sprung up with it; and after crossing *Johnson's* and *Eighteen-mile Creeks*, we reach *Lockport*, sixty-three miles from Rochester.

At present, this is the western limit of navigation of the canal. Its course here bends to the south, and, rising sixty-two feet, ascends the mountain ridge, along which it passes for seven miles to the Tonnewanta creek. The elevation of the canal at Lockport is one of the most interesting features on the whole line; it is a work of the first magnitude, and one of the greatest of the kind in the world. Seated on the brow of a perpendicular precipice seventy-six feet high, overlooking a capacious natural basin, with banks on each side of an altitude of more than a hundred feet, are five double combined locks, built in the most perfect manner. These locks are so constructed, that one line of boats may be descending, and another ascending, at the same time; and it is worthy of remark, that the Genesee level, extending eastward from this place, is about sixty-five miles in length; or

the two levels united at Lockport embrace an extent of ninety-six miles, from Lake Erie to the east of Genesee river. There was another object, however, in the peculiar construction of this system of locks: it was important to feed the Genesee level entirely from above, without using the water of that river, as this could not be done but at the risk of great injury to the numerous mills and hydraulic works at Rochester. To accomplish this object, the construction of these double combined locks was resorted to; and while the facility of passage is greatly improved, they will be found, when aided by a fall of an inch per mile in the level, fully to answer the great purpose of supply, and preserve the water-power of the Genesee entirely uninjured.

The village of *Lockport* itself should not be passed altogether without remark. In May, 1821, it contained but two buildings; and it has now six hundred, with a post-office, a printing-office, a weekly news-paper, and two churches. It will doubtless be the seat of extensive manufacturing establishments, for which it has great advantages; and this, added to its situation on the canal at so important a point, must render its future increase, if possible, even more rapid than it has already been.

The seven miles from Lockport to the Tonnewanta, is one of the most difficult passes of the canal: it is through the mountain ridge, a deep cutting, averaging twenty feet in depth, and nearly three miles of it are through the solid rock; it is yet incomplete, but the work has been pursued with vigour, and it is expected that it will be finished during the present year.

Entering the *Tonnewanta Creek*, its channel forms the canal for twelve miles, and along its margin a towing-path has been constructed. It is true that the universal experience of foreign countries is decidedly against using the channels of natural streams, as any part of the route of canal navigation; and the numerous attempts which have been made, and are even in a few instances still making, to convert rivers into slack-water navigation, have in our own country been attended with such signal disadvantage, expence, and even ruin, that the correctness of those opinions has been fully corroborated. But the peculiar fitness of this stream makes it an exception to these rules. Its waters are not liable to sudden rises by freshets, its fall is but one inch in a mile, and

the dam erected across its mouth gives to that part of it which is used much more the character of a long narrow bay, or an artificial water-course, than a natural stream; besides which, at the point where its waters are first used for the canal, all the superfluous freshets and floods may be turned down the Oak Orchard creek into Lake Ontario.

The dam across the Tonnewanta is four feet six inches high, placed just below the mouth of Ellicott's creek; and there is a lock which connects with Niagara river at this place. From here, the canal is as yet unfinished; it is however under contract, and the work rapidly advancing. Its course is along the shore of the Niagara river, for eight miles, to the harbour on Lake Erie, which is now constructing near the village of *Black Rock*. The whole of this work is not yet finished; but it is in such a state of forwardness, as to render its completion by the time of finishing the other works, certain. The sloop-lock is nearly done; and the dam connecting the main shore with *Squaw Island* is raised sufficiently above the surface of the water to prevent it from passing over. The embankment on Squaw Island was finished a year ago; it is eight feet high, the breadth at its base is more than thirty feet, and at the top six feet.

This harbour, at which the canal may be properly said to terminate, is connected with Buffalo creek by a short cut, which is nearly completed. A violent controversy has arisen between the inhabitants of Black Rock and those of Buffalo, respecting the location of the harbour. The reasons which the canal commissioners have assigned for the selection they made are doubtless strong, and it would be presumptuous in a work like this to appeal for one moment from such authority. Many will probably continue to think that Buffalo would have afforded a better situation; but when we consider with how much skill the rest of the work has been designed and completed, we should not doubt that this part of it was determined on with equal prudence.

Such is the course and the termination of this great work, a noble monument of the times in which we live. In that future history, which glancing over the actions of every nation, when the views of partial policy shall be forgotten, and the objects of temporary aggrandizement have become insignificant, perhaps the passage of the Simplon and the Erie Canal will be regarded as the two noblest works of

art which have occupied the ingenuity and resources of the age. Yet how strong, in some respects, is the contrast between them ! The one, while we confess its utility, while we admire the grandeur of its design, and the energy of that mind which planned and performed it, is yet remembered as the work of a military ruler of a powerful kingdom, to facilitate his gigantic views, and to spread over new regions the terror of his arms—the other will be recognised as the effort of an infant people, scarcely known in the catalogue of nations, guided by no views of ambition, but seeking only to promote the prosperity of their country; anxious to communicate the blessings which a fertile soil, a fortunate situation, and a free government, had afforded them, to every portion of the state, and to spread rapidly and effectually those precious institutions which secure civil liberty, and promote and extend knowledge and virtue, and all in life that is admirable and sacred, through boundless though yet unpeopled regions, which are destined for the seats of mighty nations.

We have already described the route from Buffalo to the Falls of Niagara ; but that is certainly not the best road by which to approach them : we come upon them from behind, and have no opportunity of viewing the high cliffs which extend below, along either margin of the river. Indeed, Buffalo is at present a place of so little interest, and much of the road to it is so disagreeable, that if we were to recommend a course to a traveller, it would be to leave the main route at Canandaigua, or, if he wished to visit Geneseo, and the fine country on the banks of the Genesee river, at Avon, and proceed directly to Rochester. By this means, he would pass along that part of the middle road which is most interesting, visiting the beautiful villages at the heads of the different lakes, see those fine sheets of water themselves, and then, instead of pursuing his journey through a country infinitely less interesting, he would strike into that through which the canal passes, observe the flourishing towns rising as if by magic on its shores, examine the aqueducts, the locks, the embankments, and the various works of art constructed upon it, and, above all, travel on the Ridge road, or alluvial way, through a rich and fertile country, abounding

in fine prospects. From Rochester to Lewistown is a distance of eighty miles, which is passed in one day, the road leading through Parma, Clarkson, Gaines, Hartland, and several other villages.

About two and a half miles before we reach Lewistown, is a settlement of the *Tuscarora Indians*, on a tract of land given them by the Senecas many years since, which is three miles long and one mile broad. This tribe came from North Carolina, about the year 1712, and joined the confederacy of the Five Nations, themselves making the sixth. They still have an interest in a very large tract of land in North Carolina, which will not be extinct before the year 1911. They hold also, in this state, four thousand three hundred and twenty-eight acres of land, ceded to them by the Holland Land Company. As a nation or tribe, they are rich, and many of them as individuals. They have among them a Presbyterian clergyman, and a young woman who keeps an English school. They had a meeting-house, which was burnt during the late war, December 19, 1813, but it is now rebuilt.

This tribe, like all the other Indian settlements in the state, is divided into two parties, the Christian and the Pagan: the former submit in a great degree to the usages and many of the customs of the whites, but the latter still glory in preserving the habits and manners of their ancestors. When they wish to sell any of their land, a deputation of the chiefs visits the governor, a kind of council is held, the belts of wampum are given, and the orators of the party make their speeches. They affect to despise those who employ their time in making baskets, and support themselves, though this is now almost impracticable, by hunting, where any wild beasts yet linger in the forests, not entirely driven away by the encroachments of civilization. The Pagan party of the Tuscaroras has within a few years left this village, removed to the shores of Grand river in Upper Canada, and settled among the Mohawks.

Lewistown itself is eligibly situated at the foot of the mountain ridge, on the east bank of the *Niagara River*, twenty-seven and a half miles below Buffalo, (twenty-nine and a half, by the Falls), seven north of Fort Niagara, twenty west of Lockport, and three hundred and fourteen nearly west from Albany. This village stands nearly opposite to Queenston in Canada, at the head of navigation of Niagara river, and at the

foot of the portage around the Falls. It consists of about fifty dwellings, besides stores, shops, a church, and a two story stone school-house. It is a place of business, has the custom-house for the Niagara district, and has been liberally patronised by the state : a grant of land, for the support of schools, constitutes a fund of about six thousand dollars. There is a mail, three times a week, by the way of Rochester, between Canandaigua and this place, carried in a line of post-coaches from Rochester.

The Falls are seven miles above Lewistown, from which you proceed up the eastern shore of the *Niagara River*, as it sweeps along over its rough bed, worn away by the continual action of the waters. There can be no doubt that the ridge at Lewistown was once the precipice over which the torrent poured, and that in the lapse of ages it has gradually destroyed the rocks, as far as its present site. Comparing it with other streams, we may, without any bold stretch of imagination, look forward to the period, when the great rocky barrier which spreads across the mouth of Lake Erie shall be destroyed, and, like the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, and the Mohawk, a river shall flow either quietly or with a few rapids between the two lakes. The waters of Lake Erie will then probably sink below their present level, and a tract of alluvial country be left along its margin, similar to that which we have seen on the shore of Lake Ontario.

As you proceed, a partial glimpse of the cataract may be caught, but it is soon lost behind the forests, leaving merely the cloud of mist which rises high into the air, and the thunder which reverberates for ever upon the ear, to mark the nearness of the mighty cataract. At length, we reach the spot. To describe the scene which then bursts upon our view, would be as hopeless for the pen as it has ever proved for the pencil. In vain might we bid the reader to imagine the vast body of water, whirling and fretting and foaming among the rapids above—the deep and death-like stillness with which it approaches the precipice, then, gathering all its mighty force, the plunge which it makes into the abyss below—the vapour clouds, rolling above in every fantastic form—the rainbow, now glowing, now fading away, on their varying surface—and, above all, the ceaseless roar, which diffuses through the mind a feeling of ungovernable awe.

Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track !
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract ;
Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn,
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

A scene like this is not to be described—it is only to be felt. As it stands alone in the history of nature, with nothing to equal or resemble it, so, while we rest upon its verge, will the breast glow with sensations before unknown, and swell with emotions before unfelt. We gaze with mute wonder on the scene before us, and forget, in the contemplation of nature's mighty works, the world that is around us, and the busy insignificance of man.

The cataract of Niagara is twenty-two miles below Lake Erie, and fourteen miles above Lake Ontario. It is formed by a body of limestone, which crosses the river in an irregular shape, about fourteen hundred yards in length. This ridge is divided into three parts :—the American fall, three hundred and eighty yards long ; Goat Island, three hundred and thirty yards across ; and the Horse-Shoe fall, seven hundred yards. The perpendicular height of the American fall is one hundred and sixty-four feet ; that of the Horse-Shoe, one hundred and fifty-one. The Table Rock is a platform of considerable extent, on the western shore : it projects over the cavern below the cataract, and runs up to the side of the precipice, to which you can approach so near as to wash your hands in the water a few feet above it. It is nearly on a level with the top of the mass of water, immediately above the great pitch. It is supposed to be a part of the very ledge over which the water is precipitated, but which is worn down a number of feet below its original level.

The Table Rock is chequered with a variety of seams and fissures, some of them wide enough to admit a man's hand.

Innumerable names and initials of visitors are inscribed on it, many of them with the dates of their visits: two were to be seen, not long since, cut in the year 1606, that is, two hundred and nineteen years ago. By a plumb-line let down over its edge, it has been ascertained to be one hundred and seventy-two feet high. It requires some courage to venture to the margin, and look down into the abyss beneath.

The Table Rock has been esteemed the most eligible position for viewing the cataract. In some respects, it is so; but the stupendous object is too near to have its full effect; besides, it is not sufficiently in front. The Still-house, on the same level, but further down the brink of the river, is a better station, being more distant and less lateral.

From Goat Island also, it is seen to great advantage. This beautiful little islet, placed in the midst of the torrent, it is conjectured, was rent from the American side by some violent convulsion of nature; as the strata of the rocks, the soil and the growth of timber, correspond with those upon the main land. A little island is separated from its eastern side, by a small channel of water passing through, and forming as it were a distinct cascade. This has been called Montmorenci Fall, in allusion to the celebrated cataract near Quebec.

The main body of water is west of the island, where the edge has been worn into an irregular shape by the force of the water, from which circumstance it has acquired the name of the Horse-Shoe fall. The toe of the shoe, however, is now an angle, rather than a curve; but the inhabitants and early visitors affirm that it was formerly more round, and has gradually assumed its present angular form, within their recollection. The ledge of this fall is also worn so deep, that the sheet of water passing over it is supposed to be at least ten feet thicker than the other fall. Mr. Forsyth, who has resided upon the spot for more than forty years, says, that within his recollection, the centre of this fall has receded from ten to fifteen yards; and, as some intelligent travellers have placed upright a few large stones in front of the hotel, which, when taken in a line, point exactly to that spot, it will of course be ascertained, at the end of a certain number of years, how much this centre recedes annually.

That portion of the cataract which lies east of the island, is called the American or *Fort Schlosser* fall. The last name is derived from a settlement on the eastern shore, which,

though never much fortified, has long been known as Fort Schlosser.

The chasm below the falls is two hundred feet deep, and not half a mile wide; further down, it becomes still narrower. The sound of the fall is audible at various distances, according to the direction of the wind, and state of the atmosphere; it is frequently heard at York, fifty miles distant, and the cloud of vapour has been seen as far as seventy miles. The quantity of water discharged in an hour has been computed at one hundred and two millions, ninety-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty tons.

Great diversity of opinion has existed as to the proper way of accenting and pronouncing the word Niagara; and custom at length seems to have established it in a manner different from that adopted by the aborigines. "I have been sometimes asked," says Colonel Timothy Pickering, "what was the Indian pronunciation. By the eastern tribes, it was *Ne-au-gau-raw*, or rather *Ne-ög-au-roh*; the second syllable was short, with the accent upon it; the sound of the last syllable was indefinite, much as we pronounce the last syllable of the word America. I account for the sound of *i* as *e* in Niagara, and the broad sound of *a*, from its having been written by the Low Dutch of Albany and the French in Canada. In writing the Indian names in my treaty of 1794, I took some pains to get their Indian sounds, and to express these by such a combination of letters as would have been given to them had the names been English: *Kon-on-dái-gua*, for instance, the place where the treaty was held; the accent being on the syllable *dái*. The Senecas called the falls or river, not *Ne-og-au-roh*, but *Ne-auh-gaw*; the second syllable *auh* gutturally, with the accent upon it, and the last syllable long."

The grandeur of the cataract seems to have imparted to it a sanctity among the Indian nations, which is the more surprising, as their religious rites were so little marked by this kind of superstition. They were in the habit of offering sacrifices to it as a god, until the Catholic priests visited their country.

Though of course the Falls are the great object of interest to a traveller visiting Niagara, there are yet other scenes in the neighbourhood, which will claim and receive much of his attention. The shores of the river, especially the eastern one, were the theatre of many gallant exploits in the last

war between the United States and Great Britain ; and Erie, Bridgewater and Queenston, will revive recollections or excite emotions which are not unpleasing, and must be gratifying to an American bosom. Every step that we tread is on the grave of heroes. Who would think, that the gay fields on which the green grass now waves high, or the yellow harvest spreads its golden mantle, scarcely ten years since were desolated by the inroads of ferocious warfare ? Who can look upon the silent walls of the fortresses around, and believe that so short a time has passed, since the thunder of destruction was heard upon their ramparts, and each embrasure poured out the torrent of war ? The place has already become classical ; we already seek out with anxiety the spots distinguished by some incident of more than ordinary gallantry ; we muse upon the different events, as on scenes which have long passed away, on which history has set her seal, and feel that there is a nameless and indescribable pleasure in tracing all that story or tradition has preserved of the occurrences of the past.

Fort Erie is situated in Upper Canada, twenty-one miles above the Falls, on the point of land formed by the termination of Lake Erie and its junction with Niagara river. It stands on ground elevated about fifteen feet above the water. Prior to the war, it was but a slight fortification ; and in the fluctuating progress of it, it was alternately possessed by both armies. In May, 1813, after the capture of Fort George, it was abandoned by the British, and occupied by a corps detached for that purpose from General Dearborn's army. Before the close of the same campaign, it was re-occupied by the British. On the 3d of July, 1814, it surrendered without much resistance to General Brown's army, as soon almost as they landed from the other shore, some of them above and others below the fort. General Drummond, who then commanded the British forces in this district, aware of its importance, determined to regain possession, and commenced a regular siege. On the night of the 15th of August, he made a desperate effort to carry it by storm, but was gallantly repulsed. He had divided his force into three columns, which were to attack the fortress at the same instant, in different points ; the right led by Colonel Fischer, the centre by Colonel Drummond, and the left by Colonel Scott. The night was dark and rainy, but the American sentinels were alert

and on the watch. With stealthy pace, the division under Fischer advanced to the battery on the right, their scaling-ladders prepared, their bayonets fixed, and sanguine in the hopes of immediate success; but, at the moment when it seemed most probable, with cool and deliberate courage, our brave troops, headed by the gallant Wood, opened upon them a sudden and tremendous fire. For a short time, they bore the unexpected attack—but it was only for a short time; the whole column was soon thrown into confusion, and forced to retire from the field. Having re-organized his force, Colonel Fischer again led his troops to the onset; again were they repulsed, with immense slaughter. Convinced of his inability to get possession of the battery, and feeling the deadly effects of the incessant showers of grape-shot which were thrown upon him, he determined as his next effort to pass the point of the abattis, by wading breast-deep into the lake, to which the works were open. In this attempt he was also unsuccessful, nearly two hundred of his men being either killed or drowned, and the remainder precipitately falling back. It was in vain to continue the destructive and unsuccessful conflict. Without waiting to know with what result his colleagues on the centre and left had made their respective attacks, he retreated precipitately to his camp, with the small remnant of the column he had led on, but a few hours before, in all the confidence of victory.

In the meanwhile, a brilliant fire of cannon and musketry lighted up the lines on the right; but Colonels Drummond and Scott were not more fortunate than their companion. Twice did they lead up their troops to the assault, and as often were they driven back. At length, having moved round the ditch, covered by the darkness of the night, and the heavy cloud of smoke which rolled from our cannon and musketry, and enveloped the surrounding objects, they repeated the charge, re-ascended the ladders, and, with their pikes, bayonets and spears, fell upon our gallant artillerymen. The noble spirits of Captain Williams and Lieutenants M'Donough and Watmough, with their brave men, were for a time overcome, many of them having received severe and mortal wounds. Our bastion was lost, and Lieutenant M'Donough, being severely wounded, demanded quarter, which was refused by Colonel Drummond himself. The lieutenant, then seizing a handspike, nobly defended himself, until he was

shot down with a pistol by the monster who had refused him quarter, and who often reiterated the order, "Give the damned Yankees no quarter!" This officer, whose bravery, if it had been tempered with mercy, would have entitled him to the admiration of every soldier—this hardened murderer, soon met his fate. He was shot through the breast, while repeating the order to "give no quarter!"

The battle now raged with increased fury; after a desperate conflict, the bastion was at last recovered; and both the commanding officers having fallen, the British found that it was in vain longer to contend, drew off their forces from the assault, and retreated to their camp. Two hundred and twenty-two men were left dead upon the field, and two hundred more are supposed to have been killed in the woods, or floated down the Niagara. The whole loss of the British, by their own account, exceeded nine hundred; while that of our troops was only eighty-four.

Disappointed in his design of taking Fort Erie by storm, General Drummond continued to prosecute the siege with more caution. In a month, he had completed an advanced line of batteries, entrenchments and block-houses, reaching from the Niagara round to the lake, at the distance of five hundred yards from the fort. His camp was two miles in the rear of these works, so that his reserve was out of the range of the fire from the fort, while the batteries thus planted could play upon it with effect, and a new one was just ready to be opened.

To prevent this, General Brown, who had now taken command of the post, performed one of the most gallant exploits which adorn our annals. About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th of September, the troops were led out from the fort in two divisions; and after a severe conflict, in which the gallant Colonels Wood and Gibson fell fighting at the head of their columns, they succeeded in storming three of the enemy's batteries, two block-houses, and the intervening line of entrenchments, spiked the cannon, and blew up one magazine. The object of the sortie being accomplished, the whole body returned to the fort, bringing with them three hundred and eighty prisoners, and having destroyed the fruits of forty-seven days' labour. From the spirited resistance of the enemy, the loss sustained by the assailants was, as may be supposed, severe. The official report of the British

commander acknowledged the loss of six hundred and nine men, one hundred and fifteen of whom were killed, one hundred and seventy-eight wounded, and three hundred and sixteen prisoners. The enemy claimed a victory; but their retreat, which took place a few days afterwards, palpably contradicted this pretension. At the close of the campaign, the fort was dismantled; General Brown crossed the river, and went into winter quarters.

The village at Fort Erie is a pleasant little place, and the harbour is a good one. During the war, of course much property was destroyed in and around it. The march of an army, even of defenders, and much more of invaders, is generally tracked with desolation; and amidst the invasions and retreats, the marches and countermarches, the encampments, sieges and battles, which diversified the war on the Niagara frontier, it was scarcely possible that the inhabitants should not suffer in their habitations and property. Of these sufferings, the village of Fort Erie had its share.

From Fort Erie, the road courses along the shore of the Niagara; and just before we reach the Falls, *Chippewa Creek* crosses our path. The country over which we pass is level, and the road is nearly straight, running along the bank, which is agreeably but not loftily elevated above the water: the view is delightful. The Chippewa, having passed over a plain of forty miles, and through a number of swamps and strata of discolouring earth, is a sluggish dark water, not very fit for culinary purposes, or even for washing; and as it meets the clear rapid stream of the Niagara, instead of intermixing with it, it passes along near the shore, forming a very visible contrast. It can be traced all the way down to the Falls.

The village of *Chippewa* is situated on both sides of the creek, close to its entrance into the river. The land carriage from Queenston ends at this place, and goods are transported hence in boats to Fort Erie. Here are a fort and barracks for the troops. In the course of the late war, it was alternately the place of encampment of both armies. The plain south of the creek was also the ground of the celebrated battle fought July 5th, 1814, between General Riall's army and the American forces commanded by General Brown, who was assisted by Generals Scott, Ripley and Porter.

In this battle, the forces on each side were equal. The attack was commenced by a division of the British, led on by General Riall. General Porter, with a column of the American army, met, attacked and after a short but severe contest, drove the enemy's right before him. His route to Chippewa was intercepted by the whole British column arrayed in order of battle, and against this powerful force the volunteers desperately maintained their ground, until they were overpowered by the superiority of discipline and numbers.

As soon as the firing became regular and heavy, between the volunteers and the enemy, General Brown, rightly conjecturing that all the British regulars were engaged, immediately ordered Scott's brigade and Towson's artillery, to advance and draw them into action on the plains of Chippewa. General Scott had no sooner crossed the bridge over Street's creek, than he encountered, and gave battle to the enemy. Captain Towson commenced his fire before the infantry battalions were in battle array, and upon their being formed, took post on the river, with three pieces, in front of the extreme right, and thence played upon the British batteries.

The conflict now raged with extreme violence, and great gallantry was displayed on both sides; but the ardour with which the American troops, especially the brigade under General Scott, pressed forward, was resistless; repulsed at every point, thwarted in every effort, the enemy began at length gradually to retire, until they reached the sloping ground in the vicinity of Chippewa, where, being hard pressed by the victors, their retreat was changed into a rapid and disorderly flight. The advance of the Americans was however checked by the batteries at Chippewa, behind which the British troops had rallied. General Brown now ordered up the artillery, with a view to force the works; but finding that the day was nearly spent, and the batteries of the enemy strongly fortified, he withdrew his forces, and retired to the camp. This victory established the reputation of the American troops, and the character of the commanders engaged; raised the confidence of the nation in its capacity for defence; and taught the enemy a useful lesson, from which we cannot doubt they subsequently profited.

Proceeding along the western shore of the river, we reach another battle-ground, that of *Bridgewater*, or, as it is called

by the British, *Lundy's Lane*. This action commenced a little after six o'clock in the evening of the 25th July 1814, between the American troops under General Scott, and the British commanded by General Drummond. The enemy had collected the whole of their force in the district, and were reinforced by the troops which had been detached from Lord Wellington's army, just landed from Kingston. For two hours the two hostile lines were within twenty yards of each other, so frequently intermingled, that often an officer would order an enemy's platoon.

The ground was obstinately contested until nine o'clock in the evening, when General Brown, perceiving that the enemy's artillery was most destructive, decided to storm the battery. Colonel Miller, the hero of Magagua, was ordered on this enterprise; he approached the enemy's cannon with a quick step, and delivered his fire within a few paces of the enemy's line; who, after receiving two or three rounds, and a vigorous charge, retired to the bottom of the hill, and abandoned his cannon. Only one piece was brought off the field, for want of horses. The enemy now gave way and retreated; but they were followed for some distance, though the main body of our army was employed in securing the prisoners and bringing off the wounded.

The cessation however was short, as Lieutenant-General Drummond arrived at this interval with a reinforcement. The enemy renewed the action, while our troops were thus busily employed in clearing the ground of wounded; but the gallant Americans formed with alacrity, and after a close engagement of twenty minutes the enemy were repulsed. The army now effected the removal of nearly if not all the wounded, and retired from the ground, it being nearly twelve o'clock at night; they returned to their encampment in good order. Unfortunately, owing to the want of horses, and the dismantled state of the cannon themselves, our troops were forced to leave upon the field the artillery which they had so nobly captured. This was the more to be regretted, as the enemy, with a boldness which they also assumed in other instances, claimed a victory when their defeat was apparent and their loss immense.

On the whole, this was a brilliant display of the courage and powers of the American troops, and one which will not be soon forgotten; the forces of the enemy embraced several

regiments of veteran soldiers, who had fought in the Peninsula, and their actual numerical force was the greatest; they fought with extreme bravery, and nothing but the superior coolness of our troops, and the skill with which they were commanded, could have gained so gratifying a triumph.

At *Bridgewater Mills*, not far from the battle ground, is a burning spring, known before the mill was erected, and now open to view. It emits a vapour of some bituminous or combustible quality. A candle applied near the water excites a flame, which burns for some minutes. The blaze is clearly perceptible in the daytime, and is said to be much more visible in the night. It is also said, by those who have made experiments, that it will produce such a degree of heat as to cause water, placed over it in a suitable vessel, to emit steam, and even to boil.

Proceeding along the shore of the *Niagara River*, to Queenston, seven miles below, we find it walled on each side by steep irregular cliffs, nearly or quite perpendicular, and in some places even projecting over. About three miles from the falls there is a stupendous vortex, known by the name of the *Whirlpool*, formed by a sudden turn of the river round a bluff. The water is agitated to a great degree, and it is said that a mist sometimes arises which can be seen at a considerable distance. Trees and beams of timber are whirled around, and almost erected on one end, then turned and plunged again into the foaming eddy.

The road continues along the same plain, on the western shore, four miles farther, till we reach the ridge from the upper to the lower country, the former being on a level with the banks of Lake Erie, the latter with those of Lake Ontario. This ridge is directly opposite to the one which we have mentioned as passing along a few miles south of Lake Ontario, through the state of New-York, and striking the river at Lewistown, where the stream doubtless broke through it at some far distant day, leaving the perpendicular cliffs which now form the shores. Nor does it stop here; it runs westward, and winds round the head of Lake Ontario; and a swell of it, twelve miles west of the river, is called the Short Hills, where a spectator can have a view of the two lakes from the same spot. The ridge he stands on is an irregular offset, between the two great natural parterres or plains of Lakes Erie and Ontario.

At Mount Dorchester, an elevated part of the high lands, and near the house of Sir P. Maitland, is an object of curiosity well worth some notice. A few years ago, a large oak tree, measuring at the base five feet in diameter, was blown down, and in the opening made in the soil by the roots of the tree which were torn up, a large quantity of human bones was discovered. A further excavation presented to view an immense collection, regularly disposed, and forming perfect skeletons; among them were found armlets, pipes, beads, heads of tomahawks, and other Indian articles. Several large conch-shells, too, were discovered, some of them bored so as to be used as a rude kind of musical instrument: it is said that these shells are of a species to be found only in the islands of the Pacific, or on the western shores of America, and they certainly resemble that upon the dress of the king of Owhyhee, which is preserved in the museum at New-York; a circumstance that may throw some light upon the investigations of philosophers, relative to the ancient inhabitants of this continent.

The spot where these remains have been found is about seven miles from Lake Ontario, to which the ground slopes away, and is thus similar in its situation to the ancient works we have spoken of as existing in the state of New-York. Like them, it bears every appearance of a military work; and it is said, that when the ground is freed from the leaves of trees which are now strewed over it to a considerable depth, holes resembling the marks of piquets may be seen surrounding the space of several acres. From the side of the hill springs a fountain of the clearest water, in quantity sufficient to turn a mill: this circumstance too is worthy of notice, as it is found invariably wherever these tumuli are seen on the eastern continent—in Britain, Scandinavia and Asia.

Queenston Heights are a commanding military station, now defended by intrenchments and batteries. In the early period of the late war, it was slightly fortified. On the 13th October, 1812, General Van Rensselaer, commanding the United States' forces on the Niagara frontier, formed an expedition against it. In the morning, a party of militia embarked in boats at Lewistown, and, in the face of a most deadly fire, notwithstanding the embarrassment caused by the eddies of the river, effected a landing. Colonel Van Rensselaer, to whom the command of the expedition was assigned, received

several severe wounds, in a few minutes after he had gained the shore. He continued, nevertheless, to encourage the troops, with the greatest intrepidity, and ordered them to storm the fort, which they effected, in the most gallant manner, under Captains Ogilvie and Wood. This small body drove the enemy before them; and assisted by the batteries on the American side, completely silenced those of the enemy. In the meantime, the British troops received a large reinforcement by the arrival of General Brock, the president of the province, and commander in chief of the forces, while Colonel Chrystie, having crossed over from the American shore with a body of militia, increased the force under Colonel Van Rensselaer to about three hundred and twenty men. With this the attack on the British lines was renewed at the point of the bayonet, the enemy were completely routed, and Brock, a gallant and distinguished soldier, fell, mortally wounded, in the attempt to rally them. In this situation, the victory was considered as gained by the American general, who crossed over for the purpose of fortifying his camp. The enemy, however, being reinforced by several hundred Indians, again advanced to the attack, and were once more repulsed. General Van Rensselaer, now finding his own reinforcements embarking but slowly, re-crossed for the purpose of accelerating their movements. To his utter surprise and mortification, however, he found that this part of the militia, who had heretofore evinced so much eagerness to meet the enemy, now faltered, at the moment their services were required. Covering their pusillanimity, or want of patriotism, with the parade of legal knowledge, they refused to pass the American boundary, on the plea of constitutional privilege. Such a plea, at such a moment, when their countrymen were on the eve of being overpowered for want of assistance, and the character and cause of their common country were at stake, ought to consign to indelible contempt those who made use of it.

All that could be done was to send ammunition to the troops, thus left unsupported on the British shore; they fought long and with persevering valour, and though disheartened by the dastardly conduct of their countrymen on the opposite side of the river, maintained their post with great bravery, until, overcome by numbers, they were compelled to retreat to the water's edge. Here, finding no means of conveyance,

and the enemy pushing hard upon their rear, they were at last obliged to surrender.

The village of *Queenston* is in the southern part of the township of *Niagara*. It is the lower landing for the portage round the falls. Amidst the surrounding desolations of war, this place was preserved from destruction, and is now in a flourishing state, having added to its former business a portion of what used to centre at *Newark*. The portage from *Queenston* to *Chippewa*, is ten miles; but the receiving and forwarding merchant, generally transports merchandise the whole distance up to *Fort Erie*, part of the way in wagons, and the rest in boats. *Queenston* and *Lewistown* are rivals in commerce. Both of them have good harbours. Indeed the whole river, for seven miles, down to its mouth, may be considered as one continued harbour. The shore is bold, requiring only a short wharfage for vessels to load and unload, and though the current is swift in the channel, an eddy near each shore aids vessels and boats passing up. This is the head of navigation, whence vessels sail to any port, on the lake, and down the *St. Lawrence* to *Ogdensburg* and *Prescot*.

Six miles below *Queenston*, on the shore, is *Fort George*, a position of great importance. On this account it became an object with the Americans to obtain possession of it during the last war, and a combined attack was made upon it on the 27th May, 1813, by the land forces under General Dearborn, and the lake fleet commanded by Commodore Chauncey. The squadron anchored within musket-shot of the shore; and a heavy fire commenced, by which the enemy's batteries were silenced in ten minutes. The troops proceeded to the beach in three brigades, the advance being commanded by Colonel Scott, who landed under a heavy fire from the British forces. The first, second, and third brigades having reached the shore in their order, the enemy soon gave way, and retreated with precipitation to the fort; this, however, having become untenable from the fire of the American batteries, they abandoned, and, on the approach of the advance of General Boyd's brigade, dispersed in various directions.

During the rest of the campaign, *Fort George* remained under the American flag, till in December it was finally abandoned.

At the entrance of Niagara river, into Lake Ontario, is the town of *Newark*, which was burnt, through misapprehension or inadvertence, by the American General M'Clure, when evacuating Fort George; an act which received the severest censure from the government and people of the United States, and was officially disavowed to the British government. It afforded them however a pretext for acts of cruel and ferocious retaliation, more unjustifiable than the original aggression. When destroyed, it contained two churches, a district school, and nearly one hundred dwelling houses, besides offices, stores and shops. Its situation is beautiful, fronting the river, handsomely elevated above the water, and commanding a noble prospect. The streets are laid out at right angles. It had been the seat of the provincial government, and was the place of the courts of justice for Niagara District. The court-house and jail had been demolished by hot-shot from the other shore, on the day of the battle of Queenston.

FALLS OF NIAGARA TO QUEBEC.

	M.	M.
FALLS OF NIAGARA to		
Whirlpool - - - - -		4
Lewistown - - - - -	3	7
Fort Niagara - - - - -	7	14
Entrance of Lake Ontario		
Genesee River - - - - -	74	88
Great Sodus Bay - - - - -	35	123
Oswego River - - - - -	28	151
Stony Point - - - - -	30	181
Sackett's Harbour - - - - -	12	193
Entrance of St. Lawrence River - - -	20	213
Cape Vincent - - - - -	2	215
Kingston (U. C.) opposite		
Alexandria - - - - -	25	240
Morristown - - - - -	23	263
Ogdensburg - - - - -	13	276
Gallop Rapids - - - - -	6	282
Hamilton - - - - -	10	292
Longue Sault Island - - - - -	17	309
Grass River - - - - -	10	319
St. Regis, boundary of the United States	5	324
Grand Island and Rapids, end of Lake St.		
Francis - - - - -	30	354
Cedar Rapids - - - - -	7	361
Cascades, entrance of Lake St. Louis -	5	366
La Chine, end of Lake St. Louis - -	16	382
MONTREAL - - - - -	7	389
St. Sulpice - - - - -	20	409
Three Rivers - - - - -	55	464
St. Maria - - - - -	23	487
Point au Tremble - - - - -	32	519
QUEBEC - - - - -	20	539

DEVIATIONS.

FALLS OF NIAGARA *to* KINGSTON, *by* YORK, U. C.

	M.	M.
FALLS OF NIAGARA to		
Whirlpool - - - - -		4
Queenston - - - - -	3	7
Newark - - - - -	7	14
Cross Lake Ontario to		
York - - - - -	35	49
Port Hope - - - - -	55	104
Presqu' Isle, or Newcastle - - - - -	30	134
South point of Prince Edward - - - - -	30	164
False Duck Island - - - - -	25	189
Ernest Town - - - - -	15	204
KINGSTON - - - - -	15	219

MONTREAL *to* QUEBEC, (*by land.*)

MONTREAL to		
Port au Tremble - - - - -		10
Cross River des Prairies to		
St. Sulpice - - - - -	17	27
Cross St. John's River		
La Norage - - - - -	13	40
Cross La Chatoupe River		
Berthier - - - - -	10	50
Cross Rivers Maskenong and Du Loup		
Three Rivers - - - - -	46	96
Cross Maurice River		
Champlain - - - - -	15	111
Cross Rivers Baliscan and St. Ann		
St. Marie - - - - -	14	125
Cape Saute - - - - -	23	148
Cross River Port Neuf		
Cross River Jacques		
Point au Tremble - - - - -	12	160
QUEBEC - - - - -	20	180

FALLS OF NIAGARA to QUEBEC.

ON leaving Niagara for Montreal and Quebec, either of two routes by Lake Ontario may be taken. The English one, as it is called, is by crossing over to York, and then proceeding down the lake to the mouth of the St. Lawrence; while in the American line, you reach the same point by coasting along the northern shore of New-York, and visiting in the route the different towns seated on the margin.

York, one of the principal towns and the seat of government of Upper Canada, is situated near the bottom of a small bay, on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, about thirty-five miles north of Newark. A long and narrow peninsula, distinguished by the appellation of *Gibraltar Point*, forms and embraces this harbour, securing it from the storms of the lake, and rendering it safer than any other around the coasts of this sea of fresh water.

At the western extremity of the peninsula, are the public stores and block-houses. On the highest ground, near the point, a light-house of about seventy feet elevation is erected. On the main land, opposite the point, is the Garrison, where was also the lieutenant-governor's residence. Two miles eastwardly, near the head of the harbour, were two wings of the Parliament-House, the main edifice not being yet erected: they were built of brick, one story high. The Legislative Council sat in one of them, and the House of Representatives in the other. Being burned by the Americans, their walls have been repaired, and converted into barracks.

The town occupies the intervening space between that site and the Garrison. The harbour in front is well secured, has safe anchorage, and is sufficiently capacious to contain a considerable fleet; but the shore is not bold, and no wharves are yet built, except one, which is an appendage of the new naval store-houses: vessels consequently lie off at anchor, and load and unload by boats. The entrance into the harbour, also, is somewhat intricate; but the light-house is designed to remedy this difficulty. The Don empties its waters into the head of the harbour, east of the town; and two miles west of the Garrison is the mouth of the Humber, formerly named the Toronto, a name which was also applied to the bay. Both of these rivers afford convenient mill-seats.

During the war, York was twice visited by the Americans, and the military stores and other public property seized and destroyed.

From York, there is a military road, called *Yonge Street*, extending in a direction nearly north thirty-two miles to *Lake Simcoe*, whence there is an easy passage into *Gloucester Bay*, a good harbour on Lake Huron; by this short road, saving a distance of five hundred miles in the ordinary route through Lakes Erie and St. Clair.

Pursuing our passage along the Canada shore, the first port of any consequence is *Presqu' Isle*, or *Newcastle*, half-way from York to Kingston. It is protected from winds, and is almost encircled by a peninsula, which projects in a curve into the lake. The basin of water thus embayed is of sufficient depth, and the shore is convenient for a landing place; but the entrance into the harbour, not being very direct and plain, requires considerable care. The navigation from *Presqu' Isle* eastward along the shore, is attended with some difficulty and danger, by reason of bays and points, and the winds to which the coast is peculiarly exposed.

Nine miles after passing *Presqu' Isle*, the shore of the lake takes a south-easterly direction along the peninsula of *Prince Edward* county. This peninsula is formed by the bay of *Quinte*, which extends from *Maryborough*, at the head of the St. Lawrence, westward, in a very irregular form. At the north-west angle of the bay, it receives, through the river *Trent*, after a circuitous route, the waters of *Rice Lake*, which lies forty miles to the west, and with which there is a communication from a chain of lakes in a north-westerly direction, towards Lake Simcoe.

At the north-east point of the bay, between *Fredericksburg* and *Richmond*, the *Appanee* river falls in from the east. On this river, amidst a flourishing little village, in the rear of *Fredericksburg*, are valuable flour-mills, said to be the best in the province.

Passing the southern promontory of *Prince Edward*, the shore of the lake strikes to the northward; and just beyond the mouth of the bay of *Quinte*, two passages are formed by *Amherst Island*, which lies in the St. Lawrence:—the south, keeping outside of the island, directly to Kingston; the other, through the sound between the island and northern shore. In this sound is the harbour of *Ernest Town*, in

latitude $44^{\circ} 10'$ north, and $75^{\circ} 56'$ west from London. It is a broad open bay, of sufficient depth, a smooth bottom, and good anchoring ground. The access to it is free from sand-bars and shoals. The bank of the shore is even and gravelly, and of such a descent, that a wharf of from fifty to one hundred feet is sufficient for vessels to lie alongside of it in safety. The harbour is sheltered by considerable projections of land on each side. The force of heavy swells is also broken, and the violence of winds and storms weakened, by *Amherst Island*, once known as *L' Isle de Tonti*, which lies in front.

From here, the passage to Kingston is easy and direct.

Taking the passage along the southern or American shore of Lake Ontario, *Fort Niagara*, on the point between the river and the lake, is the first object worthy of notice. It was built by the French in 1751, and taken from them by Sir William Johnston in 1759. At the close of the revolutionary war, it was possessed by the British; and though, by the terms of the treaty which terminated that contest, it fell to the United States, it was not delivered into their possession until 1795. In the late war, soon after General M'Clure's evacuation of Fort George, Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, with a body of British troops, crossed the river in the night, and at four o'clock in the morning of December 19th, 1813, surprised the garrison, and took the fort by storm. It remained in possession of the enemy through the remainder of the war, and was restored at its conclusion. Since that time a large stone wall has been erected along the lake side, to prevent the encroachment of the water, and preserve some of the buildings, which, but for this precaution, would have fallen down the bank.

The first place at which the steam-boat stops is Port Genesee, at the mouth of that river, seventy-four miles from Fort Niagara. The shore is formed by the counties of Niagara, Genesee and Monroe; a fertile body of alluvial land, gradually sloping down to the water from the mountain ridge. It is true, that the climate along the lake is sensibly affected by the exhalations which arise from it in summer; but still it cannot be called unhealthy. It is not exactly such a country as a settler should select, immediately on leaving a hilly, elevated tract, where the streams move rapidly, and the clouds are driven from hill to hill, or swept by the winds along the

natural hollows of hill-bound valleys. But these remarks apply equally to the neighbouring counties, long since thickly settled, and far from being sickly. The climate is mild and temperate, more so than the country about Albany, which is farther south and less elevated. Fruit trees put forth their blossoms sooner, and grain and grass are earlier in the spring by some days, often one or two weeks.

Port Genesee is seven miles below Rochester; it is the shipping place of that town, and indeed of all the surrounding country, and contains from thirty to forty houses. Mr. Spafford states, that the exports from it amounted, in 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821, to between three hundred and seventy and three hundred and eighty thousand dollars. In 1820, they consisted of sixty-seven thousand four hundred and sixty-eight barrels of flour, equal to three hundred and thirty-seven thousand three hundred and forty bushels of wheat; five thousand three hundred and ten barrels of potashes; two thousand six hundred and forty-three barrels of beef and pork; seven hundred and nine barrels of whiskey; one hundred and seventy-five thousand staves; sundries, as butter, lard, corn, cider, lumber, cheese, hams, oil, fruit, &c. amounting to the value of ten thousand five hundred and twenty-four dollars. In 1822, the collector estimated the flour alone at one hundred thousand barrels, and that the value of that and all other articles of produce of the country, exported both down the canal and the St. Lawrence, say in nearly equal quantities, will probably amount to five hundred thousand dollars.

Leaving Port Genesee, we coast along the south shore of the lake, passing the mouth of *Irondequot Bay*, *Pultneyville*, a pretty little village, pleasantly seated on the water's edge, and carrying on a considerable trade, and reach in thirty-five miles *Great Sodus Bay*. This bay forms a safe and commodious harbour, and has from six to eight feet of water on the bar at the entrance. It has three islands, of considerable size, under cultivation; and the whole circumference of the bay, with its coves and points, is about fifteen miles. Its waters are deep and clear, abound with fish and fowl, and its shores have a great many fine sites for buildings, commanding extensive and highly picturesque views. *Port Glasgow*, at the head of navigation on the bay, has a pleasant situation and a good harbour; and from this place to the village of Clyde,

in Galen, on the Erie canal, there is a good road over a portage of ten miles and three quarters. A road is now opening from Adam's mills, on the inlet of Port bay, to the canal at *Bucksville*, in Mentz. There are numerous roads, communicating with the villages of Rochester, Canandaigua, Geneva, Waterloo, Auburn, Oswego, Utica, &c. Iron ore and salt springs have both been discovered in the neighbourhood, and works have been erected for their manufacture, which will no doubt add to the prosperity of the place.

The shores of Lake Ontario, both east and west of Sodus, are composed of vast banks of earth, twenty or thirty feet high, and everywhere yielding to the abrasion of the waters of the lake. One dense and continuous forest covers the shore, occasionally relieved by new farms. The country is extremely beautiful, picturesque and variegated, around the bay, and the soil is excellent.

As we proceed along, the shore presents a number of inlets, like Great Sodus bay, with narrow entrances and capacious basins, destined, in all probability, when the population increases, to become flourishing ports. The mouth of Oswego river is twenty-eight miles beyond Sodus; just within it is the port of *Oswego*, with the village of the same name. Over the bar at the entrance are ten feet of water, and it is considered as one of the best harbours on the lake. The lake vessels can only navigate half a mile above the village, to the Rift; thence a boat navigation to the falls, twelve miles, where there is a portage of a mile. About one mile south-west from Oswego village, there is a buttonwood tree of enormous dimensions. It was measured, a year or two since, and found to be thirty-five feet six inches in circumference, two feet from the ground. This tree is living, and appears to be growing fast, though hollow, with only a thin shell on the surface. It stands about fifty rods from a public highway, in a piece of woodland, and well merits notice.

Beyond Oswego river, the shore of the lake bends to the southward, and then turning again north, forms a considerable bay. After passing this, there are several islands, opposite to which is the large inlet forming the bays of *Chauumont* and *Sackett's Harbour*, which are separated from each other by a small peninsula or promontory. The town of Sackett's Harbour stands on the south-west side of the bay, in latitude north $43^{\circ} 56'$, and west longitude 76° from London, or 1°

east of Washington city. The bay and harbour are both well situated for shelter and defence. It is in some measure land-locked by two large and some smaller islands, standing in the mouth of the bay, eight miles distant to the west from the village. Chaumont bay is an embranchment of the same sheet of water which forms the harbour below the mouth of Black river : it does not however contain as good anchorage, nor does the position of its shores render it so favourable a site, either as a naval, military or commercial depot, as the bay now known as Sackett's Harbour. The latter is perhaps one of the best situations in the world for ship-building. A low and narrow crescent of land extends from the lower extremity of the village, and forms an inner and outer harbour. The latter, within two fathoms of the shore, has a depth of water sufficient to float the largest ship of the line that can be formed : the vessels can be framed on nearly a level with the water, and launched with the greatest ease. The depth of water continues to the mouth of *Black River*, near which another very excellent position presents itself for the construction of ships either of war or commerce. In each of those places of ship architecture, now lies the hull of a first-rate man-of-war. One of them, covered by a good building, is said to be the largest ship of war that ever was built ; and what is even more astonishing, she was advanced to her present state of forwardness in thirty days, in the depth of winter. Several other vessels of war are here laid up. The Madison barracks, situated about four hundred yards north-eastwardly from the borough, on the bay shore, were erected in 1816-17, are of blue schistose limestone, and enclose three sides of a parallelogram of about three acres, the side towards the bay being open. They are a solid range of buildings, and add not a little to the appearance of the place.

During the war, Sackett's Harbour was once the scene of military events. While the works around the harbour were yet in an imperfect state, it was attacked by Sir George Prevost, who, seizing the favourable opportunity of the absence of General Dearborn with his army, and Commodore Chauncey with his fleet, on their expedition to Niagara, embarked his troops, and sailed from Kingston, on the 27th May, 1813, the very day of the capture of Fort George. By adverse winds and other circumstances, the attack was delayed until the morning of the 29th, when, under cover of the ships and

gun-boats, about a thousand men landed on a peninsula called Horse Island, a mile to the west of the harbour. After a contest of some duration, General Brown, with a very small body of regulars, and some militia collected in great haste from the surrounding country, succeeded in repulsing the enemy, who were compelled to retire so rapidly as to leave most of their wounded and some prisoners behind.

On leaving Sackett's Harbour, the adjacent shores of the main and those of the islands are low, and composed of flœtz limestone, admixed with animal exuvix. The border of the lake is uniformly low, not being elevated above the water more than three or four feet. The debris thrown up by the action of the lake consists of rounded pebbles of limestone, with a very few fragments of some other kinds of stone. The timber is the sugar-maple, pine, linden, elm, oak of several species, though it is not very abundant, birch and beech: the soil is extremely fertile. When at some distance from the shore, the high hills near the source of Black river, and between Utica and Oswego, are seen far inland.

This uniformity continues, with little interruption, all the way to *Vincent's Point*, the entrance of the St. Lawrence, twenty-two miles from Sackett's Harbour. Directly opposite this point is *Kingston*, though the river, here twelve miles wide, is divided into two channels by a large island, called Grand or Long Isle.

Having now made the circuit of Lake Ontario, it may be proper, before leaving it, to mention a few general circumstances relative to it. The form of *Lake Ontario* is elliptical, and a central line from one extremity to the other measures about one hundred and ninety miles, its greatest width is fifty-five miles, and its medium may be about forty miles. The St. Lawrence issues from the north-east end of this lake, which receives the Niagara river towards its western extremity; and from the entrance of this river to the eastern termination of the lake, its centre forms the boundary between the United States and Canada; nearly half, therefore, of Lake Ontario, is within the state of New-York. It is a very deep lake, with sufficient water in every part, and it has very good harbours; it is never entirely closed with ice, and is computed from some soundings to be five hundred feet deep. The level of Lake Ontario is three hundred and

thirty-four feet below that of Lake Erie, twenty-one miles distant in the nearest place, and two hundred and thirty-one feet above the tide water of the Hudson at Albany.

The appearance of the shores exhibits great diversity: towards the north-east part they are low, with many marshy places; to the north and north-west they assume a lofty character, but subside again to a very moderate height on the south. Along the borders of the lake, the country is everywhere covered with wood, through whose numerous openings frequent patches of settlements are seen, which give it a pleasing effect, greatly heightened by the white cliffs of Toronto, and the remarkable high-land over Presqu' Isle, called the Devil's Nose, on the north. The view on the south is well relieved, with a back ground produced by the ridge of hills, that, after forming the precipice over which the cataract of Niagara pours, stretches away to the eastward: the object which closes the prospect in this direction is a conical eminence, towering above the chain of heights, called Fifty-mile Hill, as denoting its distance from the town of Niagara. A great variety of fish is found in abundance in the lake; sturgeon, trout, salmon, dace, carp, pike, &c. The height of the water in the river and lakes varies according to the season, being sensibly though not immediately affected, by the quantity of rain and snow, falling on the regions whence the tributary streams flow into the lakes. In ordinary years, the water continues to rise in Lake Ontario until about the 20th of June.

Kingston is the British naval depot on lake Ontario, and is a very pretty and flourishing town. Next to Quebec and Halifax, it is the strongest fortified post in British America; in commercial business, it is the third town in the Canadas, being inferior only to Montreal and Quebec. It is situated in latitude $44^{\circ} 12'$ north, and longitude $75^{\circ} 41'$ west from London. It occupies the seat of old *Fort Frontenac*, the ruins of which are still to be seen, as are also the remains of a breastwork thrown up by the English under Colonel Bradstreet. The harbour is on the east side, and is formed by a bay, stretching northwardly in front of the town, and meeting the waters of a river, on which, a few miles above, the Kingston mills are erected. The western shore of the bay is bold, and suitable for wharves, of which there are

already as many as ten or twelve, where vessels of any burden may lie in safety, and load and unload with convenience and ease. Eastward of the bay, the land projects southwardly a considerable distance to a point called *Point Frederick*, or *Navy Point*, beyond which is *Haldemand Cove*, a deep basin of water, sheltered by this point on the west, and *Point Henry* on the east, and guarded against south winds by *Wolfe Island* in front. In this cove the king's shipping lies, and on its western margin are the royal dock-yard, wharf, stores, &c.; the entrance into the cove is safe. The town harbour has shoals, but vessels entering or departing may steer either to the right or left, and avoid them. The principal fortress is at *Point Henry*, which commands both the town and harbour. *Snake Island*, situated near the outlet into the open lake, is fortified, and made a telegraphic station, to communicate with a telegraph at Fort Henry.

The first place on the Canada shore, of any note, after leaving Kingston, is *Gananoqui*, eighteen miles below, at the mouth of the river of the same name. It is supplied from a lake also of that name, and another small one further north, and discharges its waters into the St. Lawrence, in Leeds, the second township below Kingston. At its mouth there is an excellent harbour, the channel being from twelve to fifteen feet deep, and the current very slow. Above the rapids, it is navigable by boats. Its waters accommodate some valuable mills, and a furnace for the manufacture of iron. At an early period of the war between the United States and Great Britain, Gananoqui was visited by a party of volunteers from the southern shore, under the orders of Captain Forsyth, who routed the guard, took a number of prisoners and arms, and burnt the barracks and public stores.

The whole bed of the St. Lawrence, for fifty miles, is now studded with islands, which are covered with the most luxuriant foliage, wherever their rocky surface affords any place for trees to fix themselves. These, from being exceedingly numerous, have been called "the Thousand Islands;" but their exact number was not known, until the commissioners for determining the boundary between the United States and Canada, ascertained that there were sixteen hundred and ninety-two, reckoning as an island every rock on which there was a tree. The scenery of the river is here exceedingly impressive. A savage wildness prevails along its shores, ex-

cept here and there a speck of cultivation, where the settler's hut is seen, or a little village breaks upon the view. Sometimes you meet a solitary Indian, gracefully standing in the bow, and winding his canoe around the islands, or engaged in fishing. The black cedars, which line the shores or crown the rocky islands, thickly scattered over the immense surface of the river, add by their savage monotony to the rudeness of the scene. The islands appear so close together, that frequently, till you approach quite near, no opening can be perceived; when suddenly you pass close between, or skirt round by a short tack, into an open expanse. The basis of these islands is granite. A chain of primitive mountains leaves the elevated country south-west of Lake George, and proceeding to the north-west through the state of New-York, crosses the St. Lawrence between Kingston and Brockville. The passage of the St. Lawrence over this chain, forms the Thousand Islands. Every part of this stream presents phenomena to demonstrate that this ridge was once unbroken, and that in it, at some point, existed a cataract, above which the waters of Lake Ontario were elevated much higher than their present level. The disruption or gradual wear of this mass of rocks released the imprisoned flood, inundated the country below, and then perhaps was formed the cataract of Niagara.

Twenty-five miles below Kingston is *Alexandria*, a village on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of *Otter Creek*. There is a direct road from this place to Utica, through Martinsburgh, Trenton, &c.; and the distance to Montreal by this route is forty-five miles nearer than by that of Sackett's Harbour.

Twenty-three miles below Alexandria is the village of *Morristown*, and opposite to it, on the Canada shore, that of Brockville, where the Thousand Islands terminate. The former is situated on the north side of Mill creek, a small stream, with a large mouth, that here enters the St. Lawrence, making a small harbour for canoes. It is the place where General Wilkinson embarked his army, in the autumn of 1813. On the opposite side of the river, which is here about one mile and a quarter wide, but a little above it, is Brockville.

The scenery, which, during the whole passage down the St. Lawrence, is remarkably fine, is here worthy of particular notice. The land rises by a gentle and almost imperceptible

acclivity from the water, and presents a landscape of surpassing beauty. The noble river, rolling in its bed the collected waters of mighty lakes, the tributaries of a thousand streams; now roaring amid rocks and rocky islands, which rise from his bosom crowned with tufted forests, or presenting nothing but dark and craggy rocks to the passing wave; now gliding along with silent majesty, and bearing promiscuously the slender bark of the Indian, and the steam-boat, the masterpiece of civilized art; while its shores form a country that ere long shall teem with all the luxuriance of agriculture, and where we now see peeping from among primeval forests many a cheerful settlement, and towns destined to be the seats of extensive trade. Those who have never beheld the St. Lawrence can form but a faint idea of this Missouri of the North: it presents a feature in the country, at once beautiful and grand. We may here apply the lines which were written by a poet, while sailing on its waters:—

See! in his bark, the painted Indian glide,
Down the white rapids of the lordly tide,
Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banished from the garden of their God.

But see! the tinges of the west decline,
And night sinks dewy on these banks of pine:
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note,
Dies, like a half-breathed whispering of flutes—
See! on the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
Amid the rippling current's silvery light,
Where wave and rapids sparkle through the night;
Here, as along the shadowy bank we stray,
And the smooth glass-snake, gliding o'er our way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
Hears, in the murmurs of the nightly breeze,
The song of spirits, warbled through the trees.

The town of *Brockville* is a new settlement, pleasantly situated, with a custom-house and some well built houses. Between it and Prescott, thirteen miles below, commences a secondary region, consisting in a great part of schistose sand-

stone, upon which often rests an alluvial deposit. Immediately below Brockville, the Canadian shore is formed by a high and perpendicular ledge of the latter formation. Below this place, the river is without islands for fifteen or sixteen miles, and extends to the width of a mile and a half, with shores rising by a gentle acclivity from the water, and, where cultivated, inexpressibly beautiful. The soil is exuberantly rich, and covered with a growth of timber, indicative of extraordinary fertility, such as white birch, red maple, sugar tree, elm, linden, hemlock, and white pine.

Prescot is a settlement begun before the late war, at a point well situated for a commercial establishment, and although yet in its infancy, considerable arrangements have been formed for establishing and supporting it, as a stand for forwarding the business of the Canadian side of the lake and river. In the progress of the war, Prescott was fortified. The fortification has received the name of *Fort Wellington*. It has a garrison of regular troops, and is an important military post, commanding the river and the opposite town of Ogdensburg.

Ogdensburg, on the American shore, is a much more populous and flourishing place. It is the capital of St. Lawrence county, and situated on a beautiful plain, immediately north of the mouth of the *Oswegatchie River*. It is regularly laid out, and contains about one hundred houses and stores, the county buildings, and is a pleasant place, of considerable business. There are several vessels owned here, employed in the trade of Lake Ontario; for Ogdensburg has a good harbour, and claims to be at the foot of the lake navigation, as there is but very little current to this spot, and a sufficient depth of water for the usual lake craft. One of its store-houses is of stone, three stories, one hundred and twenty by sixty feet. It is a port of entry and delivery, has a collector of the customs, and a printing-office.

During the late war, soon after the commencement of hostilities, it was slightly fortified, and became a station for a small military force. In the autumn of the first year of the war, Colonel Lethbridge, who commanded at Prescott, attempted to take it. His troops, in about twenty boats, supported by two gun-boats, moved up the river three quarters of a mile, then tacked and stood over towards Ogdensburg.

As soon as they changed their course, the batteries at Prescott commenced firing across, to cover their landing. When they reached the middle of the river, General Brown, who had hitherto reserved his fire, opened his battery upon them with very considerable effect. Two or three of the boats were shattered, and they all returned to Prescott. This was the first step of that military career in which success so uniformly attended General Brown through the war.

In the following winter, Lieutenant-Colonel M'Donnell, having then the command at Prescott, planned and executed another attack. For several days he had exercised his troops on the ice, near the shore, and again paraded them there, apparently for the same purpose, but prepared for an assault. His progress towards Ogdensburg was not noticed there, until he was marching on a quick step and pushing for the shore. Captain Forsyth then rallied his men, formed them in haste, and attempted a defence; but being unprepared and inferior in strength, he was driven from his position and forced to retreat. Colonel M'Donnell took possession of the village, and brought over to Prescott the cannon and stores found in it. Ogdensburg was not again occupied as a military station during the war.

The steam-boats do not proceed any further down the St. Lawrence, as the navigation is interrupted at intervals by the rapids, and the voyage must be made in batteaux or flat-bottomed boats.

The rapids commence about six miles below Ogdensburg, with what are called the *Gallop Rapids*. The bottom of the channel of the St. Lawrence makes in many places a considerable slope, down which the whole body of water rushes with surprising velocity. There is generally only a very small part of the channel where boats can pass; and they must be piloted with much skill and coolness, especially as in the worst part, called "the Lost Channel," if the true course were once missed, they would be dashed to pieces in an instant. The water, which is very much agitated in every part of the rapids, assumes in the Lost Channel the appearance of the most terrible surf. The rapids are of different lengths. The longest, called the Long Sault, continues for nine miles. It is curious to see with what velocity the trees on the banks appear to run past you, as you descend the rapids; indeed

the whole voyage affords a great deal of amusement, though when going down some of the most difficult passes, astonishment and fear usurp the place of all other feelings.

Sixteen miles below Ogdensburg, on the southern shore, is the village of *Waddington*, containing nearly one hundred houses, an academy, a number of mills, and some elegant seats belonging to the proprietors of the town.

The mills are owned by these proprietors, and stand on a branch of the St. Lawrence, separated from the main stream by *Ogden Island*. The dam extends to the island, and cost more than three thousand dollars. A bridge is also thrown across this channel, here about two hundred yards broad. Immediately opposite this village, is the rapid called *Le Petit Sault*, which materially injures the navigation of the St. Lawrence.

The rapid called the *Long Sault*, is a little farther down the river, with the Long Sault islands. The noise, the continual motion, and magnitude of its contending waves, render the Long Sault at once the object of terror and delight. They burst upon each other, and tossing aloft their broken spray, cover the stream with a white and troubled surface, as far as the eye can extend. From a point of land, on the north shore, formed by the sinuosities of the stream, much grandeur is displayed. The bank is here about fifty feet high, and commands a view of the principal branch of the river, for a distance of two or three miles; in which the effulgence of the impetuous current is beautifully contrasted with the bordering shades of the woods. Towards the south shore, which is separated by islands from the branch now described, the stream is much less broken, and its depth precludes the use of poles. The length of the Long Sault is estimated at nine miles; and a boat usually descends it in about twenty minutes, which is at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour.

Seven miles below Waddington, on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, is *Williamsburg*, beautifully situated, but consisting of little more than a few poor wooden buildings. Some celebrity however is attached to it, from the battle of Chrystler's farm, which was fought in the neighbourhood on the 11th November, 1813. The American army, under General Wilkinson, were proceeding down the St. Lawrence to attack Montreal: the commander in chief, with the greater proportion of the troops, were in the boats, but a consider-

able force, the advance of which was under the command of General Brown, and the rear guard under that of General Boyd, marched along the Canada shore. Colonel Morrison, with a body of British troops, pursued and harassed the Americans on their march, in consequence of which General Boyd formed his forces, and moved against the enemy; he commenced the action by a charge upon a party of them, posted in a wood, who, after a short skirmish, were driven back on the main body. This was advantageously drawn up, behind the deep ravines which intersected the plain. General Covington advanced, upon the right of the enemy, with his brigade, while Colonel Ripley assailed his left flank, with the twenty-first regiment, after having driven back, with the bayonet, a superior number opposed to him. The contest now became general throughout the line; but the unfortunate fall of General Covington, who was killed while gallantly leading his brigade to the charge, and the want of ammunition, forced the American army to retire. After a contest of two hours, with alternate success on either side, the whole of the Americans engaged retired and re-occupied the ground from which the enemy had been originally driven, while the latter drew off to his camp. Soon afterwards, the American infantry were embarked on board the flotilla, while the dragoons and light artillery proceeded by land to the foot of the rapid. The British, with as little justice as in several other events of the war, claimed this victory; though from their own statements, they gained nothing by the event. The object of the American general was to effect his passage down the St. Lawrence, that of the British to retard or defeat it; in neither did he succeed: the passage was prosecuted by the Americans, and so far from their further descent being retarded or prevented, neither the column on shore, nor the troops in the boats, were again assailed.

In twenty miles farther we pass the mouth of *Grass River*, opposite to which, in Canada, is *Cornwall*, a flourishing town, watered by a rivulet running through it, and situated on a commodious bay of the river below the Long Sault. It is the seat of the courts for the eastern district, has a very respectable literary institution, a church and rectory, and considerable trade.

Five miles below is *St. Regis*, the point where the northern boundary line of the United States strikes the St. Law-

rence; beyond this point, therefore, both sides of the river belong to Canada. Passing this, we soon enter a wide expansion of the river, known by the name of *Lake St. Francis*, descend the Rapids called the Cedars and Cascades, and reach the entrance of Lake St. Louis, forty-seven miles from St. Regis.

The rapids of the *Cedars* are formed by a cluster of islands, in the midst of the river; for almost one and a half miles above, it has assumed a sudden declivity and winding course. An awful and solemn effect is produced by the incessant sound, and rapid motion of the ever-swelling waves, which, covered with effulgent whiteness, drive along with irresistible fury. In descending, the batteaux are steered near the western shore, to avoid the tremendous and broken swell, which in some places is interspersed with rocks. Although this course is not unaccompanied by danger, the Canadians are in general so experienced and skilful, that an accident almost never occurs.

About three miles below are the *Cascades*; they are about two miles in length, and flow among three different islands. The rapidity and force of the stream, arising from the great declivity of its bed, and the number of rocks and cavities which it contains, causes it to break into masses of white foam, moving in a direction the reverse of that of waves produced in a troubled ocean, by the agency of storms. They curl their resplendent tops towards the quarter from whence they are impelled. The mind of a stranger is filled with admiration, on beholding, in the calmest and finest weather, all the noise, effect and agitation, which the most violent conflict between the winds and waters is capable of exhibiting.

The boundary line between Upper and Lower Canada strikes the St. Lawrence about the middle of Lake St. Francis, near *Point-au-Bodet*. From this place it is formed by an imaginary line, taking a northerly course till it reaches the great river Ottawa, which then becomes the division as far as its source.

Immediately at the foot of the Cascades, the last series of the rapids, opens *Lake St. Louis*, which is formed by an expansion of the St. Lawrence at the mouth of the Ottawa river. This large stream rises in the country of the Timmiskamaings, on the same high land on which the Abbitibbee and other waters that flow into Hudson's bay have their source; it is

the great channel by which the skins from the north-west are conveyed, and though the navigation is in many places interrupted by rapids, the hunters contrive to transport their canoes around them. Just above its junction with the St. Lawrence, it spreads into what is termed the *Lake of the Two Mountains*; at the lower part of this lake, or rather between it and the Lake of St. Louis, spread three islands, Jesus, Perrot and Montreal.

At *La Chine*, a little village on the island of Montreal, the passage by water ends, and the traveller is conveyed in a calèche or stage to the city. This village is the place whence all the merchandise and stores for Upper Canada are embarked in batteaux, to proceed up the St. Lawrence. During the summer season, they are constantly passing between this place and Kingston in Upper Canada. The settlement of *La Chine* received its name from a plan which had been projected, of penetrating through the continent of North America to China, the persons engaged in the enterprise having embarked at this spot.

From *La Chine* also the canoes employed by the North-West Company in the fur trade, take their departure. Of all the numerous contrivances for transporting heavy burdens by water, these vessels are perhaps the most extraordinary; scarcely any thing can be conceived, so inadequate, from the slightness of their construction, to the purpose to which they are applied, and to contend against the impetuous torrent of the many rapids that must be passed in the course of the voyage. They seldom exceed thirty feet in length, and six in breadth, diminishing to a sharp point at each end, without distinction of head or stern: the frame is composed of small pieces of some very light wood; it is then covered with the bark of the birch tree, cut into convenient slips, that are rarely more than the eighth of an inch in thickness; these are sewed together with threads made from the twisted fibres of the roots of a particular tree, and strengthened when necessary by narrow strips of the same materials applied on the inside; the joints in this fragile planking are made watertight by being covered with a species of gum, that adheres very firmly, and becomes perfectly hard. No iron work of any description, not even nails, enter into the construction of these slender vessels, which, when complete, weigh only about five hundred weight each. On being prepared for the

voyage, they receive their lading, which, for the convenience of carrying across the portages, is made up in packages of about three quarters of a hundred weight each, and amounts altogether to five tons, or a little more, including provisions and other necessaries for the men, of whom eight or ten are employed to each canoe.

They proceed up the Grand or Ottawa river, as far as the south-west branch, by which, and a chain of small lakes, they reach Lake *Nipissing*; through it, and down the *French River* into Lake *Huron*; along its northern coast, up the narrows of St. Mary, into Lake Superior, and then by its northern side to the Grand Portage—a distance of about eleven hundred miles from the place of departure. The difficulties encountered in this voyage are not easily conceived; the great number of rapids in the rivers, the different portages from lake to lake, which vary from a few yards to three or four miles in length, where the canoes must be unladen, and with their contents carried to the next water, occasion a succession of exertions and fatigues, of which but little idea can be formed, by judging it from the ordinary occupations of other labouring classes.

The men employed in this arduous service are called voyageurs; they are robust, hardy and resolute, capable of enduring great extremes of fatigue and privation for a long time, with a patience almost inexhaustible. In the large lakes, they are frequently daring enough to cross the deep bays, often a distance of several leagues, in their canoes, to avoid lengthening the route by coasting them. Yet, notwithstanding all the risks and hardships attending their employment, they prefer it to every other, and are very seldom induced to relinquish it in favour of a more settled occupation. The few dollars they receive as the compensation for so many privations and dangers, are generally dissipated with a most careless indifference to their future wants; and when at an end, they contentedly renew the same series of toils to obtain a fresh supply.

The ride from La Chine to Montreal is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined; the country on either hand presents all the embellishment of a numerous population, fertile soil, and good cultivation. About five miles from the city, the road passes along a ridge for more than three miles, commanding a beautiful view over the fields and meadows

beneath, with the St. Lawrence, studded with islands, wandering among them. "It is a pleasant relief to the eye, tired with the contemplation of dreary forests and wide watery wastes, when the fair seigniory of Montreal suddenly opens before you. Rich and undulating lands, sprinkled with villas, and bounded on one hand by wooded heights, and on the other by the gray city, its tin roofs and spires blazing in the setting sun; the vast river, chafed by hidden rocks into sounding and foaming rapids, and anon spreading his waters into a broad sheet of molten gold, speckled with islands, batteaux, and shipping; the distant shore, with its dark line of forest, and far off, two solitary mountains, raising their blue heads in the vermil glories of the horizon, like sapphires chased in rubies. Along the road, French faces, with all the harshness of feature and good humour of expression peculiar to the national physiognomy, look and gossip from door and window, orchard and meadow; a passing salutation easily winning a smile and courteous obeisance."*

The island of Montreal forms the seigniory of the same name, and also the county of Montreal. The greatest part of it was granted, in 1640, to Messrs. Cherrier and Le Royer; but whether disposed of by them, or forfeited to the crown, does not appear from any official record that has been preserved: it is at present wholly the property of the seminary of St. Sulpice at Montreal.

The island is divided into the following nine parishes:—St. Ann, St. Genevieve, Point Claire, La Chine, Sault au Recollet, St. Laurent, Riviere des Prairies, Point au Tremble, and Longue Point. The soil of the whole, if a few insignificant tracts be overlooked, is scarcely excelled in any country, and is highly productive in grain of every species, vegetables and fruits of various kinds; consequently there is hardly any part of it that is not in the most flourishing state of cultivation, and it may justly claim the pre-eminence over any part of Lower Canada.

The city of *Montreal*, in latitude $45^{\circ} 33'$ north, longitude $73^{\circ} 37'$ west from London, is placed on the south side of the island, whose banks are here from ten to fifteen feet high from the level of the water. It is built in the form of a parallelogram, extending from north to south. A deep and

* Views of Society in America, p. 275.

rapid current flows between the shore and the island of St. Helen; a strong north-east wind is therefore necessary to carry vessels up to the town; and when that is wanting, they remain at anchor at the lower end of the stream. This inconvenience might have been obviated, had the city been built about a mile below its present site, at a place called the *Cross*.

The population of Montreal is about twenty-five thousand. It is divided into the Upper and Lower Towns; one, however, is but little elevated above the other. The streets are for the most part laid out in a regular manner, generally rather narrow, but the new ones are of convenient width. The houses are mostly built of grayish stone, and the roofs are covered with sheet iron or tin; many of them are large, handsome, and in a modern style, seldom however exceeding two stories in height.

In the lower town is the *Hotel Dieu*, founded by Madame de Bouillon, in 1644. It has a superior and thirty nuns, whose principal occupation consists in administering relief to the sick, who are received into that hospital. A large room in the upper part of the building, is appropriated as a ward for female, and one immediately under it for male patients. As the institution was intended for public benefit, the medicines were, during the French government, supplied at the expense of the crown. The fund by which it was supported, being vested in Paris, was lost in consequence of the revolution. Its present slender resources are chiefly derived from some property in land.

The *General Hospital* stands on the banks of the river, and is separated from the town by a small rivulet. It owes its establishment, which was in 1753, to a widow lady named Youville. It contains a superior, and nineteen nuns.

The upper town contains the cathedral, the English church, the convent of Recollets, that of the sisters of Notre Dame, the seminary, the government-house, and the courts of law.

The *Cathedral* church is a very spacious building, containing five altars, all of which are very richly decorated. Almost all the christenings, marriages and burials of the Roman Catholic inhabitants, are performed in this church, on which occasions, as well as before and during the masses, they ring the bells, which are five in number, to the annoyance of those who are not fond of discordant sounds. The funerals

are conducted with great ceremony, the corpse being always attended to the church by a number of priests chanting prayers, and by little boys in white robes and black caps, carrying wax-lights.

The *Barracks* are agreeably situated near the river, at the lower end of the town; they are surrounded by a lofty wall, and calculated to contain about three hundred men. The walls around the town are generally mouldering, and some of them are in ruins, although the gates are quite perfect. The walls were erected as a defence against the Indians; and they have been found useful, even so late as the year 1736. They also served a good purpose, on occasion of the large fairs held in Montreal, to which the Indians from all parts resorted with their furs; because the inhabitants were thus enabled to shut them out at night, when danger might have attended their remaining, in a state of intoxication, to which they are much addicted. Notwithstanding this defence, however, Montreal has been always an easy conquest to regular troops. The greater number of the inhabitants consists of persons of French extraction, though the eminent merchants and the principal people of the town, are generally English, Scotch, Irish, or their descendants, all of whom indiscriminately pass for English with the French inhabitants. The French retain, in a great measure, the manners and customs, as well as the language of their ancestors, and present a strange contrast to the inhabitants of the United States, and even of Upper Canada. Indeed, the degree to which they have preserved the language and manners of France is truly surprising on this continent, where every thing so rapidly changes and improves.

From Montreal to Quebec, down the St. Lawrence, the distance is one hundred and eighty miles. The navigation assumes a bolder character than it had above; it is conducted in decked vessels of all sizes; and the impediments in ascending or descending are such as may be overcome with much ease, if it be judged expedient that their cargoes should be so conveyed, in preference to transporting them in small craft. On either side of the river, the prospect is worthy of admiration. The different seigniories, all in the highest state of improvement that the agriculture of the country will admit, denote both affluence and industry. The views are always pleasing, and often beautiful, although the component

parts of them do not possess that degree of grandeur which is perceivable below Quebec. Numerous villages, built around a handsome stone church, constantly invite the traveller's attention; while single houses and farms, at short distances, appear to keep up a regular chain of communication. In fact, whoever passes from one city to the other, whether by water or by land, cannot fail to be highly gratified, and to meet with many objects worthy both of observation and reflection.

If the traveller should not be inclined to pursue his journey farther along the St. Lawrence, he may here return southward by a regular line of conveyance to Plattsburg, which is distant but sixty-six miles.

Continuing his course toward Quebec, the first place which he passes is *Port au Tremble*, ten miles below Montreal; a neat village, containing about fifty houses, a church, chapel, and parsonage-house. The main road to Quebec passes through this place, which always brings to it a constant succession of travellers, for whose reception there are some inns, where accommodation, in all the principal requisites, is to be obtained.

Ten miles farther bring us to the town of *St. Sulpice*, on the northern shore; and in twenty-five more, we reach *William-Henry*, or *Sorel*, built at the mouth of the *River Richlieu*. This is the point of communication between Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence, and is of course a station very important to the countries on these great waters. The fort was intended as a defence against the incursions of the Indians, and received its name of *Sorel* from a captain of engineers who superintended its construction. The present town was begun in 1785, by some loyalists and disbanded soldiers; and it continues to be the residence of many old military pensioners. Although the plan of the town occupies about one hundred and twenty acres, the number of houses does not much exceed one hundred and fifty, exclusive of stores, barracks, and government buildings. The form is regular, and the streets intersect each other at right angles, leaving a central square, of more than five hundred feet on a side. The town is built entirely of wood, and the aspect of many of the buildings is more like that of an Anglo-American town than any yet seen in Lower Canada. The population is about fifteen hundred. The churches are of stone.

The *River Sorel*, or *Richlieu*, is two hundred and fifty yards broad, opposite to the town; but it presents the singular example of a river much narrower at its embouchure than at its origin. It is more than four times as wide at St. John's as at Sorel, and continues to widen all the way up the stream to Lake Champlain. From St. John's, there is also a ship navigation into the lake; but from the town of Sorel, vessels of one hundred and fifty tons ascend only twelve or fourteen miles.

Just below Sorel, the St. Lawrence spreads into *Lake St. Peter*, another basin, and the last in its progress towards the sea. Like most of the others, this has a group of islands, covering about nine miles of the western part; between them, two distinct channels are formed: the one to the south being the deepest and clearest, is consequently the best for ships. The banks on each side are very low, with shoals stretching from them to a considerable distance, so that only a narrow passage, whose general depth is from twelve to eighteen feet, is left unobstructed.

The town of *Three Rivers*, the capital of the district of the same name, is a large place, being the third in point of size in the province. It is eighty miles below Montreal; at the head of the tide of the St. Lawrence, and at the entrance of St. Maurice river into it. It contains about three hundred and twenty houses, and two thousand five hundred inhabitants: it extends about one thousand three hundred yards along the river, and was founded in 1618.

There is but little variation in the general aspect of the river, until we reach the *Richlieu Rapids*, about fifty-two miles below. The bed of the stream is here so much contracted or obstructed by huge masses of rock, as to leave but a very narrow channel, wherein at ebb tide there is so great a descent, that much caution, and a proper time of the ebb, are necessary to pass through it. At the end of the rapids, there is good anchorage, where vessels can wait for a convenient opportunity to pass them. From Montreal thus far, the banks are of a very moderate elevation, and uniformly level; but here they become much higher, and gradually increase in their approach to Quebec, until they attain the height of Cape Diamond, upon which the city is built.

Quebec, the capital of Upper Canada, and one of the oldest cities on the western continent, contains a population of about

twenty thousand. It is built on a promontory formed by the entrance of the river St. Charles into the St. Lawrence, which is the termination of a ridge of land, generally from one to two miles wide, that runs from west to east. On the north side, it has the bold promontory of Cape Diamond, rising almost perpendicularly three hundred and forty-five feet above the water; and across it, at the north-east or lower end, the city is built. The fortifications, extending across the peninsula, shut in the ground on which the city stands, the circuit of which is about two and a half miles. It is divided into two parts, the upper and lower. The upper town is situated on the side of Cape Diamond, which slopes to the north, towards the river St. Charles. It is separated from the lower town by a line of steep rocks, which run from the cape towards the west. The lower town is situated immediately under Cape Diamond, on ground that may be termed artificial, as formerly at flood tide the water of the river used to wash the very foot of the rock. The streets run from the upper side of Cape Diamond, down to the St. Charles, a distance of about half a mile: they are of considerable breadth, and the houses large and commodious; those next the river have attached to them very extensive warehouses, and vessels come close to the wharves to discharge their cargoes. The communication between the upper and lower towns is by a winding street, at the top of which is a fortified gate.

The upper town is the seat of the government, and the principal residence of the military. The peculiar situation occasions great irregularity and unevenness in the streets. Many of them are narrow, but most of them are well paved: the breadth of the principal ones is thirty-two feet, others only from twenty-four to twenty-seven feet. The houses are generally built of stone, of very unequal height, with sloping roofs; but great improvement has of late years taken place in the mode of building, and many of the houses are modern in their appearance, and very handsome. There are a number of public edifices in Quebec, though none of them of remarkable elegance. The *Castle*, or *Chateau de St. Louis*, is the residence of the governor. It is a plain building, of common stone, situated in an open space, the houses around which form three sides of an oblong square. It consists of two parts, the old and the new, which are separated from each other by a spacious court. The former stands just on the verge of an

inaccessible part of the rock: behind it, on the outside, there is a long gallery, from which if a pebble were dropped, it would fall perpendicularly for a great distance. This old part is chiefly taken up with the public offices, and all the apartments in it are small and ill contrived; but in the new part, which stands in front of the other, facing the square, they are spacious and tolerably well finished, though none of them can be called elegant. This part is inhabited by the governor's family. The Chateau is built without any regularity of design, neither the old nor the new part having an uniform front. It is not a place of strength, as commonly represented. In the garden adjoining to it, is merely a parapet wall, along the edge of the rock, with embrasures, in which a few small guns are planted, commanding a part of the lower town. Every evening during summer, when the weather is fine, one of the regiments of the garrison parades in the open place before the Chateau, and the band plays for an hour or two, at which time the place becomes the resort of numbers of the most genteel people, and has a very gay appearance.

The interior of the castle is shown to visitors with great readiness; but there is nothing worthy of very particular observation. Some of the rooms are large and handsome, but they are inferior in elegance to those of many private houses. The furniture, with a few exceptions, is far from being splendid: some articles are rich, but many are hardly worthy of the distinguished place they occupy. Among its curiosities is a famous round table, with a circular place cut in the middle. This, it seems, is occupied by the host, when he drinks wine with his friends, who are arranged round him; that there may be no impediment to conviviality, nor even the usual trouble of circulating the bottle, there is an ingenious machine, made of brass, and shaped somewhat like a sextant, which can at pleasure be attached to the table, or be removed. The centre embraces a pivot, on which it moves, and the periphery of the circle sustains the bottle: the machine revolves in the plane of a horizontal circle, in other words, on the circular table; this is effected merely by touching a spring. The contrivance is certainly as important as it is original.

From the gallery of the castle, there is a magnificent view of the river and the surrounding country. The foundation of the castle is two hundred feet above the river; and though

this elevation renders it a cool and refreshing spot in the heats of summer, it must make it bleak and cheerless in winter.

The *Catholic Cathedral* is a long, elevated, and plain building of stone, with the spire on one side of its front. The interior is neat and spacious; and it is capable of containing four thousand persons, being two hundred and sixteen feet long, and one hundred and eight broad. Its appearance is ancient and venerable, and its walls are adorned with pictures and images.

The *Protestant Cathedral* is the handsomest modern building in the city. It is of stone, and its dimensions are one hundred and thirty-six feet long by seventy-five broad. It stands on ground nearly as high as any in the place, and is seen at a great distance.

Near this church is the *Court-House*, a handsome stone building, one hundred and thirty-six feet long and forty-four wide. These two buildings are constructed on the site formerly occupied by the church and garden of the Recollets, or Franciscan friars, which were destroyed by fire about thirty years since. Considered as ornamental to the city of Quebec, it is to be regretted that separate situations have not been allotted to them; and that in a country where public buildings, capable of attracting notice, are rarely to be met with, two edifices of such consequence should have been placed so near to each other.

The *Hotel Dieu*, with its gardens, occupies a large extent of ground. It was founded in 1638, by the Dutchess d'Aiguillon, who sent from the Hospital at Dieppe, three nuns, for the purpose of commencing this charitable and useful institution. It consists of a superior, and twenty-seven sisters, whose principal occupation is to assist, and to administer medicines and food to invalids of both sexes, who may be sent to the hospital, and who are lodged in wards, where great regard is paid to cleanliness. The principal building is three hundred and eighty-three feet long by fifty broad, and the whole institution is conducted with a humanity, benevolence, comfort and good arrangement, which do infinite credit to the city, and to the charitable sisterhood who preside over it.

The *Convent of the Ursulines* is a square, whose side is one hundred and twelve feet; the institution was founded in 1639, by Madame de la Peltrie, a young widow of good family

in France. It is possessed by a superior and thirty-six nuns, who are chiefly engaged in the instruction of young women.

The *Bishop's Palace* stands near the grand battery, in a very commanding situation; it has been for several years occupied for public offices and for a library; an annuity being paid to the Catholic bishop. Its chapel is converted into a hall, in which the provincial parliament holds its sessions.

The monastery, or *College of the Jesuits*, now used for barracks, is three stories high, and forms a parallelogram two hundred and twenty-four feet long by two hundred feet wide. It was originally founded in 1635; the society of Jesuits in Canada at that time formed a numerous body, and their college was considered as the first institution on the continent of North America, for the instruction of young men. The advantages derived from it were not limited to the better classes of Canadians, but were extended to all whose inclination led them to participate in them; and many students came thither from the West Indies. From the period of the expulsion of the Jesuits from the states of Europe, and the consequent abolition of their order on that continent, this establishment, although protected by the British government, began rapidly to decline. The last member of that fraternity died about twenty years since, and the buildings, as well as lands, which form an extensive domain, devolved to the crown. The landed property was designed by the sovereign as a recompense for the services of the late lord Amherst, who commanded the troops in North America, at the time of the conquest of Canada, and who completed the reduction of that province, under the British government. The claim to these estates has however been relinquished by his successor, for a pension. The revenue arising from them, has been appropriated by the Legislature of Lower Canada, to the purpose of establishing in the different parishes, schools for the education of children. The Jesuits' college is now converted into a commodious barrack for the troops.

The *Seminary*, a building of some extent, forming three sides of a square, open towards the north-west, contains a variety of apartments, suited for the accommodation of a certain number of ecclesiastics, and of young students, who are of the Roman Catholic religion. This institution owes its foundation to M. de Petre, who, in 1663, obtained from the king of France letters patent for that purpose. Tythes were

enjoined to be paid by the inhabitants, to the directors of the seminary, for its support; and a thirteenth in addition to what was already the right of the church was levied. This regulation being found too oppressive, was altered to a twenty-sixth part of the produce, to be paid in grain; from which tax, newly cleared lands were exempted for a space of five years. The members of this seminary are composed of a superior, three directors and six or seven masters, who are appointed to instruct young men in the different branches of education professed by each. Since the decline and extinction of the order of Jesuits, the seminary, which was at first exclusively designed for the education of priests, and, excepting the college of Montreal, is the only public establishment of the kind in the province, has been opened to all young men of the Catholic faith, although they may not be destined for the sacerdotal function. The north-east aspect of this building is agreeable in summer, having under it a spacious garden, which extends nearly to the precipice on the east, and overlooks the lower town. It is built of stone, forming three sides of a square, two hundred and nineteen feet long and one hundred and twenty broad.

The *New Jail* is a handsome structure of stone, standing on very elevated ground; it is one hundred and sixty feet long by sixty-eight broad, and three stories high; the cost of it exceeded fifteen thousand pounds.

The *Artillery Barracks* were built by the French in 1750. They extend five hundred and twenty-seven feet by forty, and contain accommodations for the artillery troops of the garrison, work-shops, store-houses, &c. and every variety of small arms for twenty thousand men, which are always kept fit for immediate use, and are fancifully arranged.

Next to the public buildings of Quebec, the most interesting feature is its *Fortifications*. The lower town of course is not included in these; its situation is such as to render its defence impracticable, and there is no military work within it except a small battery. But the upper town presents to a traveller, unused to military works, a scene which he can scarcely conceive; seated on the summit of the rock, its precipice on the south and east would seem to make caution almost useless, but art has superadded her defences, and rendered it impregnable. A complete wall of the heaviest hewn stone, constructed with elegance, as well as strength, com-

pletely encircles the town, and is furnished with strong massy arches and gates, and with deep ditches.

The walls of Quebec vary much, in different parts, in height and thickness. Everywhere, however, they are high enough to render escalade very difficult, and a breach almost hopeless. In the strongest parts, next to the plains of Abraham, they appear to be forty or fifty feet thick, and equally high. Even the lofty precipices of naked rock are surmounted with a stone wall, and with cannon; and the highest points are crowned with towers and distinct batteries. In general, the curtains of the wall are looped for musketry, and projecting bastions present their artillery towards the assailants, in every direction, and of course so as to rake the ditches.

“When we visited the plains of Abraham,” says Mr. Silliman, “we drove out and in by the gate St. Louis, where the wall appeared to be fifty feet thick, and nearly as high; this was the judgment we formed, without inquiry—I need not say, without measurement. A deep ditch succeeds, and then there is an exterior, but lower wall, and another ditch, both of which must be scaled, before the main wall can be approached. A storming party would be dreadfully exposed, while mounting this exterior wall. The avenue to the gate is bounded on both sides by a high wall, and makes several turns in zigzag. At every turn, cannon point directly at the approaches; and generally, down every ditch, and in every possible direction, where the walls can be approached, great guns are ready to cut down the assailants. The highest part of the citadel is Brock’s battery, which is a mould artificially raised, higher than every thing else, and mounted with cannon, pointing towards the plains of Abraham. It was named after General Brock, who fell at Queenston during the late war, about the time that Montreal was threatened by Generals Wilkinson and Hampton. This commands every part of the works on that side, and is intended, I presume, besides the general objects of defence, to operate, in the last resort, on an enemy who may scale all the other walls.

“We were however very forcibly struck with the formidable preparations, which seem on all sides to render an attack upon the place a hopeless enterprise. Within the walls are numerous magazines, furnished with every implement and preparation, and more or less proof against the various missiles of war. Piles of cannon-balls are everywhere to be

seen, and I presume there are some hundreds of heavy cannon mounted on the walls, and in the various defences. About forty acres of ground, within Cape Diamond, are reserved for military works. Beyond the walls, on the plains of Abraham, are the four Martello towers; they are solidly constructed of stone, and appear to be forty feet high, and at the base have probably a diameter not much inferior; as they have cannon on their tops, they of course sweep the whole plain, and effectually command it; the particular object of the construction was to prevent an enemy from occupying the high ground on the plains of Abraham. These towers are very strong on the side most remote from the town, and weaker on the side next to it, that they may be battered from it, should an enemy obtain possession of them.

“On the whole, as long as the river is in possession of those who defend the town, and as long as the latter is sufficiently furnished with men, and other means necessary to render its fortifications efficient, there appears little hope of taking it at all, and certainly not without such an expense of blood, as it is very painful to contemplate. An officer of the garrison informed us, that it took him one hour and a half, merely to visit all the sentinels on duty, upon the various stations on the walls; this appears to evince, that the walls cannot be much less than three miles in circuit; and the same military man gave it as his opinion, that it would require at least ten thousand men for a complete garrison.”

The environs of Quebec include many objects which are worthy of a traveller's notice; and from the summit of the citadel, a circuit of ten miles will embrace places which are interesting from historical associations and natural curiosities. To the north we see at our feet the *River St. Charles*, spreading widely as it enters the St. Lawrence; along its shores are wharves and warehouses, and the lower town is fast encroaching upon it; after winding along for some distance to the westward, it turns to the north, its banks well cultivated, and here and there adorned with villages, till it finds its source in the same highlands from which the larger river of *Jacques Cartier* also flows.

Among these villages, the principal one is *Jeune Lorette*, nine miles north-west of Quebec, commanding, by its elevated position, an extensive view of the river St. Lawrence, of Quebec and the intermediate country, of the southern coast,

and the mountains which separate Canada from the United States. The village, which contains upwards of two hundred inhabitants, consists of about fifty houses, constructed of wood and stone, and has a pretty appearance. The chapel is small but neat; and as the parish extends to a considerable distance around, the Canadians, who form the greatest number of parishioners, have procured a church to be erected for their accommodation, about a quarter of a mile from the village. The Indians attend, with scrupulous observance, to the performance of their devotions. They live together in a state of almost uninterrupted harmony and tranquillity. The missionary has great influence over them; and they have exchanged, in some degree, the manners of savage life, for those of the Canadians, in whose vicinity they reside.

This nation originally lived in the vicinity of Lake Huron, nearly a thousand miles from Quebec. It was once the most formidable and fierce of any tribe that inhabited those quarters, dreaded even by the Iroquois; who however found means to subjugate, and almost extirpate it, by pretending to enter into an alliance. The Hurons too blindly relied on the protestations of the Iroquois, and they seized an opportunity to surprise and slaughter them.

Near this village, the St. Charles rolls over a steep and irregular rock, of the altitude of thirty feet, forming a beautiful and romantic cataract. In passing a mill which is under the fall, the current becomes extremely narrow; and for the space of three miles, is bounded by woody banks, on which there are frequent openings cut through the trees, disclosing the rushing waters. The rapidity of the stream, opposed by rocks, produces quantities of white foam upon its gloomy surface, accompanied with murmuring sounds. The waterfall, with the smaller cascades above it, the mill, the bridge, the village and the distant hills, present an agreeable landscape.

Proceeding a little towards the east, we find the village of *Charlebourg*, one of the oldest settlements in the neighbourhood, and commanding, from its lofty position, a rich and extensive prospect.

Still more directly to the north-east, the northern shore of the St. Lawrence presents itself, adorned with villages as far as the river Montmorenci. The first four miles, to Beauport, are a succession of beautiful meadows, neatly divided into

small enclosures, by stakes driven into the ground, and secured at top by a rail, fastened with withes; the meadows are covered with thriving cattle; they are rich in deep verdure, and would adorn the banks of the Connecticut or the Delaware. Houses are scattered here and there, upon the meadows; and when we begin to ascend the rising ground, we enter the extensive village of *Beauport*.

This village, consisting of sixty or seventy houses, is principally built on one street, and extends quite to the river Montmorenci; it presents a beautiful and brilliant appearance from the bay of Quebec. The farms and gardens of the village are all in a flourishing state, and the orchards, and occasional clumps of trees, combine to render it one of the pleasantest roads in the environs of the city. This village is the residence of many families of respectability. The houses are generally of stone, covered with a cement and white washed, on the roof as well as the walls, which gives them a neat appearance, and makes them look very brilliant, even at a considerable distance; commonly they are of one story, sometimes of two, and inside they appear very comfortable. The windows, as is generally the fact in French houses, are divided, up and down, in the middle, and swing like doors on hinges. There is in this village, a large and showy church, with three steeples; and if a traveller has the curiosity to enter it, he will be sure of finding some solitary individuals at their private devotions, crossing themselves with holy water, and silently moving their lips. It contains a number of pictures, and its ceiling is ornamented with golden roses.

The river *Montmorenci*, which we now reach, is a stream not very large, rising to the north, in the Cote de Beaupré, and receives its name from a former viceroy. It sweeps along in many places over rocky precipices—the banks are clothed with trees, which, together with the effect produced by the foaming currents, and the scattered masses of stone, compose a scene wild and picturesque. After thus exhibiting a grateful variety throughout its course, the river is precipitated in an almost perpendicular direction, over a rock of the height of two hundred and forty-six feet, falling, where it touches it, in white clouds of rolling foam, and underneath, where it is propelled without interruption, in numerous flakes, like wool or cotton, which are gradually protracted

in their descent, until they are received into the boiling, profound abyss below.

This cataract forms the celebrated *Fall of Montmorenci*, perhaps second only to Niagara in magnificence. The effect is indescribably beautiful; the river, like a white ribbon, seems suspended in the air in a sheet of billowy foam; the light spray, like the thin veil around the form of beauty, only reveals with more softness the bright smooth surface of the torrent; and the rainbow, arch within arch, presents for ever on the fleecy clouds, as they float away, its glorious colours. The breadth of the fall is one hundred feet. The basin is bounded by steep cliffs, composed of grey lime slate, lying in inclined strata, which on the east and west sides are subdivided into innumerable thin layers, forming, with the horizon, an angle of forty-five degrees, and containing between them fibrous gypsum and pierre à la calumet. Mouldering as they do incessantly, by exposure to the air, and to the action of the weather, no surface for vegetation remains upon these substances.

Still farther to the north-east, beyond Montmorenci, are the venerable ruins of *Chateau Richer*, seated on a rocky cliff rising from the St. Lawrence. It was a Franciscan monastery, when the army under General Wolfe encamped on the eastern bank of the Montmorenci. As the monks used their influence among the inhabitants in their vicinity, to impede a supply of provisions for the English army, it was deemed necessary to send thither a detachment to make them prisoners. They had so fortified themselves within their mansion, that field pieces were required to compel them to surrender. The house was destroyed by fire: and nothing now remains, except a part of the walls, and the ruins of an adjoining tower. By an inscription above the door, it appears to have been built upwards of a century ago. The parish church is placed on a bank immediately behind the Chateau, and has two spires. The scene which these objects present, when combined together, is one of great beauty; we see at once the ruins of the monastery, the church, banks clothed with foliage, and the lower grounds studded with white cottages, over which Cape Tourment, and the chain of mountains whose termination it forms, tower with exalted majesty.

Pursuing our panoramic view, as we turn more to the south, the St. Lawrence, with its basin, appears directly at the foot

of Cape Diamond, and as we look down it, the beautiful isle of Orleans spreads in its centre. Rising from the river, in some parts with steep and woody banks, in others with more gentle ascent, it presents to the eye an agreeable object. Its nearest point is six miles north-east of Quebec. The fall of Montmorenci discloses itself from this island, amidst a rich and enchanting combination of features. The central part is clothed with trees; and the ground slopes from it on either side, while few eminences occur to interrupt the view. At the lower extremity of the island, there are situations no less bold than picturesque. The northern shore is interspersed with immense masses of detached limestone rock, and the south side is clothed with trees to the borders of the great river; from either are seen *Cape Tourment*, and the isles and mountains named *les Eboulements*, which pierce the clouds with their pointed summits. The soil of the island is in general fertile, affording more produce than is necessary for the consumption of its inhabitants.

Coursing round to the south, and crossing the St. Lawrence, the first object that attracts our notice is the bold promontory of *Point Levi*, rising from the river directly opposite to Beauport, and about a mile due east from Cape Diamond. It is very lofty, but not quite so high as the fortress, and was the spot on which General Wolfe had directed batteries to be placed during the siege.

Proceeding up the south shore of the river, opposite to the city, we pass the small stream of *Echemin*, at whose mouth are several mills; and about eight miles above, reach the *Chaudiere*, a large river flowing from the south. On it, four miles above its entrance into the St. Lawrence, are the *Falls*, which are well worth a visit: their breadth at the summit is about one hundred and twenty yards, and in the spring of the year the waters flow abundantly, swoln by the increase which they receive from the dissolving snows of the country through which they run, and from tributary streams, which at this season are likewise augmented by the same causes. The waters descend from a height of one hundred and twenty feet; and being separated by rocks, form three distinct cataracts, the largest of which is on the western side, and they unite in the basin beneath, their broken and agitated waves. The wild diversity displayed on the banks of the stream, and the foliage of the overhanging

woods, the brilliancy of colours richly contrasted, the rapidity of motion, the effulgent brightness of the cataracts, the deep and solemn sound which they emit, and the various cascades further down the river, unite in rendering this such a pleasing exhibition of natural objects as few scenes can surpass.

Crossing the St. Lawrence, we find, nearly opposite, on its northern shore, the promontory of *Cape Rouge*, eight miles above Cape Diamond. It is a very lofty bank, suddenly declining to a valley, through which a small river, the outlet of a lake situated among the mountains on the north, runs into the St. Lawrence. A slate-stone, of a reddish colour, easily mouldering into thin strata, is found at the surface, on the summit of the bank.

Proceeding down the river towards Quebec, we reach *Sillery*, three miles above it, where are the ruins of a religious institution, established in 1637 for the conversion and instruction of natives of the country. In the vicinity, the Algonquins once had a village. Several of their tumuli or burying places are still discoverable in the woods; and hieroglyphics, cut on the trees, remain in some situations yet uneffaced.

A mile below Sillery is *Wolfe's Cove*, the spot where that celebrated general disembarked his army, previous to the battle on the plains above. The bank of the river is here extremely abrupt and precipitous, rising to the elevation of two hundred feet; and on its summit is a fine level surface, forming the *Heights of Abraham*, rising nearly to the same height as Cape Diamond, and forming the only point from which the fortress could be attacked with any prospect of success.

Before leaving Quebec, we may gratify the traveller by a few historical reminiscences. Nearly a century had elapsed from the period at which Jacques Cartier explored the St. Lawrence, before any other intercourse with Canada was carried on, than that of the hunters and traders who visited it to obtain furs. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, Samuel de Champlain, geographer to the king of France, a man of enterprise and talent, actuated by liberal sentiments, and by patriotic more than by interested views, after having surveyed the borders of the river for the choice of a situation presenting the greatest conveniences for a settlement, gave the preference to an elevated promon-

tory, between the St. Lawrence and the small river St. Charles. It is asserted, that some of his attendants having pronounced, at the first view of this point of land, the words "Quel bec," Champlain bestowed that name on his projected town. By others it has been said, that the place derived its name from "Quebeio," an Indian word, signifying, in the language of the Algonquins, 'narrow,' there being just at Quebec a contraction in the river.

It was on the 3d of July, 1608, that Champlain founded his town on the site of an Indian village called Stadaconé; and it remained undisturbed as a French colony until 1629, when it was taken by the English, by whom however it was restored three years after. In 1663, it was made a royal government, and became a regular and important colony. In 1690, Sir William Phipps, with a great armament from Boston, attacked, cannonaded, and landed an army before it, but was repulsed with great loss and disgrace. In 1712, the same attempt was again made by an English fleet under Sir Hovenden Walker, who was wrecked in the St. Lawrence, losing seven of his largest ships and three thousand men; while General Nicholson, who was approaching with an army by the way of Montreal, was obliged to retreat.

In 1759, it was again attacked by the English; and in this attempt they were more successful. It was taken, but at a dear cost—the life of the gallant Wolfe. The British government, having carried on the war with France, on the American continent, for a long time without any decisive success, determined at length to adopt a plan more extended and vigorous. It was concerted to attack the French at their different strongholds at once; that General Wolfe, who had so eminently distinguished himself at the siege of Louisbourg, should proceed up the river St. Lawrence, with a body of eight thousand men, and a stout fleet from England, and besiege the city of Quebec; that General Amherst, commander in chief of the British forces in North America, should, with an army of twelve thousand men, reduce Ticonderoga and Crown Point, cross Lake Champlain, and, proceeding by the way of Richlieu river to the banks of the St. Lawrence, join General Wolfe in his attempt upon the capital of Canada; and that Brigadier-General Prideaux, with a third army, reinforced by a body of provincials and

friendly Indians under Sir William Johnston, should invest the important fortress of Niagara.

In pursuance of this plan, Ticonderoga and Crown Point were taken by General Amherst; and after a battle under the walls, Prideaux entered Niagara in triumph. The armament intended for Quebec sailed up the river St. Lawrence, without meeting with any interruption, or perceiving any of those difficulties and perils, with which it had been reported the navigation of it was attended. Having reached the island of Orleans, General Wolfe landed his forces on the 27th of June, and erected works for the security of the hospitals and stores. The French were encamped, with a force of ten thousand men, under the Marquis de Montcalm, a gallant and experienced commander, along the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, between the rivers St. Charles and Montmorenci, their left extending to the latter. They had also some artillery and a force at Point Levi, on the opposite shore, from which Brigadier-General Monkton was sent with four battalions to drive them. He passed the river on the night of the 29th, and marched the next day to the Point, whence he obliged the enemy's troops to retire, and possessed himself of that post: on this occasion, the advanced parties had two or three skirmishes with the Canadians and Indians, with little loss on either side. The French soon after passed over from Quebec, with sixteen hundred men, to attack General Monkton, but fell into confusion, fired on one another, and retreated back to the city. General Monkton severely cannonaded and bombarded Quebec from this point; but although his fire was quite destructive to the lower town, and very injurious to the buildings in the upper, it made no serious impression on its defences, and left the place nearly as tenable as ever.

General Wolfe determined at length to adopt bolder measures, and to attack the enemy, stationed as they were in a position of great strength. Having selected the place where the attack should be made, which was at the mouth of the Montmorenci, thirteen companies of grenadiers were landed on the morning of the 31st of July, under Generals Townsend and Murray. They had orders, immediately on reaching the shore, to form themselves on the beach; but instead of doing as they had been directed, from the noise and hurry of their

landing, or from an incautious ardour, they rushed impetuously towards the enemy's intrenchments in the utmost disorder and confusion, without waiting for the corps which were to sustain them and join in the attack. In this state, they were met by a severe and steady fire from the enemy's intrenchments, by which they were thrown into still greater confusion, and which obliged them at length to shelter themselves behind a redoubt, that the French had abandoned on their approach. This repulse destroyed the plan which General Wolfe had formed; and as night was coming on, and the tide beginning to make, he had no alternative but to retire to his camp across the river.

Thus ended the battle of Montmorenci, one which has always been considered as rash, and which the gallant chief himself excused, only on the ground of a desire to act in conformity to the intentions of his government, relying on the courage of his troops. The result, however, caused him extreme mortification: his soul was sensitive as it was brave: he well knew the capricious character of his nation, clamorous even to persecution against those who miscarried in their undertakings, without regarding whether that miscarriage arose from accident or fault; while success was applauded with the wildest enthusiasm, and with as little reason. Among those who shared his confidence, he was often observed to sigh; he was often heard to complain; and even, in the transports of his chagrin, he declared, that he would never return without success, to be exposed, as other unfortunate commanders had been, to the censure and reproach of an ignorant and ungrateful populace. This tumult of mind, added to the bodily fatigue he had undergone, produced a fever and dysentery, by which for some time he was totally disabled.

Amid his sickness, however, his daring and intrepid mind suggested to him a plan, the seeming impossibility of which perhaps excited more strongly his determined valour:—this was, to attack the enemy on the plains of Abraham above the city. The situation of that place, and the abrupt precipices by which it is guarded, we have already described; and so little idea had the cautious Montcalm that such a spot could ever become the scene of conflict, that he had only a few guards stationed there. Breaking up the camp at Montmorenci, the besieging army were conveyed up the river, and encamped on the southern shore, some distance above Que-

bec. General Montcalm despatched a corps of observation after them, consisting of one thousand five hundred men, under General Bougainville, but still maintained his station with the main army at Beauport.

On the 12th of September, one hour after midnight, General Wolfe, with his army, leaving the ships, embarked in boats, and silently dropped down with the current, intending to land a league above Cape Diamond, and thus gain the heights of Abraham. As they passed along, an unexpected obstacle had nearly defeated all their plans. The French had posted sentinels along the shore, to challenge boats and vessels, and give the alarm when necessary. As the first boat passed, one of them accordingly cried out, "Qui vit?" (Who goes there?) It fortunately happened that there was in it a captain who had served in Holland, and was familiar with the French language and military customs—he promptly replied in the proper word, "La France!" The next question was much more embarrassing; for the sentinel demanded, "A quel regiment?" (To what regiment?) The captain, who happened to know the name of one of the regiments which was up the river with Bougainville, promptly rejoined, "De la Reine." (The Queen's.) The soldier immediately replied, "Passe," for he concluded at once, that this was a French convoy of provisions, which, as the English had learned, was expected to pass down the river to Quebec. The other sentinels were deceived in a similar manner; but one, less credulous than the rest, running down to the water's edge, called out, "Pourquoi est ce que vous ne parlez plus haut?" (Why don't you speak louder?) The same captain, with perfect self-command, replied, "Tai toi, nous serons entendues!" (Hush, we shall be overheard and discovered!) The sentry, satisfied with this caution, retired.

A little farther on, they made another hair-breadth escape. In the early part of the evening, two French deserters were carried on board a ship of war, commanded by Captain Smith, and lying at anchor near the northern shore. They told him that the garrison of Quebec expected that night to receive a convoy of provisions, to be sent down the river in boats from the detachment above, commanded by M. de Bougainville. These deserters, standing on deck, and perceiving the English boats with the troops gliding down the river in the dark, began to shout and make a noise, declaring that they were

part of the expected convoy. Captain Smith, who was ignorant of General Wolfe's design, believing their affirmation, had actually given orders to point the guns at the British troops; when the general, perceiving a commotion on board, rowed alongside in person, and prevented the discharge, which would have alarmed the town, and entirely frustrated the attempt.

Having fortunately escaped these difficulties, the boats glided gently along; but, owing to the rapidity of the tide and the darkness of the night, they passed the place which had been fixed on, and the troops were landed a little below, at the spot which, as we have mentioned, still bears the name of Wolfe's Cove. The gallant general immediately sprang on shore, and was followed in silence by his troops. The rugged precipices, full of projections of rocks, and trees and shrubs growing everywhere among the cliffs into which the bank was broken, presented a most forbidding appearance; and General Wolfe, familiarly speaking to an officer who stood near him, said, "I don't believe there is any possibility of getting up, but you must do your endeavour." There was only a narrow path, leading obliquely up the hill, and even this was intrenched, and defended by a captain's guard. These difficulties did not abate the hopes of the general, or the ardour of the troops. The light infantry under Colonel Howe, laying hold of stumps and boughs of trees, pulled themselves up, dislodged the guards, and cleared the path. The rest of the soldiers, surmounting every difficulty, gained the top of the hill, and as fast as they ascended, formed themselves, so that they were all in order of battle at day-break.

Montcalm, when he heard that the English had ascended the hill, and were formed on the high ground at the back of the town, scarcely credited the intelligence, and still believed it a feint to induce him to abandon that strong post, which had been the object of all the real attempts that had been made since the beginning of the campaign. But he was soon, and fatally for him, undeceived. He saw clearly that the English fleet and army were in such a situation, that the upper and lower towns might be attacked in concert, and that nothing but a battle could prevent it. Accordingly, he determined to engage his enemy without delay; and quitting Beauport, crossed the river St. Charles, and formed his troops opposite to those of General Wolfe.

Led on by such commanders, the battle, as it was evident it must be, was contested on both sides with unexampled bravery and skill. About nine o'clock in the morning, the French advanced to the charge, with great order and vivacity, though their fire was irregular and ineffectual. On the contrary, the British forces reserved their shot until the French had approached within forty yards of their line: they then poured in a terrible discharge, and continued the fire with such deliberation and spirit, as could not fail to produce a very considerable effect. General Wolfe was stationed on the right, at the head of his favourite regiment and a corps of grenadiers, where the attack was most warm. As he stood conspicuous in the front of the line, he had been aimed at by the enemy's marksmen, and received a shot in the wrist, which however, did not oblige him to quit the field. Having wrapped a handkerchief round his hand, he continued giving his orders without the least emotion; and advanced at the head of the grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed, when another ball pierced the breast of the young hero. It was not till that moment, that he submitted to be carried into the rear of the line; he was no longer able to stand, and leaned his head upon the shoulder of a lieutenant, who sat down for the purpose; when, being aroused by the distant sound of "they fly, they fly!" he eagerly asked, "who fly?" and being told it was the French, he replied, "then, I die happy." He asked to be sustained on his feet, that he might once more behold the field, but his eyes were already swimming in death, his vision was gone, and he expired on the spot.

A rude stone marks the place where the hero drew his last breath; and every wandering traveller is anxious to bear away a fragment, which may remind him of the emotions that filled his breast, as he lingered on this scene of long past glory. The philanthropist and philosopher may pity or despise the feelings which are excited when we contemplate the death of a gallant warrior, on the field of battle, and in the moment of victory, but they are feelings implanted in our nature, which cannot be repressed; the memory of his exploits is fondly dwelt on, long after the soldier has mouldered into dust; and perhaps every manly bosom has known the moment when it swelled with the wish of the gallant Graham, that, to press some well fought and hard won field of

battle, and to die with the shout of victory in our ears, would be worth dying for—would be worth having lived for.

In the plaudits of the victorious hero, let us not forget his noble antagonist. Montcalm was mortally wounded at the head of his troops. He survived long enough to write a letter, with his own hand, to the English general, recommending the French prisoners to his humanity; and, when informed that his wound was mortal, he expressed great satisfaction that he should not live to see the fall of Quebec. Montcalm's second in command, General Senezergus, also died of his wounds.

The victory was of course followed by the surrender of Quebec, and soon after by the subjugation of the entire province: it thus becomes an important feature in the history of America; as it terminated a long course of bloody wars, and even contributed, in no small degree, to the general pacification of Europe. In the following spring, Monsieur Levi, with a considerable army, leaving his encampment at Montreal, proceeded down to Quebec, in order to attempt its recovery from the English. General Murray, who commanded in the city, on his approach marched out to meet him; and on the 28th of April, 1760, a bloody battle occurred, three miles above Quebec, at Sillery; the English army, very much inferior in numbers to the French, was severely defeated, with the loss of one thousand men; and the French, it is said, suffered still more. The English retreated into the town; upon which the French immediately invested it, and very possibly would have reduced it, but for the arrival of an English squadron, with reinforcements, when they abandoned the siege, and retired up the river.

Nothing interesting occurred in the history of Quebec, from this period, until the time of our revolutionary war, when we have again to record the death of a hero beneath its walls. In the latter part of the year 1775, the provincial Congress determined no longer to act on the defensive against the British, but to carry the war into the Canadas. There were many circumstances which pointed out the propriety of such a course. General Carleton, a man of great energy and enterprise, had been sent out with extraordinary powers, such as no governor before him had ever been intrusted with. It was known that he was exerting all his efforts to excite the Canadians and Indians, and stimulate them to arms against

the colonies. The dispositions of the people of Canada were well known still to be French at heart, and even somewhat fickle. It was known, besides, that they cherished a sullen discontent on account of the Quebec Act, just passed by the British Parliament; which, though favourable to their religion, replaced them in their ancient dependence towards the nobles, whom they detested. In addition to these advantages, which the moment offered, the province of Canada was unfurnished with troops of the line: they having all been called to Boston. And above all, Congress had been informed, that, in the following spring, the government was to make a grand effort from this quarter; that numerous forces, arms, and munitions, would be poured into it, in order to attack the colonies in the back: an operation, which, if not seasonably prevented, might produce fatal consequences. In addition to this, Ticonderoga and Crown Point were both in the possession of the Americans; and the English troops, shut up in Boston, and occupied with their own defence, were in no situation to carry succours into a part so remote from the provinces of the confederation.

All these favourable circumstances co-operating, it was determined to send an army into Canada; and Generals Montgomery and Schuyler, with three thousand men, were directed to proceed on the enterprise. The latter, however, owing to sickness, was detained at Albany; and the entire conduct of the expedition devolved on General Montgomery. The first object of attack was *St. John*, on the river Sorel, which was garrisoned by two regiments, and well supplied with ammunition, stores and artillery. After a siege of five weeks, the place surrendered at discretion to the Americans. They also took *Chamblé*, a small fort in the neighbourhood, and marched on to Montreal, of which, being undefended, Montgomery took possession, without resistance. In all his military operations, however, in all that he wrote and spoke, and in all his actions, this noble officer behaved with an urbanity and nobleness of spirit, which captivated the affections of foes as well as friends. At Montreal, a place that could demand of right no favour, he published a voluntary manifesto, in which he declared, that the Continental army having a generous disdain of every act of oppression and violence, and having come for the express purpose of giving liberty and security, he therefore pledged his honour, to

maintain in the peaceable possession of their property of every kind, the individuals and religious communities of the city. He engaged to secure to all the inhabitants the free exercise of their religion; hoped that the civil and religious rights of all the Canadians would be established upon the most permanent footing by a provincial congress, and promised that courts of justice should be speedily established, upon the most liberal plan, conformably to the British constitution.

At Montreal, Montgomery was enabled to supply his troops with clothing and military stores; but still far from their homes, and in an enemy's country and a severe climate, they murmured at their hardships, and even in many instances became anxious to return; by these means, the army, already small, and greatly reduced by the garrisons left in the different towns, was diminished to four hundred men, with which the dauntless general determined to pursue his course to Quebec. His elastic genius arose the stronger with each successive obstacle, and he seems in a degree to have imparted it to his little army. Their march was in winter; through bad roads and a severe climate; beneath the fall of the first snows, and therefore made under great hardships; these, however, they encountered with undaunted resolution, and arrived with incredible expedition at Quebec.

In the meantime, the American government had determined to support Montgomery from another quarter. Colonel Arnold, who successfully conducted this bold undertaking, acquired from it the name of the American Hannibal. He was detached, with a thousand men, from Cambridge, to penetrate into Canada, by ascending the river Kennebeck, and descending by the Chaudiere, to the river St. Lawrence. Great were the difficulties these troops had to encounter, in marching by an unexplored route, three hundred miles, through an uninhabited country. They were often compelled, by cataracts or other impediments, to land, and to haul their batteaux up rapid streams, and over falls of rivers. Nor was their march by land more eligible than this passage by water. They had deep swamps, thick woods, difficult mountains, and craggy precipices alternately to encounter. At some places they had to cut their way, for miles together, through forests so thick, that their progress was only four or five miles a day. The constant fatigue caused many to fall

sick. One-third of the number which set out, was, from want of necessaries, obliged to return; while the rest proceeded with unabated fortitude and constancy. Provisions grew at length so scarce, that some of the men eat their dogs, cartouch boxes, breeches, and shoes. Having spent thirty-one days in traversing a hideous wilderness, without ever seeing any thing human, they at length reached the inhabited parts of Canada, where they were well received, and supplied with every thing necessary for their comfort. The Canadians were struck with amazement, when they saw this armed force emerging from the wilderness. It had never entered their conceptions, that it was possible for human beings to traverse such immense wilds. Having reached the shore of the St. Lawrence, Arnold awaited the arrival of Montgomery, and on the 3d of December effected a junction with him at Point aux Trembles.

Upon his arrival before the town, the American general wrote a letter to the British governor, recommending an immediate surrender, to prevent the dreadful consequences of a storm; but the firmness of the governor could not be moved, either by threats or dangers. The Americans soon after commenced a bombardment, with five small mortars, but with very little effect. In a few days, General Montgomery opened a six gun battery, at the distance of seven hundred yards from the walls; but his metal was too light to make any impression. The garrison of Quebec, at this time, consisted of about fifteen hundred and twenty men, of which eight hundred were militia, and four hundred and fifty seamen, belonging to the king's frigates or merchant ships in the harbour. The rest were marines, regulars, or newly raised emigrants. The American army consisted of about eight hundred men; some having been left at Montreal, and near a third of Arnold's detachment, as has been related, having returned to Cambridge.

In the meanwhile, no progress was made in the siege; the invading army were exposed to incredible hardships; the snow, which fell incessantly, incumbered the earth; and the cold had become so violent, that it was beyond human nature to support it in the open field. To render their position still more dismal, the small pox broke out in the camp: this scourge was the terror of the soldiers. It was ordered, that those who were attacked with it should wear a sprig of hem-

lock upon their hats, that the others might know and avoid them. These circumstances persuaded Montgomery, that without a bold and immediate effort, he must renounce the idea of satisfying public expectation, and witness the eclipse of his own glory. Accordingly, having determined to attempt the assault, he convoked a council of war, and acquainted them with his project. Without denying that it was of difficult execution, he maintained that it was possible, and that valour and prudence would triumph over all obstacles. All were in favour of his proposition. His plan was to make four points of attack; two feints against the walls of the upper town, one at St. John's gate, and the other near the Citadel; and two real assaults, each from the lower town, but on opposite sides. One of these attacks was to be led by himself, under Cape Diamond, the other by Colonel Arnold, around by the river St. Charles.

The last day of the year 1775, between four and five o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a heavy storm of snow, the four columns put themselves in motion, in the best order, each towards the point assigned. It is said that Captain Frazer, of the Irish emigrants, in going his round, perceived the fusces which the Americans fired to give the signal; and that immediately, without waiting for further commands, he ordered the drums to beat, and roused the garrison to arms. The columns assigned to execute the feints, impeded by snow and other obstacles, were not in time to effect their purpose. But Montgomery, at the head of his party, composed chiefly of New-York men, advanced upon the bank of the river, marching by the way denominated Anse de Mer, under Cape Diamond. Here he encountered a first barrier, at a place called Polasse, which was defended by a battery of a few pieces of cannon; further on, at the distance of two hundred paces from this, stood a redoubt, furnished with a sufficient guard. The soldiers that composed it, being the greater part Canadians, on seeing the enemy approach, were seized with terror, threw down their arms and fled. The battery itself was abandoned; and if the Americans could have advanced with sufficient expedition, they would certainly have been masters of it: but in turning Cape Diamond, the foot of which is bathed by the waters of the river, they found the road interrupted by enormous masses of snow. Montgomery, with his own hands, endeavoured to open a path for his troops, who

could only follow him man by man: and he was compelled to wait while they all assembled. At length, having collected about two hundred, whom he encouraged with his voice and example, he moved courageously and rapidly towards the barrier. In the meantime, a cannonier who had retreated from the battery, on seeing the enemy halt, returned to his post, and taking a match, which happened to be still burning, fired a cannon charged with grape-shot; the Americans were within forty paces. This single and almost accidental explosion totally extinguished the hopes they had conceived. Montgomery, as well as Captains Macpherson and Cheesman, both young men of singular merit, and dear to the general, were killed on the spot.

While these events were occurring at this point, Colonel Arnold, at the head of about three hundred and fifty men, passed through St. Roques, and approached on his side near a two gun battery, without being discovered. This he attacked, and, though it was well defended, carried it; but with considerable loss. In the attack, however, he received a wound, which made it necessary to carry him off the field of battle. His party nevertheless continued the assault, and pushing on, made themselves masters of a second barrier: here these brave men sustained the force of the whole garrison, for three hours; but finding themselves hemmed in, and without hopes either of success, relief, or retreat, yielded at last to numbers, and the advantageous situation of their adversaries.

The spot on which Montgomery fell is still pointed out, and his gallantry and nobleness of spirit are still remembered. While in his own country the intelligence of his death was received with feelings which that of scarcely any other man could have excited, it was his remarkable lot to receive at the same moment from its enemies the warmest eulogiums. "The most powerful speakers in the British Parliament, displayed their eloquence in praising his virtues and lamenting his fate. A great orator, and veteran fellow-soldier of his in the preceding war, shed abundance of tears, whilst he expatiated on their past friendship, and participation of service in that season of enterprise and renown; and even the minister extolled his glories."

Sunt hîc etiam sua præmia laudi
Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.

Since this fatal conflict, Quebec has not been visited by an opposing army, and may the day be long distant, when such heroes as Montgomery and Wolfe shall again expire beneath its walls !

MONTREAL TO ALBANY.

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From MONTREAL to ALBANY.

ON leaving Montreal for St. John's, we may cross over either to *La Prairie*, which is the most usual, or to *Longueil*, the shortest passage. By both roads, the journey is an interesting one of about twenty miles, through a perfectly level country, fertile, well cultivated, considerably populous, and settled with very neat and comfortable white houses, constructed in general of hewn logs. The barns, frequently of a large size, are usually built in the same manner; but the want of good frame-work is very obvious in their frequently distorted appearance.

On the road from Longueil, we reach the river Sorel, at the town of *St. Joseph*, or *Chamblé*, where it spreads into a considerable basin, adorned with several islets, and rushes over a rocky bottom, so as to form a pretty though not impetuous rapid. These rocks are a flat secondary limestone, covered by slate. Just above the village, is an interesting remnant of the old French dominion. It is a square fort of stone, probably forty feet high, and two hundred feet on the ground, along each side: it has square towers, projecting from each of its angles, so that every approach to it could be completely enfiladed by three tiers of cannon.

The French military works in these provinces are highly respectable, considering the immaturity of the country when they were erected, and the length of time that has elapsed since most of them were constructed. The fort, or perhaps it might be more properly termed the castle, of Chamblé, has the date of 1711, cut in the stone near the portcullis. This fortress was taken, as we have mentioned, in 1775, by General Montgomery, on his march to Quebec.

Leaving Chamblé, we pass on the right, the ground where the large encampment was formed during the last war, this being a great military station. The road then courses along the shore of the river for twelve miles, to *St. John's*. The country is beautiful and fertile, the population numerous, and the whole ride interesting. The cottages appear neat, comfortable and warm; almost every moment, you meet cheerful looking peasants, driving their little carts (*charrettes*) drawn by horses of diminutive size, the men generally

standing up in the cart, with their lighted pipes in their mouths, and red or blue sashes, and long conical woollen caps, of various colours.

At St. John's, the traveller takes the steam-boat, in which he proceeds up the river. In ten miles, he reaches *Isle aux Noix*, a low island of about ninety acres, interesting only as being important in time of war. The large barracks, the number of officers, the imposing appearance of ramparts and cannon, and the bustle of military activity, are strangely contrasted with the dark and gloomy forests which are spread around.

Eleven miles above *Isle aux Noix* bring us to *Rouss's Point*, the confluence of the river Sorel with *Lake Champlain*, and the boundary between Canada and the United States. On this promontory is a large and beautiful fort, erected by our government, and designed to command the communication between the river and lake. The commissioners who were appointed to ascertain the boundary line between the United States and Canada (settled by treaty to run in latitude 45° , from the state of Maine to the St. Lawrence) have found, by an astronomical survey, that this fort was a few poles on the British side of the line.

Our passage is now up the lake, for twenty-seven miles, to Plattsburg. Our right is formed by the shore of New-York, presenting little else than wild mountains, clothed with native forests; on the left, we occasionally see the shores of Vermont; and at other times, it is bounded by the large islands which cluster in the northern part of the lake, the isle of *Molet*, the *North Hero* and the *South Hero*. Passing round *Cumberland Head*, a bold promontory, composed of flat strata of secondary limestone, we enter the bay of Plattsburg.

Plattsburg, the capital of Clinton county, is situated at the mouth of Saranac river, in north latitude $44^{\circ} 42'$, and $35'$ east longitude from the city of New-York; one hundred and fifty-nine miles north of Albany; ninety north of Whitehall; one hundred and twenty east of Ogdensburg, by the roads, and ninety-seven in a right line; and thirteen north of Port Kent. It is an incorporated post village, and contains upwards of three hundred houses, a bank, one church, the court-house and jail, an academy, and a number of stores and manufactories.

This little town, and its pleasant bay, present a scene which must ever be viewed by an American with the strongest feelings of delight—that of a double conflict, in which a brave and well-appointed enemy was defeated at the same moment on land and water, by a small force, undisciplined, unprepared, and hastily collected. In 1814, the British determined to invade the country, on the same plan by which Burgoyne had attempted it about forty years before. Sir George Prevost, with a large force, was to march along the shore and seize Plattsburg, while a flotilla, under the command of Captain Downie, consisting of several vessels, mounting ninety-five guns, and having on board upwards of one thousand men, sailed up the lake to co-operate with him.

When it was known at the village that the enemy had crossed the frontier, the place was almost without defence. The scattered militia of the vicinity were immediately summoned, and all hastened to throw up fortifications, and to prepare a fleet to engage that of the enemy. The exertions made during this anxious period are almost incredible; night and day, the axe and the hammer were at work, and every one threw aside all business but that of preparing to receive the enemy. As soon as the report of the invasion spread through the country, the peasantry, with their rifles or ruder implements, poured down from the mountains and forests, eager to join the little band of soldiers who had already collected at the town—every employment was deserted, every age was disregarded—the moment demanded exertion, and it was not wanting.

From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could scarcely buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow,
Each valley, each sequester'd glen,
Muster'd its little horde of men,
That met, as torrents from the height
In highland dale their streams unite;
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong.

The fleet was equipped with equal rapidity, and moored in a line across the bay, ready to receive the enemy. It consisted of a few vessels, mounting only eighty-six guns, and

manned by eight hundred men, with the gallant M'Donough in command. Such was the haste of preparation, that one of the vessels which then entered into action had been built and equipped in the space of a fortnight: eighteen days previous to the engagement, the timber of which it was constructed had been actually growing in the forest upon the shores of the lake.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 11th September, 1814, the British flotilla passed Cumberland Head, and at nine engaged our flotilla at anchor in the bay off the town, fully confident of an easy triumph; but the gallant M'Donough, in the short space of two hours, compelled the large vessels to strike their colours, whilst the galleys saved themselves by flight. This glorious achievement was in full view of the works, that had been hastily thrown up on the shore by the American forces, who had thus the satisfaction of witnessing the victory. The British army was also so posted on the surrounding heights, that it could not but behold the interesting struggle for dominion on the lake. At the same hour in which the fleets engaged, the enemy opened their batteries on our forts, throwing hundreds of shells, balls and rockets; and attempted at the same time to cross the Saranac at three different points, to assault the works: at the upper ford, they were met by the militia and volunteers, and after repeated attempts were driven back with considerable loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. The enemy's fire was returned with effect from the American batteries; and by sunset, they had silenced seven which had been erected by the British, and saw their columns retiring to their camps, beyond the reach of their guns. Thus beaten by land and water, the governor-general withdrew his artillery, and raised the siege. At nine o'clock at night, he sent off his heavy baggage, and under cover of the darkness retreated with his whole army towards Canada, leaving his wounded on the field, together with a vast quantity of bread, flour and beef, which he had not time to destroy, besides bomb-shells, shot, flints, and ammunition of all kinds, which remained at the batteries, and lay concealed in the ponds and rivers.

From Plattsburg we cross the lake, in a south-east direction, eighteen miles, to Burlington, in Vermont. In the passage, we leave on the right the little islands of *St. Michel* and *Valcour*, and on the left *Colchester Point*, a long penin-

sula of marshy ground, forming the northern shore of Onion river, and extending far into the lake. We also pass the spot at which the steam-boat *Phoenix* was burned, a few years since, when the captain and crew displayed so much prudence and magnanimity.

Burlington is a port of entry, and the capital of Chittenden county, Vermont, lying on the margin of the lake, and extending back nearly a mile. Its population is about two thousand two hundred. It contains a court-house, a jail, a bank, two printing-offices, an academy, a university, and two handsome Congregational meeting-houses, one of which is a fine brick building. A mile and a half from the centre of the village, there is another village, of about thirty houses, at the falls of *Onion River*. These falls afford conveniences for extensive manufacturing establishments. This town is of more commercial importance than any other in Vermont. About tensloops, from seventy to one hundred tons, which navigate the lake, are owned here. Two weekly newspapers are published at this place.

The university of Vermont was incorporated in 1791. The college edifice is a spacious and elegant brick building, four stories high, one hundred and sixty feet long, seventy-five wide in the central part, and forty-five on the wings, containing a chapel, seven rooms for public uses, and forty-six for students. It is finely situated, on the east of the village, one mile distant from Lake Champlain, on an elevation, according to Captain Partridge, of two hundred and forty-five feet above the surface of the water, and commands an extensive and delightful prospect of the lake, with its islands, the high mountains along the western shore, and the surrounding country. The library contains eight or nine hundred volumes, and the philosophical apparatus is tolerably complete. The funds of the institution consist chiefly of lands, amounting to about thirty thousand acres, of which only about six thousand four hundred are as yet leased.

From Burlington, it is fourteen miles to *Essex*, a village on the western shore of the lake, containing about forty houses, and pleasantly seated on the margin of the water. The county of the same name, which here extends along the western shore, is celebrated as being the most extensive iron region in the state of New-York. Its general surface is elevated, some of its mountains rising to the height of twelve

hundred feet; but the flat and smooth champains along the lake, and its deep valleys, give it an aspect of mixed scenery, wild, grand, and sublimely picturesque. The forest trees are of a lofty growth, embracing white and black oak, white and yellow pine, maple, beech, walnut, butternut, birch, ash, elm, basswood, cherry, fir, spruce, hemlock, &c. The woods afford a great variety of wild game, and the waters are richly stored with fish. The country is abundantly supplied with springs and rivulets of pure and wholesome water, is generally very healthy, and has also a large number of mill-streams, falls, rapids, and natural sites for hydraulic works. The iron ores of this region are of uncommon richness, yielding iron of the very best quality, though hitherto wrought under many disadvantages, incident to small business in a country comparatively new, and wanting capital. Asbestos is found in the township of Moriah, and supposed indications of mineral coal, while an ore has been discovered in the northern part, yielding a little copper. Emery and tabular spar are said to have been also discovered in this county.

There is a ferry from Essex across the lake to *Charlotte* village, in Vermont. Soon after leaving it, we pass the celebrated *Split Rock*, course along through the *Narrows*, and in twenty miles reach *Crown Point*.

This celebrated fortress is seated on the northern extremity of a long peninsula, formed by a bay running up on the western shore of the lake, above which it is elevated about fifty feet. It was first erected by the French in 1731, and called Fort St. Frederick, and afterwards, with Ticonderoga, became the theatre of many military exploits. The walls were of wood and earth, twenty-two feet thick, and sixteen high. It was about sixteen hundred yards square, and surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, cut in a solid granite rock, with immense labour. On the north is a double row of strong stone barracks, still standing, though somewhat in decay, and large enough to contain two thousand troops. On the northern side, are a gate, a strong drawbridge, and a covered way to the water of the lake. The whole are now in ruins; and the outworks, which were extensive, are little else than heaps of rubbish, barely sufficient to revive remembrance.

From Crown Point to *Ticonderoga*, is a distance of twelve miles, through a very narrow strait. This, once perhaps next to Quebec the most celebrated fortified post in North America, is now only a mass of ruins, though many of the walls are sufficiently entire to exhibit proofs of the excellence of their construction, and of the plan of the works. It was built by the French, in 1756, on a point of land formed by the junction of Lake George outlet with Lake Champlain. It is above tide-water one hundred and ninety-six feet. It is said, that its name is derived from the Indian word *Che-on-der-oga*, signifying noisy, probably in allusion to the water: the French, however, called it Fort Carrillon. It was a place of great strength, both by nature and art. On three sides it is surrounded by water, about half of the other side is occupied by a deep swamp, and the line of defence was completed by the French, by the erection of a breastwork nine feet high, on the only assailable ground.

Mount Defiance, immediately on the outlet of Lake George, is six hundred feet above the fort, and completely commands it; and Mount Independence, often mentioned in connection with it, is on the east side of the lake, about two miles distant.

As we pass by the mouldering ruins of the numerous fortresses which are scattered over this district, a thousand historical recollections break in upon our thoughts, and combine to fix our attention upon spots that have already become the classic antiquities of our country. They were for the most part erected by the French, in the early part of the last century; and from them issued those ferocious incursions, in which, joining with the savage Indians, they attacked the defenceless border settlements of the British provinces. From these causes, it became an object of vital interest to drive the French from these strongholds, and several expeditions were planned or undertaken with that object. That of Sir William Johnston, in 1755, though the enemy were defeated and the commander in chief killed, was not attended, as will be recollected, with success in its main object.

In 1758, another expedition was undertaken against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. On the 5th of July, General Abercrombie embarked on Lake George with sixteen thousand troops, landed at its foot without opposition, and commenced his march towards the fortress. As the country

through which their march lay is difficult and woody, and the guides who conducted them were extremely unskilful, the troops became bewildered, the columns broke, and fell in upon one another. In this situation they were attacked by the French, and a party was defeated, with the loss of three hundred killed, and one hundred and fifty prisoners. At the first fire, Lord Howe, the pride and hope of the army, fell mortally wounded. The first to encounter danger, to endure hunger, to support fatigue; rigid in his discipline, but easy in his manners, his officers and soldiers readily obeyed the commander, because they loved the man; and now, at the moment when such abilities and such an example were most wanted, was fatally lost a life which was long enough for his honour, but not for his country.

Notwithstanding this loss however, General Abercrombie proceeded and took post near Ticonderoga. Under the impression of false intelligence, an assault was resolved upon, and took place on the 8th of July; but the French were so well covered by an abattis, and a breastwork eight feet high, that the British troops were unable to carry the works. After an unavailing contest of four hours, and the loss of one thousand eight hundred of the assailants, a retreat was ordered. Abercrombie relinquished for the present all designs against Ticonderoga, and on the evening of the following day returned to his camp at the southern end of Lake George. Such is the uncertainty of military operations! Four days before, the finest army that had then been assembled in America embarked on Lake George, with all the splendour of military parade: the morning had been remarkably bright and beautiful, and the fleet moved with exact regularity to the sound of martial music—the ensigns waved and glittered in the sun-beams, and the anticipation of expected triumph shone in every eye. They now returned, defeated and disheartened—the noblest of their leaders killed in a petty skirmish, the object of their hopes unaccomplished, and all the visions of anticipated glory, which had animated so many breasts, destroyed perhaps for ever.

The campaign of the succeeding year, though not commenced with the sanguine prospects of the last, was attended with more success. In the plan for the operations of 1759, as we have before mentioned, it was determined that General

Amherst should march from the provinces, and attack these fortresses. He proceeded accordingly, but, contrary to what might have been expected, he found that the French had abandoned Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and retreated into Canada. He immediately took possession of them; and at the treaty of peace, they were, with the rest of the French possessions in this part of America, finally ceded to Great Britain.

Nearly twenty years had passed away, and the fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point were almost forgotten, when a conflict of a different kind arose, and made them the scenes of new exploits. They were the first posts which were carried by the continental arms, in the war of independence. On the 10th of May, 1775, Colonel Ethan Allen, at the head of a small troop of volunteers, whom he had collected chiefly among the mountains of Vermont, and not much exceeding two hundred in number, surprised the garrison of Ticonderoga in the dead of night, and summoned it to surrender. "In whose name?" asked the astonished and irritated commander: "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" replied the intrepid patriot. The capture of Crown Point soon followed; and without the loss of a man, our gallant countrymen obtained possession of these keys of the north. They found in the forts upwards of two hundred pieces of cannon, besides some mortars, howitzers, and a quantity of various stores, which were to them highly valuable. They also captured two vessels, which gave them the command of Lake Champlain, and materials prepared at Ticonderoga for building and equipping others. The Americans retained possession of these posts till July, 1777, when they were evacuated on the approach of General Burgoyne with the British army.

At an early period of the revolution, the British ministers had formed the plan of opening a way to New-York, by means of an army which should descend from the lakes to the banks of the Hudson, and unite in the vicinity of Albany, with the whole or a part of that commanded by General Howe. All intercourse would thus have been cut off between the eastern and western provinces, and it was believed that the triumph of the British arms from that moment could no longer be doubtful.

An army amounting to about ten thousand men was accordingly assembled at the river Bouquet, on the west side of Lake Champlain, the command of which was intrusted to Lieutenant-General Burgoyne, an officer whose ability was unquestioned, and whose spirit of enterprise, and thirst for military glory, however rivalled, could not possibly be exceeded. He was assisted by Brigadier-Generals Frazer, Powell and Hamilton, all distinguished officers, with the Brunswick Major-General Baron Reidesel and Brigadier-General Specht. The army was in every respect in the best condition that could possibly be expected or wished, the troops being in the highest spirits, admirably disciplined, and uncommonly healthy. The general published a proclamation, in which he denounced in the severest terms the rebellious colonists; invoked upon them all the harshest cruelties of Indian warfare; displayed, in full, lofty and expressive language, the force of that great power which was now spread by sea and land, to embrace or to crush every part of America; and denounced, arrayed in their most terrific forms, all the calamities of war against those who persevered in their hostility.

Having completed his preliminary arrangements, General Burgoyne commenced his march. At Crown Point, which had been evacuated, he stopped a short time, for the establishment of magazines, an hospital, and other necessary services, and then proceeded with all his troops to invest Ticonderoga. The right wing took the western shore, the left advanced upon the eastern, and the centre was embarked upon the lake itself. The reduction of this post, without which it was impossible for the invading army to advance a step beyond it, was of course the first object of its operations. The Americans reposed great hopes in this fortress, considering it as the barrier against invasion from the north. Its defence was intrusted to General St. Clair, with a garrison of three thousand men, one-third of whom were militia from the northern provinces: but they were badly equipped, and worse armed, particularly in the article of bayonets, a weapon so essential to the defence of the lines, not having one to ten of their number. On the 2d of July, the fort was invested by the British; and they were not long in observing the importance of erecting a battery on Mount Defiance: with infinite labour, therefore, cannon were dragged to its summit, and on the 5th every thing was prepared for a general assault.

Under these circumstances, a hasty consultation was held by the American officers: it was represented that their whole effective number was not sufficient to man one-half of the works, that the enemy's batteries were ready to open, and that nothing could save the garrison but an immediate evacuation of the post. This determination was unanimously agreed to by the council, and the place was accordingly deserted on that night. The baggage, artillery and stores, were embarked with a strong detachment on board of two hundred batteaux, and despatched, under convoy of five armed galleys, up the South river, on their way to Skenesborough. The main army took its route by Castletown, to reach the same place by land.

As soon as the British discovered the retreat of the Americans, they commenced the pursuit. General Frazer, at the head of a strong body of grenadiers and light troops, followed them with great rapidity by land, upon the right bank of Wood creek. General Reidesel, behind him, eagerly advanced with his Brunswickers, either to support the English, or to act separately, as occasion might require. General Burgoyne determined to pursue them by water. By three o'clock in the afternoon, the van of the British squadron, composed of gun-boats, came up with and attacked the American galleys, near Skenesborough falls. Two of them surrendered, and three of them were blown up. The Americans now abandoned all hopes of successful defence; having set fire to their works, mills and batteaux, and otherwise destroyed what they were unable to burn, they escaped as well as they could up Wood creek, without halting till they reached Fort Anne.

The corps which had set out by land was in no better situation. The vanguard, conducted by St. Clair, had arrived at Castletown, thirty miles distant from Ticonderoga, and twelve from Skenesborough. The rear, commanded by Colonels Francis and Warner, had rested, on the night of the 6th, at Hubbardston, six miles below Castletown, towards Ticonderoga. At five o'clock in the morning of the 7th, the English column under General Frazer made its appearance, and a battle immediately ensued. It was long and sanguinary; the Americans, being commanded by valiant officers, behaved with great spirit and firmness; but the English displayed equal obstinacy. At this critical moment, General

Reidesel arrived at the head of his column, composed of some light troops and grenadiers, and immediately took part in the action. The Americans, overpowered by numbers, fled on all sides, leaving their brave commander, with many other officers, and upwards of two hundred soldiers, dead on the field. General St. Clair, upon intelligence of this discomfiture and that of the disaster at Skenesborough, which was brought to him at the same time by an officer of one of the galleys, apprehending that he should be interrupted if he proceeded towards Fort Anne, collected the fugitives and marched to Fort Edward, in order to unite with General Schuyler.

From Ticonderoga to Skenesborough or Whitehall is twenty-three miles. The greater part of the way, indeed, the lake is nothing more than a narrow sluggish river, without apparent motion, among high rocky and mountainous ridges, between whose feet and the lake, there is generally a considerable extent of low, wet, marshy ground, of a most unpromising appearance, for any purpose but to produce fever and ague. The channel is, for miles, so narrow, that the steam-boat can scarcely put about in it, and there seems hardly room for the passage of the little sloops, which are frequently met coming from Whitehall. At the very head of this natural canal, lie the wrecks of the flotillas of M'Donough and Downie, now, by the catastrophe of battle, united into one.

The most interesting object on the passage, is the double barrier of mountains extending along on either hand. It seems as if the lake had been poured into the only natural basin, of any magnitude, which exists in this mountainous region, and as if its boundaries were irrevocably fixed, by the impassable barriers of rocks and Alpine land. The mountains, particularly on the eastern side, presenting to the eye their naked precipitous cliffs, composed of the edges of the strata, are gneiss at Whitehall and limestone towards Ticonderoga. From Lake George to Lake Champlain, they are primitive. At Whitehall, the rocks have a very beautiful stratification; the hills appear as if cracked in two, and one part being removed, we have a fine vertical section; both their horizontal and perpendicular divisions, resemble a regular piece of masonry, and this is the prevailing fact all along the lake.

The village of *Whitehall* contains about one hundred houses; it is situated on a low piece of ground, at the head

of the navigation of Lake Champlain. Steam navigation on this lake, and the opening of the Northern canal, have given it a rapid increase of business. Many good buildings are erected, and it seems likely to become a trading place of no mean importance. The canal enters the lake at the village.

From Whitehall to Fort Anne, twelve miles, the road passes in a south-west direction, with the Champlain canal on the left hand all the way; for the last seven miles it is formed along the bed of *Wood Creek*. The rocks which are seen on the road are immense strata of gneiss, often so full of garnets, that at a distance the ledges appear spotted with red and brown.

Just before we enter the village of *Fort Anne*, is a narrow pass between some high rocks and Wood creek, where, on the 8th of July 1777, the ninth British regiment, belonging to General Burgoyne's army, sustained a heavy loss, by a conflict with the Americans under Colonel Long. After the surrender of Ticonderoga, General Burgoyne endeavoured to keep up the alarm, by spreading his parties over the country. With this view, Colonel Hill, at the head of the ninth regiment, was despatched after Colonel Long, who, with four or five hundred men, principally the invalids and convalescents of the army, had taken post at Fort Anne, and was directed by General Schuyler to defend it. Colonel Long, with his party, did not wait an attack from the enemy, but boldly advanced to meet them. For two hours they continued the attack, with great gallantry, when at length the British having received a reinforcement of Indians, and our ammunition being expended, Colonel Long was forced to retreat.

From Fort Anne to Sandy Hill, the next stage, is nine miles, passing through the little village of *Kingsbury*. *Sandy Hill* is a village containing about four hundred inhabitants, seated on the margin of the Hudson, immediately above *Baker's Falls*, on a high precipitous bank, and enjoys a pure air, with a delightful prospect of variegated scenery. The head of these falls commences just at the great bend of the river, where it turns south, and the whole descent is seventy-six feet, within sixty rods. There is no perpendicular cataract, but the water winds in various irregular serpentine courses, evidently worn in the rock, and descends with vast rapidity. Here, as also at Glenn's Falls, are mills erected, which give a pleasing variety to the whole scenery. The

transition and secondary formations are said to form a junction at this place. Slaty rocks compose the banks of the river, and are seen lying beneath the water; and when the latter is tranquil, a beautiful sight is presented by the veins of white calcareous spar, which, in great numbers, intersect the black slate rocks, and give them a tessellated appearance, rendered more brilliant by the refractive effect of the water, through which they are seen. Several persons have been precipitated over the falls, and met with instant death. Two men were in a boat, above the mill-dam, and venturing a little too far, were drawn irretrievably into the rapid waters; as the boat passed over the dam, one of the men caught upon it, and stood braced, till a plank, secured by a rope, was floated down to him, and he was thus extricated from his dangerous situation; but his companion went over the dam, and was lost. Another man, in a boat, was impelled into the current, and finding his case hopeless, calmly shipped his oars, and submitted to his fate.

At Sandy Hill, the traveller may cross the Hudson and proceed by a direct route to Saratoga Springs, and thence to Albany. The usual road however continues along the eastern shore of the river, and in two miles brings us to *Fort Edward*, a village with about two hundred and fifty inhabitants and considerable trade.

Not far from the village, the traveller will see a little spring, which flows limpid and cool from a bank near the road-side, while above it rises an old tree, whose branches have nearly all been torn away by the tempests of many years. On its bark he will see the words "JANE M'CREA 1777"—and he will not pass it without dropping a tear as he contemplates the untimely fate of youthful loveliness. Her tragic tale is short and simple. The daughter of a respectable man who resided in the neighbourhood, she had unfortunately yielded her affections to an officer in the British army. As General Burgoyne pursued his march from the north, the Americans retreated before it and left Fort Edward. With the imprudence of her sex and age, increased perhaps by the hope of thus more easily meeting her lover, she lingered behind her countrymen, and remained at the fort. In the meantime, the young soldier, anxious to behold his destined bride, but probably unable to leave his corps at the moment, despatched, and it was an act of unpardonable rash-

ness, a party of Indians, in whom he believed implicit reliance might be placed, to bear her to the British camp. Why he did not go for her himself, or why at least he did not accompany his savage emissaries, is unknown; the fatal event too sadly proved how vainly he had reposed his confidence. Sorely against the wishes and remonstrances of her friends, did the unthinking girl commit herself to the care of these fiends, and mounting her horse, she rode by their side until they arrived at this little spring, where they halted for a moment to drink. As they were resting here, another party of Indians arrived. Different accounts are given of their object; by some it is said, that they were despatched by the impatient lover to hasten the former party, with whom they immediately quarrelled for the office of conducting the maiden to the camp; by others, and perhaps with more probability, we are told, that they were a band of ferocious savages, who had been overrunning the surrounding country, and determined to seize the prey which now offered, for themselves. Whichever may have been the case, scarcely had they met when a bloody conflict arose, the innocent girl perished by the tomahawk of one of these inhuman monsters; and, with the very acmé of horror, when the expecting lover rushed to meet the expected object of his affection, the murderers presented him with her scalp. He survived but to indulge feelings that no time could assuage, and at length died beneath their influence. The recital of this deed of atrocity filled every breast, as well in Europe as America, with horror, and has stamped a lasting infamy upon those who called to their aid these uncivilized barbarians, and who affected to believe that the laws of their country prohibited their punishment.

About a mile and a half above the village of Fort Edward, a feeder is carried from the Hudson river, half a mile in length, by means of a dam across that stream, nine hundred feet long, and twenty-seven feet of average height, which throws back an ample supply of water for the summit-level above described, of twelve miles: at Fort Edward there are three locks, which let down the canal thirty feet, into the Hudson, in which the navigation is thence continued to *Fort Miller*, eight miles, by means of a dam at the head of Fort Miller falls.

In describing the advance of General Burgoyne, we left him at Whitehall, from whence he effected his passage to Fort

Edward with extreme difficulty, after several weeks of severe labour, and the battle we have mentioned at Fort Anne. In the meantime, General Schuyler, in consequence of General Burgoyne's halting nearly three weeks at Skenesborough, had time to throw very formidable obstructions in his way. He placed innumerable trees in Wood creek, and across the roads by Fort Anne; he demolished bridges, and by every other means in his power so impeded his march, that the British army did not arrive at Fort Edward, on the Hudson, till the 30th of July.

Crossing that river below Fort Miller, the road leads us along the western shore, through Saratoga county, and passing the villages of *Fish Creek*, *Saratoga* and *Bemiss' Heights*, sixteen miles, to *Stillwater*. There is nothing to require particular notice except the historical reminiscences which arise. Along the river, the alluvial flats are principally a stiff argillaceous loam, and the river hills have the same kind of soil, more or less mixed with sand or gravel. The timber on these lands is oak, hickory, chesnut, &c.; on the loamy plains, beech, maple, ash, elm and butternut; and on the sandy loam, white and yellow pine.

On the 13th and 14th of September, General Burgoyne passed the Hudson river, on a bridge of boats, not far from Fort Miller, and proceeded, without any material opposition, to Saratoga and Stillwater, till, on the 17th, his advanced guard was within four miles of the American army, which, emboldened by an advantage gained at Bennington, and strengthened in stores and men, was advancing to meet him. On the 18th, the fronts of the two armies were almost in contact, and some skirmishing ensued, but without causing a general engagement.

On the following day, about twelve o'clock, the first battle commenced, at a place called *Freeman's Farm*, a short distance below the village of Bemiss' Heights; the spot is still pointed out, about two miles to the west of the river. A great part of the ground is covered by lofty forest trees, principally pine, with a few cleared fields scattered about; many of the trees yet record the bloody scenes of former days; they still show the wounds made in their trunks and branches, by the missiles of contending armies; their roots still penetrate the soil, that was made fruitful by the blood of the brave, and their sombre foliage still murmurs with the breeze, which

once bore along the sighs of departing spirits. The action was continued with great bravery, on both sides, until night; when each army returned to its respective camp, and retained the same position it held before the commencement of the battle. This circumstance however was almost as injurious to the British as a defeat; cut off from all sources of supply, it had become absolutely necessary that they should force their march to the south at all hazards. For several days, each army kept its ground with great anxiety; it was evident that the crisis was arrived, when the fate of this campaign must be decided. "Not a night passed," says General Burgoyne, "without firing, and sometimes concerted attacks upon our pickets; no foraging party could be made, without great detachments to cover it. By being habituated to fire, our soldiers became indifferent to it, and were capable of eating or sleeping when it was very near them; but I do not believe that either officer or soldier ever slept, during that interval, without his clothes, or that any general officer, or commander of a regiment, passed a single night without being upon his legs occasionally, at different hours, and constantly an hour before day light."

At length the British commander determined to attempt a decisive stroke. On the 7th of October he put himself at the head of a detachment of fifteen hundred regular troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders. He was seconded by Generals Phillips, Reidesel, and Frazer, all officers distinguished for their zeal and ability. As soon as the advance of the British was perceived, General Gates lost no time in leading out his troops, who advanced to the charge with great impetuosity. The battle continued through the day, and both parties suffered under a severe fire; General Frazer fell, mortally wounded, at the head of his division, and Colonel Breyman was killed while leading on the German troops; this corps was nearly cut to pieces, and forced to retreat in the most precipitate manner, leaving the British encampment on the right entirely unprotected, and liable to be assailed the next morning. All the British officers bear testimony to the valour and obstinacy of the attack of the Americans. The fact was, the British were sorely defeated, routed and vigorously pursued to their lines, which, it seems probable, would have been entirely carried by assault, had not darkness, as in the battle of the 19th, put

an end to the sanguinary contest. It is obvious, from General Burgoyne's own account, and from the testimony of his officers, that this was a severe defeat; and such a one as has rarely been experienced by a British army; the troops were reduced by it to the greatest distress, and nothing but night saved them from destruction.

Among the many prisoners taken on this fatal day, were Sir Francis Clarke, first aid-de-camp of General Burgoyne; Major Ackland, commander of grenadiers; Major Williams, commander of artillery, and many other distinguished officers. General Wilkinson, who was present during this campaign, and engaged in the different battles, has recorded, in his own memoirs, many interesting anecdotes relative to it. Among others, he mentions several passages of the last moments of Sir Francis Clarke, who discussed with General Gates, as he lay mortally wounded in his house, the merits of the revolution, and awaited his fate with manly composure. It was General Wilkinson's good fortune also, to save the life of the gallant Ackland, at the moment when a soldier had aimed his musket at him, as he lay against a fence wounded in both legs.

Farm houses are dispersed here and there, over the field of battle, and the people often find, even now, gun-barrels and bayonets, cannon balls, grape-shot, bullets and human bones. Such are the memorials still existing, of these great military events; great, not so much on account of the numbers of the actors, as from the momentous interests at stake, and from the magnanimous efforts to which they gave origin.

The night of the 7th of October was a most critical one for the royal army; in the course of it they abandoned their camp, changed their whole position, and retreated to their works upon the heights, contiguous to the river, and immediately behind the hospital.

On the 8th the British were employed in burying their dead. General Frazer, when dying, had sent, with the kindest expression of his affection for General Burgoyne, a request that he might be carried without parade, by the soldiers of his corps, to the great redoubt, and buried there. The body, attended by the commander in chief and the other principal officers of the army, who could not resist the impulse to join the procession, moved, winding slowly up the

hill, within view of the greater part of both armies, while an incessant cannonade from the Americans, who observed a collection of people, without knowing the occasion, covered the procession with dust. The clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Brudenel, went through the funeral service with perfect composure and propriety, notwithstanding the cannonade, and thus the last honours were paid to one of the chiefs of the British army. The Baroness Reidesel, who was a spectator, says that the funeral service was rendered unusually solemn and awful, from its being accompanied by constant peals from the enemy's artillery; "many cannon balls," she adds, "flew close by me, but I had my eyes directed to the mountain, where my husband was, standing amidst the fire of the enemy, and of course I could not think of my own danger." General Burgoyne's eloquent delineation of the same scene, although often quoted before by others, is too interesting to be omitted in a work like this. "The incessant cannonade, during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the clergyman officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides around him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain, to the last of life, upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing duskiness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master, that the field ever exhibited. To the canvass, and to the page of a more important historian, gallant friend! I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress, and their period, find due distinction, and long may they survive; long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

About nine o'clock this evening the British army commenced a retreat, pursuing the river road through the meadows. It moved all night; but the succeeding day was excessively rainy, and the roads so bad, that they did not reach Saratoga, a distance of only six miles, till the evening of the 9th. The rains had so swelled the Fishkill, that they did not pass that rivulet till the morning of the 10th, when, finding their enemies already in possession of the fords of the Hudson, they took up a strong position, which proved their final one.

At this period, an anecdote is recorded by General Wilkinson, which presents so beautiful a picture of fortitude, resignation and affection, that it must not be omitted. Lady Harriet Ackland had accompanied her husband through all the dangers and hardships of this campaign; separated from him at length by his capture, she obtained from General Burgoyne, permission to seek the American camp, and join the prisoner. About ten o'clock in the evening, a sentinel on the shore of the river saw a boat approaching; and finding that it contained this noble woman, who had brought a letter from General Burgoyne to General Gates, she was received with every attention; during the night, she reposed in the cabin of one of the officers, and early in the morning was conveyed to the head quarters of the army. "General Gates," says Colonel Wilkinson, "stood ready to receive her, with all the tenderness and respect to which her rank and condition gave her a claim: indeed the feminine figure, the benign aspect, and polished manners of this charming woman, were alone sufficient to attract the sympathy of the most obdurate; but if another motive could have been wanting to inspire respect, it was furnished by the peculiar circumstances of Lady Harriet, then in that most delicate situation, which cannot fail to interest the solitudes of every being possessing the form and feelings of a man. Every kindness and attention was paid to her, and she was safely conveyed to her husband, who had gone to Albany."

Six days more of anxiety, fatigue and suffering, remained for the British army. They had lost part of the batteaux that carried their supplies, when they abandoned the hospital, and the rest being exposed to imminent danger, the small stock of provisions remaining was landed under a heavy fire, and hauled up the heights. The account which the Baroness Reidesel gives of their sufferings is indeed dreadful. This noble woman, like Lady Ackland, had accompanied her husband through the campaign, and General Wilkinson has preserved the journal in which she recorded its gloomy history. "The constant danger my husband was in," she writes, "kept me in a state of wretchedness, and I asked myself if it was possible I should be the only happy one, and have my husband spared to me unhurt, exposed as he was to so many perils. He never entered his tent, but laid down whole

nights by the watch-fires ; this alone was enough to have killed him, the cold was so intense. The want of water distressed us much ; at length we found a soldier's wife, who had courage enough to fetch us some from the river, an office no one else would undertake, as the Americans shot at every person who approached it, but out of respect for her sex they never molested her. One day General Phillips accompanied my husband, at the risk of their lives, on a visit to us, and after having witnessed our situation, said to him, 'I would not for ten thousand guineas come again to this place, my heart is almost broken.' In this horrid situation we remained six days ; a cessation of hostilities was now spoken of, and eventually took place ; a convention was afterwards agreed upon, but one day a message was sent to my husband, who had visited me and was reposing in my bed, to attend a council of war, where it was proposed to break the convention ; but to my great joy, the majority was for adhering to it. On the 17th of October, the convention was completed, and General Burgoyne and the other generals waited on the American commander in chief. My husband sent a message to me to come over to him with my children. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, took my children from the calash, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears. 'You tremble,' said he, addressing himself to me, 'but do not be afraid.' 'No,' I answered, 'you seem so kind and tender to my children, it inspires me with courage.' He then led me to the tent of General Gates, where I found Generals Burgoyne and Phillips, who were on a friendly footing with the former. Burgoyne said to me 'never mind, your sorrows have now an end.' I answered him that I should be reprehensible to have any cares, as he had none ; and I was pleased to see him on such friendly terms with General Gates. All the generals remained to dine with him. The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me, 'you will be very much embarrassed to eat with all these gentlemen ; come with your children to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal dinner, and give it with free will.' I said, 'you are certainly a husband and a father, you have shown me so much kindness.' I now found that he was General Schuyler.

Some days after this we arrived at Albany, where we had so


often wished ourselves; but we did not enter it as we expected we should—as victors! We were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, not as enemies, but kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General Schuyler's beautiful house to be burnt; in fact they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollections of their own injuries in the contemplation of our misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him, 'you show me great kindness, although I have done you much injury.' 'That was the fate of war,' replied the brave man, 'let us say no more about it!'"

On the 17th of October 1777, on the banks of the Fishkill, General Burgoyne and his army surrendered to General Gates; delivering up their artillery, arms and stores, and pledging themselves not to serve again in America during the war. General Wilkinson, who was present, thus describes the scene.—“Early in the morning of the 17th, I visited General Burgoyne in his camp, and accompanied him to the ground, where his army was to lay down their arms, from whence we rode to the bank of the Hudson river, which he surveyed with attention, and asked me whether it was not fordable. ‘Certainly, sir,’ but do you observe the people on the opposite shore?’ ‘Yes,’ replied he, ‘I have seen them too long.’ He then proposed to be introduced to General Gates, and we crossed the Fishkill, and proceeded to headquarters, General Burgoyne in front, with his Adjutant-General Kingston and his aids-de-camp Lord Petersham and Lieutenant Wilford behind him; then followed Major-General Phillips, the Baron Reidesel, and the other general officers and their suites, according to rank. General Gates, advised of Burgoyne's approach, met him at the head of his camp; Burgoyne in a rich royal uniform, and Gates in a plain blue frock; when they had approached nearly within sword's-length, they reined up, and halted; I there named the gentlemen, and General Burgoyne, raising his hat most gracefully, said, ‘The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner;’ to which the conqueror returned a courtly salute, and promptly replied, ‘I shall always be ready to bear testimony, that it has not been through any fault of your ex-

cellency.' Major-General Phillips then advanced, and he and General Gates saluted, and shook hands with the familiarity of old acquaintances. The Baron Reidesel, and the other officers, were introduced in their turn."

From Stillwater, the road proceeds along the western shore of the Hudson, through Anthony's Kill and Waterford,* as we have before described it, twenty-four miles to Albany.

* Page 53—59.



BURLINGTON TO BOSTON.

	M.	M.
BURLINGTON to		
Williston - - - - -		12
Bolton - - - - -	8	20
Waterbury - - - - -	6	26
<i>Montpelier</i> - - - - -	12	38
Williamstown - - - - -	12	50
Brookfield - - - - -	8	58
Randolph - - - - -	6	64
Royalton - - - - -	9	73
Barnard - - - - -	8	81
Woodstock - - - - -	8	89
Hartland - - - - -	7	96
<i>Windsor</i> - - - - -	6	102
Cross Connecticut River by Cornish Bridge		
Cornish - - - - -	3	105
Claremont - - - - -	8	113
Sugar River - - - - -	5	118
Newport - - - - -	3	121
Goshen - - - - -	4	125
Washington - - - - -	10	135
Hillsborough - - - - -	10	145
Contocook River - - - - -	3	148
Francistown - - - - -	11	159
Mount Vernon - - - - -	10	169
<i>Amherst</i> - - - - -	5	174
Dunstable - - - - -	14	188
Cross Nashua River		
New-Hampshire State line - - - - -	5	193
Tyngsborough - - - - -	8	201
Chelmsford - - - - -	4	205
Bellerica - - - - -	8	213
Cross Middlesex Canal		
Woburn - - - - -	9	222
Medford - - - - -	7	229
Re-cross Middlesex Canal		
Charlestown - - - - -	6	235
BOSTON - - - - -	1	236

From BURLINGTON to BOSTON.

INSTEAD of pursuing the usual route up Lake Champlain, a traveller may make an extremely pleasant deviation by landing at Burlington, and crossing through the states of Vermont and New-Hampshire to Boston.

He will find the country, immediately on the shore of the lake, an alluvial soil; and from the accounts of the inhabitants, its surface must be very different now from what it was formerly. Frogs have been dug up from a depth of fifteen feet; at first, they were apparently lifeless, but after being exposed to the air and sun, became convulsed and tremulous, and gradually acquiring more and more the power of voluntary motion, finally hopped away in full possession of health and activity. Logs also, and stumps of trees, have been dug up here, at various depths, from ten to forty feet; and this, in some instances, where no discernible alluvion existed to explain the mystery. About three miles from the courthouse, and within fifteen rods of Onion river, a man, about six years since, while digging a well, found a boat, twelve feet below the surface.

As we ride towards the west, the view is one of great beauty. Towards the interior, among other interesting objects, the range of the Green Mountains, with its train of lofty summits, commencing in the south, as far as the eye can reach, declines away northward, until it becomes apparently blended with the common surface. Among the Green Mountains, there are two which rise with lofty grandeur above all the rest; one of them named the *Camel's Rump*, the *Camel's Back* or the *Camel*, the other the *Mountain of Mansfield*. The latter of these was proved, by the following expedient, some years since, to be higher than the former. A hunter, who had ascended to its highest point, put into his piece a small ball, and pointing it at the apex of the Camel, the ball rolled out.

From the town of Burlington, the road strikes across into the valley of *Onion River*, along which it courses, through *Jericho*, *Bolton*, *Waterbury*, and *Middlesex*, to Montpelier, thirty-eight miles. A small part of this distance, we pass through forests, most of which are rendered particularly plea-

sant and shady by the multitude of beautiful and lofty white pines of which they are composed. A great part of the tract through which our journey lies, is however thinly settled, and wears every mark of a late colonization, such as houses and fences built of logs, girdled trees, stumps, and fields imperfectly cleared. The river is a pretty stream, perfectly clear, always winding beautifully along, cheerful in its current, and awakening the most lively impressions of sweetness and salubrity. Its borders also are lined with intervals, remarkably handsome and fertile.

The verdure of the numerous and rich meadows which border the road, is extremely luxuriant. The forest trees are thriving and noble. The hills presenting many handsome acclivities, show us flourishing farms, advancing rapidly towards a thorough cultivation. Often behind them, and often rising immediately from the road, objects invested with awful grandeur, are finely contrasted with this smiling scenery. On the north side, particularly, a long succession of naked rocks and stupendous precipices, principally schistose, form wild, rugged and magnificent counterparts to the rude mountains on the eastern continent, as exhibited in plates and descriptions. On the southern side of the river, the mountains are universally covered with forests: even the Camel's Back, which at little intervals is visible all along this road, and looks down on the regions below with proud sublimity, is covered with evergreens to its summit.

At *Waterbury*, Onion river has worn a stupendous passage through two mountainous promontories of slate, between six hundred and a thousand feet in length. The precipices on both sides are lofty; the perpendicular height of that on the south is not less than one hundred and fifty feet. A collection of huge misshapen rocks has here been tumbled into the river; and, when it is at its usual height, completely covers its bed. The gloominess of this passage, the pile of ruins beneath which the river runs, the noise of the torrent, and the solemn grandeur of the precipices, form a combination of scenery which a Welsh or Highland bard would describe with rapture.

Montpelier is a town situated in a valley at the confluence of the two head waters of Onion river. It has about eight hundred inhabitants. It is the capital of the state of Vermont, and contains the state-house, prison, and other public

buildings. This place is so secluded, that it seems as if the government had sought retirement more than publicity, in fixing itself here. It is probable, however, that the choice proceeded from a regard to a central position, as this place is only ten miles from the middle of the state.

The road now passes for sixty-four miles to Windsor, on the Connecticut river. *Berlin*, the first township through which we travel, is situated on very high ground, about twenty miles eastward of the Camel's Back. The surface is a succession of gradual slopes and open valleys. The soil is good grazing land, and the township is distributed into farms recently settled. The inhabitants have built a church, on an eminence about half a mile westwardly from the road.

Williamstown lies on an elevation, little if at all beneath that of Berlin. That part of the township through which we travel, is however much more pleasant. The settlements are further advanced; the soil is rich; and the inhabitants, by the appearance of their farms and buildings, are in prosperous circumstances. From the highest ground on this road, there is a most magnificent view over the Connecticut valley; terminated eastward by Moose-hillock, at the distance of between thirty and forty miles; and north-eastward, at the distance of about sixty or seventy, by the White Mountains.

Brookfield lies on the declension of the same hills, and is generally of the same appearance. The soil on our road is however less fertile, and the face of the country less pleasant. Soon after entering this township, we come upon one of the head waters of the White river; and descending very rapidly, soon arrive at the foot of the mountains. Here we enter a narrow, flat valley, presenting a succession of verdant intervals, bordering a clear, prattling stream. The hills by which it is limited, are however neither fertile nor pleasant. At *Randolph*, which we reach in six miles, there is a small village built along this brook, here swollen into a mill-stream. It contains about thirty buildings, houses, stores, mechanics' shops, and, what is always very welcome to a traveller, a good inn.

The village of *Royalton* consists of about thirty houses, surrounding a well-built academy. Few objects are more cheerful than this little cluster. Just before reaching it, we are presented also with a beautiful expansion, formed by the junction of two branches of the White river.

There is a road which here strikes off to the left, twenty-seven miles, to *Dartmouth College*. Pursuing however the regular route, we reach in fifteen miles from Royalton the town of *Woodstock*, built at the junction of the two branches of the *Waterqueechy*. It is a neat and cheerful settlement, containing a number of handsome houses, and ornamented with intervals on both streams.

From Woodstock we descend rapidly to the Connecticut river at Windsor, a ride of thirteen miles. Before us, a little to the right, we see a lofty mountain called *Aschutney*, which rises at a small distance from the river, and is separated from it by a plain which may be considered as its base. Its name, it is said, signifies the 'three brothers,' being supposed to indicate the three principal summits of the mountain. As seen in most directions, however, it is a single conical eminence, with several inferior summits, which are also conical. From its whole appearance, there is considerable reason to suspect that at some former period it was volcanic. Clouds usually envelop the summit of Aschutney for some time before a rain, and the shower commonly commences on the mountain before it descends on the subjacent country. The height has been ascertained to be three thousand three hundred and twenty feet above the tide.

The geology of the region over which we have been passing from Burlington, is simple and grand. About seven miles east of the lake, the primitive country begins; and the fixed rocks, running in immense ledges north-east and south-west, often vertical, or highly inclined in their position, and with a dip generally to the east, are mica slate, gneiss, clay slate, and chlorite slate. Mica slate is far the most abundant. In some of these schistose rocks, hornblende prevails; but there is no granite in place. Granite, however, in loose rolled pieces, some of them weighing many tons, prevails for the last forty miles; there is enough to build several cities: it is very handsome, has a fine grain, the feldspar is white, the quartz gray, and the mica black, and it is used along the road as a building stone, though it appears certain that there are no fixed rocks of the kind in this region. These masses of granite have every appearance of having been brought down from more elevated regions; for they are observed in deep valleys, on the banks and in the beds of water-courses, on the declivities, and even high up on the sides of the moun-

tains. But they are rolled and rounded ; most of them approach the globular form, and all have their angles and edges worn away.

Windsor is a flourishing town, the capital of the county of Windsor, and evidently superior to any other in the state of Vermont, on the eastern side of the Green Mountains. The great body of the town, however, consists of a single street, parallel with the river, not far from two miles in length, and lying on the plain at the foot of the hills. The houses in Windsor are generally good, and several of them are built in a handsome style. Very few inland towns in New-England appear to equal advantage. The court-house, which stands on the north-eastern corner of the upper part of the plain, is an ordinary building : the church, situated on its declivity, is large and has a good appearance. On the plain, the Legislature have stationed their state prison. It is a large and rather handsome structure, built of gray granite, furnished in the neighbourhood, and extremely well fitted for such a purpose : it is very firm, and yet capable of being split into pieces of any shape or size that can conveniently be employed in building. This work cost, it is said, thirty-six thousand eight hundred and thirteen dollars, seventy-eight cents, and is destined for the reception of persons guilty of felonies which are not made capital. The scenery in and about this town, presents many attractions to the eye of the traveller. The rough bank on the opposite side of the river, the river itself, the luxuriant interval, the plains, the town, the hills, and the magnificent mountain, form a group of interesting objects, on which no eye, capable of being delighted with the beauties of nature, can fail to rest with peculiar pleasure.

Sixteen miles above Windsor, on the opposite bank of the river, is *Dartmouth College*, a literary institution of considerable celebrity. It derived its name from William, earl of Dartmouth, one of its most considerable benefactors; and was founded, in the year 1769, by the vigilant and persevering industry of the Rev. Dr. Eleazer Wheelock, formerly a minister of Lebanon in Connecticut. Here this gentleman had before set up an academy, intended particularly for missionaries, who were to spread the gospel among the western Indians; and in this school several of the Aborigines were fitted to enter upon a collegiate education. Several of them

were placed in colleges, and received the usual degrees. Almost all of them however renounced, ultimately, the advantages which they had acquired; and returned to the grossness of savage life.

The principal collegiate building, which is of wood, is one hundred and fifty feet by fifty, and three stories high; it is painted white. Besides thirty-four private rooms for the students, it contains all the public rooms, except those for the medical lectures and the chapel. At a small distance from the college, southward, stands a chapel, the arched ceiling of which, ascending from the four sides, produces the same effect as the whispering gallery in the dome of St. Paul's. A whisper, uttered in one of the angles with so low a sound as not to be audible six feet from the speaker, is very distinctly heard in the opposite angle. The library contains about four thousand volumes. The apparatus of this institution is not very extensive, but is competent to the most important purposes of instruction. There are two libraries, of about two thousand volumes each, belonging to private societies among the students. There is a separate building for commons, but at present none are maintained; the students board in the village, and many of them occupy apartments in it.

From Windsor we cross the Connecticut river into New-Hampshire, on a bridge of two arches, each of which is one hundred and forty-four feet span. The road leads us through the township of *Cornish* to *Claremont*, a village situated on *Sugar River*; the country is fine and undulating, covered with a rich, gravelly loam, converted into the best meadows and pastures. The hills are sloping acclivities, crowned with elegant summits. The township is chiefly distributed into plantations. The houses in many instances are good, and the indications of prosperity abundant. Claremont is one of the wealthiest districts in this county; and in its soil inferior to very few on the river. The country around was, in former times, frequently the scene of bloody conflicts with the Indians and Canadians; a short distance below, a kind of fort had been erected, where now stands the village of *Charlestown*; and this was the object of frequent assaults.

In the year 1747, Captain Stevens, a partisan officer of great gallantry, finding this little fortress in a state which admitted of its being defended, determined to garrison it. Soon after, it was attacked by a large body of Canadians and sava-

ges, who attempted to set it on fire by kindling the fences and outworks, and shooting into it a great number of burning arrows. This mode of assault the enemy continued through two days; but their design was completely frustrated, by the activity and prudence of Stevens. The next morning, the French commander demanded a parley, and sent an officer into the fort, with a proposition that the garrison should lay down their arms, and be conveyed to Montreal as prisoners of war; or, as an alternative, that the two commanders should meet and confer on the subject. To the latter proposal, Stevens agreed. The Frenchman opened the meeting by declaring, that, if Stevens should reject his former proposition, or should kill one of his men, he would storm the fort, and put the whole garrison to death. To this formidable declaration, Stevens replied, that it was his duty and his determination to defend the fort until he found the Frenchman able to execute his threats. The commander then told him to go and see whether his men would dare to second him. Stevens went back to the fort, and put the question to his men, who answered with a single voice, that they would fight to the last. This answer he immediately announced to the enemy. They had already prepared a wheel-carriage, loaded with dry faggots, with which they intended to set fire to the fort. Upon receiving this answer, therefore, the Frenchman ordered some of his men to kindle the faggots, and push the machine up to the fort, while the rest renewed the attack. But he found himself unable either to burn the fort or terrify the garrison. The assault, however, was continued all that day. Sorely mortified with his ill success, the Frenchman, the next morning, proposed a second cessation of arms. It was granted. He then sent in two Indians with a flag, and offered to withdraw, if Stevens would sell him some provisions. This Stevens refused to do; but offered him five bushels of corn for every captive whom he would promise to send him from Canada, leaving hostages for the performance of his promise. The Frenchman, in a rage, ordered his men to fire a few muskets at the fort, and marched off. In this gallant defence, not one of Stevens' men was killed, and only two were wounded. Sir Charles Knowles, then at Boston, was so well pleased with Stevens' conduct, that he sent him an elegant sword.

On the Connecticut river, twenty miles below, is *Bellows Falls*, a place well worth visiting both for its bold and pic-

turesque scenery, and for the interesting nature of its mineralogy and geology. The river is, at this place, very much compressed between ledges of rocks, and for nearly a quarter of a mile, it is hurried on with vast rapidity and tumult and roaring. In the whole, it falls fifty feet before it becomes again placid. The bridge, which stands immediately over the falls, and at the most rapid, that is to say, at the narrowest place, is a handsome object. Its foundation is literally a rock, for it is erected not only upon the precipices which form the banks, but upon the very ledges which interrupt the course of the river, and rise calmly out of the turbulent scene that surrounds them. This is said to have been the earliest bridge erected over the Connecticut, and the view of the falls from it is very interesting. The water, which for some distance above comes rushing over and among very rugged rocks, arrives in an extremely agitated state at the bridge, under which is the grand pass, for the stream is here narrowed into the width of apparently twenty or thirty feet, and rushes through with great rapidity. It is all foam; and both immediately above and below the bridge, resembles the most violent breaking of the waves of the ocean, when dashed upon the rocks by a furious tempest.

Pursuing however our direct course across the state of New Hampshire, we pass through the villages of *Hillsborough* and *Francestown*, across a ridge of very high land, and in fifty-six miles reach *Amherst*, seated on a plain, through which flows the river *Souhegan*; it is a very pretty place, containing a church, court-house, jail and printing-office, and the township has a population of about eighteen hundred.

From Amherst, the road leads us in fourteen miles to *Dunstable*, on the shore of the Merrimac river. Along the valley of this stream, we travel for seventeen miles to *Chelmsford*. A short distance below this village, the *Middlesex Canal* leaves the Merrimac, and courses along on the side of the road for twenty-four miles, to *Medford*, on *Mystic River*. The water in the canal is thirty feet wide at its surface, twenty feet at its bottom, and three feet deep. The Concord or Sudbury river crosses the line of the canal on the summit-level, five miles from the junction of the canal with the Merrimac, and wholly supplies it with water for locking down each way from the summit-level. From tide water to the summit-level is an ascent of one hundred and four feet, and from thence to the

Merrimac a descent of thirty-two feet. There are in all twenty locks, of different lifts, of which the highest is twelve feet. These locks are seventy-five feet long in the clear, ten feet wide at the bottom, and eleven feet at the top. Above Medford is an aqueduct across the Mystic river, of which the abutments are one hundred feet apart, and between them are three stone piers, each eight feet thick, for supporting the aqueduct. The tide flows up the Mystic river above this place. The surface of the water in the aqueduct, is ten feet above the surface of the water in the river below, at high water. The aqueduct consists of a kind of trough, made of timber and plank, which has stood a number of years, but is now beginning to decay. Over Sym's river is an aqueduct, of which the abutments are a hundred and twenty feet apart, with three intervening piers. The water in the aqueduct is thirty feet higher than the water in the stream below. The aqueduct over the Shawshine river is, between the abutments, one hundred and forty feet. The water in it is thirty-five feet higher than the surface of the river below. This aqueduct has been built twenty years; it is, like the others on this canal, made of wood, and is so much decayed as to require temporary props to support it. There are three piers between the abutments; and, between the outside pier and the abutment on each side, there is a kind of wooden pier. On the interior or river side, of both the abutments, and on both sides of the piers, at suitable distances, large horizontal timbers are imbedded, which serve to support the lower ends of the aqueduct braces; when these timbers become rotten, the stone work will probably fall down. From each end of this aqueduct, to the distance of five hundred feet, is an embankment nearly thirty-five feet high.

The receipts of the company, from the canal, are rapidly increasing. The income in 1808 was seven thousand dollars, in 1809, nine thousand dollars, in 1810, fourteen thousand dollars, in 1811, seventeen thousand dollars, in 1816, twenty-five thousand dollars.

From Medford, the next stage, of six miles, brings us to Boston.

ALBANY TO BOSTON.

	M.	M.
ALBANY		
Cross Hudson River to		
Greenbush - - - - -		1
Union - - - - -	12	13
Stephentown - - - - -	6	19
Canaan - - - - -	7	26
<i>Lebanon Springs</i> - - - - -	2	28
New-York State line - - - - -	1	29
Hancock - - - - -	1	30
Pittsfield - - - - -	5	35
Dalton - - - - -	6	41
Peru - - - - -	6	47
Worthington - - - - -	8	55
Chesterfield - - - - -	6	61
<i>Northampton</i> - - - - -	12	73
Cross Connecticut River		
Hadley - - - - -	1	74
Belchertown - - - - -	10	84
Ware - - - - -	9	93
Brookfield - - - - -	8	101
Spencer - - - - -	7	108
Leicester - - - - -	5	113
<i>Worcester</i> - - - - -	7	120
Shrewsbury - - - - -	6	126
Southborough - - - - -	10	136
Framingham - - - - -	5	141
Cross Concord River		
Natick - - - - -	7	148
Cross Charles River		
Needham - - - - -	5	153
Re-cross Charles River		
Brookline - - - - -	6	159
Roxbury - - - - -	3	162
BOSTON - - - - -	3	165

From ALBANY to BOSTON.

ANOTHER route which a traveller may select, is to continue down the Hudson as far as Albany, and then to strike off to the eastward, through Massachusetts; and this route is perhaps the more preferable, as he will not lose the opportunity of visiting the interesting country at the head of Lake Champlain, and in the neighbourhood of Saratoga.

Crossing the Hudson to the village of *Greenbush*, the road passes in a south-eastern direction, through the county of Rensselaer, twelve miles, to *Union* village. Around *Greenbush*, the country is beautiful and fertile, and is divided into fine farms, interspersed with houses and outbuildings, whose appearance sufficiently indicates the easy circumstances of their proprietors. From this plain, we ascend the elevated grounds by which it is bordered, and from the acclivity are presented with a fine view of the city of Albany, the highlands north of it, the handsome country-seats in the neighbourhood, the river, and the fine flats by which for a great extent it is bordered on both sides. The soil is a mixture of sand and clay, replenished everywhere with black, friable slate; and the surface is covered with oak, chesnut, pine, &c. This tract is tolerably fertile, and well suited to the growth of wheat. In five or six miles from the river, the country becomes gradually more hilly, and the clay begins to be mixed with loam and gravel. Granite and limestone are found in considerable quantities, and the forests become chiefly oak and chesnut.

The next stage of fifteen miles, through *Stephentown* and *Canaan*, brings us to Lebanon Springs. The beautiful little village of *New Lebanon* is formed chiefly of houses erected for the accommodation of those who frequent the mineral springs; part of it is in the vale, the rest on the steep ascent which forms the first step of the mountain that bounds it. Before it, the valley spreads away, extending for several miles, finely cultivated, with meadow, wood and farm houses mingled together, and its area surrounded on every side by lofty hills, whose sides are themselves finely chequered with cottages, groves, and fields covered with the freshest ver-

ture. At a distance, tufted with wood, is seen the neat village of the Shakers.

As the spring is not very remarkable for the strength of its mineral quality, nor for great heat, the principal advantages of Lebanon seem to arise less from the water, than from the softness and purity of the air, the repose and beauty of the place, and the exercise which those who visit it are disposed to take, from the invitation and resource it offers; the scenery and prospects invite us to ramble over its hills; and all around, the country affords pleasant rides, especially on horseback. This spring, however, is less the resort of company than Saratoga and Ballston: those who are the victims of disease, find in their waters more powerful remedies; while fashion, which delights more in a crowd, however dull, than in repose, natural beauty, and rural resource, prefers to fill the formal and listless rooms of Saratoga, rather than be amused with the native charms of a spot like this.

Unlike most mineral waters, the spring at Lebanon issues from a high hill; the water boils up in a space of ten feet wide by three and a half deep; it is perfectly pellucid, so that a pin's-head might be seen on the bottom of the spring. Gas in abundance issues from among the pebbles and sand, and keeps the water in a constant and pleasing agitation. The fountain is very copious; the water discharged amounts to eighteen barrels in a minute, and not only supplies the baths very copiously, simply by running down the hill to them, but in the same manner it feeds several mills, and turns the water-wheels with sufficient power. The quantity of water is constant, and varies not perceptibly in any season, a remark also applicable to its temperature, which is 73° of Fahrenheit: this temperature, so near the summer heat, makes it a thermal water, and causes a copious cloud of condensed vapour to hang over the fountain, whenever the air is cold. The water is perfectly tasteless, and without smell, very soft, does not curdle soap, is used for all culinary and domestic purposes, is not avoided by animals, who drink at the stream that flows in a rivulet down the hill, and apparently differs little from very pure mountain water, except in its temperature: that of the contiguous springs in the same hill is as low as that of any mountain springs, about 50° . Dr. William Meade, from a regular process of analysis, infers that the Lebanon Spring contains, in two quarts of water—

Muriate of lime,	1	grain.
————— soda,	$1\frac{3}{4}$	do.
Sulphate of lime,	$1\frac{1}{2}$	do.
Carbonate of lime,	$\frac{3}{4}$	do.
Total,	5	do.

The aeriform fluids in two quarts of water, he states thus:

Azotic gas, (or nitrogen),	13	cubic inches.
Atmospheric air, - - -	8	do.

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On the side of the New Lebanon basin, opposite to the spring, at the distance of two miles and a half, upon the declivity of the mountain, and near its base, is the *Shaker's Village*, which, with its green fields and neat houses, is a pleasing object in the outline of the picture. The Shakers are a religious sect, who have established themselves here, upon a plan rudely resembling the regular monastic institutions of Europe. It is an association of men and women, who, on entering the society, give up their property to its common use, and live together secluded from the rest of the world, and devoted to a life of celibacy, labour and religion. They seem anxious to make proselytes, and do gain many from among the ignorant and weak-minded; those who marry, however, are immediately excluded. On the whole, there seems to be but little chance, amid the freedom of the present age, and in this country, where every circumstance invites rather than discourages social intercourse, that their numbers will ever be great.

Their village, or collection of buildings, is arranged along a street of a mile in length. All of them are comfortable, and a considerable portion of them are large: they are, almost without an exception painted yellow, and, although plain, make a handsome appearance. The utmost neatness is conspicuous in their fields, gardens, court-yards, out-houses, and even in the road; not a weed, not a spot of filth, nor any nuisance, is suffered to exist. Their wood is cut and piled in the most exact order; their fences are perfect; even their stone walls are constructed with great regularity, and of materials so massy and so well arranged, that unless overthrown by force, they may stand for centuries: instead of wooden

posts for their gates, they have pillars of stone, of one solid piece; and every thing bears the impress of labour, vigilance and skill, with such a share of taste as is consistent with the austerities of their sect. Their orchards are beautiful, and probably no part of our country presents finer examples of agricultural excellence. They are said to possess nearly three thousand acres of land, in this vicinity.

Besides agriculture, the Shakers occupy themselves with mechanical employments. The productions of their industry and skill, sieves, brushes, boxes, pails, and other domestic utensils, are everywhere exposed for sale, and are distinguished by excellence of workmanship. Their garden seeds are celebrated for goodness, and find a ready market. Their females are employed in domestic manufactures and house work, and the community is fed and clothed principally by its own productions. Their church, a plain but neat building, has a court-yard belonging to it, which is a remarkably "smooth shaven green." Two paths lead to it from a neighbouring house, both paved with marble slabs: by these, the men enter at one end of the church, and the women at the other.

Of the exact tenets of this sect, it is rather difficult to obtain an accurate account. It is said to have been founded about the year 1768, by Ann Lee, the wife of an English blacksmith. She pretended to be inspired, called herself "Anne the word," and instituted a new mode of worship, "praising the Lord by dancing." Being prosecuted for riotous conduct, she and her followers were thrown into prison; a treatment which caused their emigration. They came to America in 1774, and settled in the state of New-Hampshire. Anne afterwards removed to the state of New-York, where she began to prophecy, declaring that she was the second Christ, and that those who followed her should have their sins forgiven. About the year 1781, she began a progress through various parts of the country, particularly of New-England, which lasted, we are told, about two years and four months. The following year, "having finished the work which was given her to do, she was taken out of the sight of the believers, in the ordinary way of all living, at Watervliet, on the eighth day of the ninth month,"—in honest English, she died. Since the death of the mother, the affairs of the society have been under the management of

several successive persons, on whom the leading gift in the visible administration has descended.

They have derived their name from their peculiar mode of worship, which consists in the most violent dancing. At church, the females are drawn up in ranges on one side, and the men on the other. Two singers, from each sex, then take their stands at the head of their respective columns. A signal being given, the singers commence, and the columns get into motion. They gently advance and recede for some minutes, when, on a sudden, they reverse fronts, quicken their motions, and dance in a familiar manner; suddenly they wheel to their former positions, increasing in the violence of their actions, as they become warmed by the spirit and animated by the singing. By one impulse they now break the order in which they stand, and, each column whirling within its own limits, they throw their heads, hands and legs, in wild disorder, occasionally leaping up, and uttering a loud cry. During this time, each individual has chimed in with the singers, who have themselves fallen into their columns, and are all singing with stunning noise; till, by their violence, and by the incessant fury of their dancing, the worshippers are exhausted. Some sink on the floor, whilst others are scarcely able to get to their seats. There is not, however, the same violence at all times; on some days the scene is considerably less animated, and of course much more agreeable to a visitor.

The principal tenet of the religion of these people is a total non-intercourse between the sexes: consequently, husband and wife are disunited as soon as they enter into the society. All their domestic arrangements are made with a rigid regard to this object. Each family house is divided into small rooms, large enough for two beds, and each has a wardrobe attached to it. There is one kitchen and dining room, common to the house; the latter has two doors on one side, leading from the common passage. The house is divided in every story, by a wide entry; one side of the house, through each story, is occupied by the females, the opposite by the males; there are also two pair of stairs, leading to the apartments on opposite sides of the house; and the whole is neatly finished. The tenants of each live as one family; the women cook, wash, make and mend. The men attend to all the farming, mechanical and out-door labour. Unless on some do-

mestic necessity, the males and females are never seen in the opposite sides of the house. In attending morning and evening worship, and when going to and returning from their meals, they enter the room at their own doors, eat at their own tables, and return on their own sides of the house; before eating they kneel down to grace, each one saying it for himself.

The principal persons in the sect are the elders, father confessors, and saints. They enjoin confessions, penances, absolutions, &c. The members are frequently honoured by the miraculous interpositions of the Deity. Indeed they affirm, that they do every thing by "a gift," that is, by an immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit. An account of the application of this very rational doctrine, is thus given in the *North American Review*. A youth of one of the Shaker settlements, of a cheerful, happy spirit, was once asked whether he had his liberty, and could do as he pleased. 'Certainly,' said the youth, (repeating, doubtless, what all are taught to believe,) we do whatsoever we have a gift to! On being asked, therefore, what he would do, if he wanted on a fine winter's morning to go down and skate on the pond, he replied, 'I should tell the elder, that I had a gift to go down and skate.' Being further asked, whether the elder would permit him; he answered, 'certainly, unless he had a gift that I should not go.' But if you still told the elder that you had a gift to go down and skate, and you must? 'Why, then the elder would tell me that I had a lying gift, and that he had a gift to beat me, if I did not go about my work directly.'

Immediately on leaving Lebanon, the road leads up the steep ascent of the mountain, which forms the first ridge of those hills of wide extent which run in a course of north to south, from Vermont and the lakes of Canada, to the Sound opposite Long Island. The road itself is a fine turnpike, surrounded by groves of pine trees, and abounding in delightful prospects over the valley we have left, and the distant hills as far as the Hudson. The whole ascent is more or less cultivated, the soil still remaining a fine limestone.

From the top of this hill, we have a ride over a high country, of various elevation, for three miles, until we begin to descend the eastern side of the ridge, into the beautiful plain of Pittsfield; the descent is however moderate, and by no means so great as the ascent, this plain appearing to be considerably higher than that of Lebanon. About two miles

bring us into the village, which is a very beautiful one, and has the general character of the New-England towns, among which we have now entered. The road, everywhere broad, perhaps sixty to one hundred feet, in passing through the villages is widened to two or three hundred feet, often more; this generally composes a fine green area or square, over which the track of the road is carried, and the houses extend on each side, usually white frame houses, with a distance between each; the houses are always neat, and often elegant, as the cheapness of timber in this country, and the habit of working, admits of giving them much architectural beauty at a small expense. Not only the houses therefore, but the barns, stables and offices, are often quite pretty, and mingled as they generally are with a few trees, they give to these villages a singularly pleasing appearance. A handsome church and school-house are the appendages of them all, and the first have invariably fine spires, which mark the approach to them from a distance, and are exceedingly pretty.

Pittsfield, seated on the shore of the Housatonic, is a very pleasant, handsome and flourishing town, and has considerable trade and manufactures. It contains three houses for public worship, two for Congregationalists, and one for Methodists; a bank, a town house, a female academy, a printing-office, from which is issued a weekly newspaper, and several prosperous manufactories. Large numbers of chaises, coaches, and wagons are made here. Good marble is found in this and several of the neighbouring townships. The United States have barracks here, sufficient to accommodate two thousand men, and an hospital.

After passing the plain of Pittsfield, which is about three miles in extent, we begin to ascend a ridge of hills; the country loses in a great degree its neat appearance, and the soil is not so fertile, the limestone having changed to rough granite or moor stone: the cultivation is not good, and the houses are less neat, being chiefly without paint, which gives a dreary appearance to wooden buildings. In this district, very little corn is raised, but, abounding in grass, vast quantities of cattle are bred and sent to New-York and Philadelphia, where they are sold and fattened.

We are now properly among the *Green Woods* or *Mountains*, the general name given to the whole extent of this ridge; a name no doubt derived from its appearance; as we

can discern it from the eminences we cross, extending far and wide, a rude intermingled scene of hills, clustered and interlocking together, with the woods of a remarkably bright green hue, arising most probably from their elevation and consequent superior moisture. The brightness of the woods is in the latter part of summer more discernible, from the low grounds, we everywhere pass, being almost burnt up; while among these hills, the vegetation has the appearance of being refreshed by perpetual showers. No doubt, however, much of their green hue is derived from the vast numbers of fir, hemlock, elm and other evergreens, which form a great part of their timber; but even these have a far fresher appearance than in the vales below. As we pass through the forest, the road and all around us is a thick and almost impenetrable arch of foliage, formed by trees of the finest size that the forest can afford, and so close as often to give a dampness to the air. The principal timber is the mountain fir, the hemlock, the spruce, chesnut, beech, and oaks of various kinds; and the underwood or shrubs are laurel, shumac, and a variety too great to explain; the hemlock is a beautiful tree; the lengthened slender ramification or extension of its branches, gives to the scenery all that wildness which is so remarkable in the pictures of *Salvator Rosa*.

Descending the Green Mountains, we reach the village of *Chesterfield*, on their eastern ridge, twenty-six miles from *Pittsfield*. The channel of the river *Agawam*, which runs a short distance from it, may be regarded as a curiosity. During a long succession of ages, it has been worn down in a solid body of rock; the chasm is on both sides nearly perpendicular, descending from six to thirty feet in different places, and appearing like a vast trench, dug by human hands. Its direction is somewhat winding, but approaches so nearly to a straight line, that it may be traced from the bridge for a considerable distance.

We now enter the *Valley of the Connecticut*, and in twelve miles reach *Northampton*, on its shore. This is the largest inland town in Massachusetts, and may contain four hundred houses. A considerable number of them are ordinary, many are good, and not a small proportion are handsome. They are however so scattered in the different streets, as to make much less impression on the eye than even inferior

buildings in many other places, where they are presented at a single view. None of the public buildings are handsome. The stores and shops, built on the side of an irregular square in the centre, give the traveller a lively impression of the business which is here carried on.

There is no part of New-England more distinguished for the excellence of its habits and principles than this; a general love of order prevails; a general submission to the laws and magistrates; a general regularity of life, a general harmony and good neighbourhood; a sober industry and frugality; a general hospitality and charity. Whenever a person has had the misfortune to have his house or barn burned, it may be considered as having been a standing custom in this neighbourhood, for the inhabitants to raise, and in most instances to finish, a new house or barn for him. This custom still substantially prevails, and exists extensively in other parts of New-England.*

Several men have lived here, who were persons of much distinction. The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, the second minister, possessed probably more influence than any other clergyman in the province, during a period of thirty years. Here he was regarded with a reverence which will scarcely be rendered to any other man. The very savages are said to have felt towards him a peculiar awe. Once, when he was riding from Northampton to Hatfield, and passing a place called Dewey's Hole, an ambush of savages lined the road. It is said that a Frenchman, directing his gun towards him, was warned by one of the Indians, who some time before had been among the English, not to fire, because "that man was Englishman's God." A similar adventure is said to have befallen him, while meditating, in an orchard immediately behind the church in Deerfield, a sermon which he was about to preach.

Crossing the Connecticut, a short ride brings us to *Hadley*. The river, immediately above the town, leaving its general course, turns north-west, then, after winding to the south again, turns directly east; and thus, having wandered five miles, encloses, except on the east, a beautiful interval, containing between two and three thousand acres. On the isthmus of this peninsula lies the principal street, the hand-

* Dwight's Travels, I. 295.

somest by nature in New-England. It is a mile in length, running directly north and south; is sixteen rods in breadth; is nearly a perfect level; is covered, during the fine season, with rich verdure; extends at either end to the river, and presents everywhere a delightful prospect. The modern houses on this street are generally good: a considerable number however are ancient, and, having been better built than a great part of those, which were erected throughout New-England in early periods, have been prudently preserved.

In this town resided, for fifteen or sixteen years, the celebrated regicides, Goffe and Whalley. They came hither in the year 1654, and lived in the house of the Rev. Mr. Russel, the minister. Whalley died in his house. After his decease, Goffe quitted Hadley, went into Connecticut, and afterwards, according to tradition, to the neighbourhood of New-York. It is said, that having been discovered there, he retired secretly to the colony of Rhode-Island, where he lived with a son of Whalley during the remainder of his life. In the course of Philip's war, which involved almost all the Indian tribes in New-England, and among others those in the neighbourhood of Hadley, the inhabitants thought it proper to observe the 1st of September, 1675, as a day of fasting and prayer. While they were in the church, and employed in their worship, they were surprised by a band of savages. The people instantly betook themselves to their arms, which, according to the custom of the times, they had carried with them to the church, and, rushing out of the house, attacked their invaders. The panic under which they began the conflict was so great, and their number was so disproportioned to that of their enemies, that they fought doubtfully at first, and in a short time began evidently to give way. At this moment, an ancient man, with hoary locks, of a most venerable and dignified aspect, and in a dress widely differing from that of the inhabitants, appeared suddenly at their head, and with a firm voice and an example of undaunted resolution, re-animated their spirits, led them again to the conflict, and totally routed the savages. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared, and no person knew whence he had come or whither he had gone. The relief was so timely, so sudden, so unexpected, and so providential; the appearance and the retreat of him who furnished it were so unaccountable; his

person was so dignified and commanding, his resolution so superior, and his interference so decisive, that the inhabitants, without any uncommon exercise of credulity, readily believed him to be an angel, sent by Heaven for their preservation. Nor was this opinion seriously controverted, until it was discovered, several years afterwards, that Goffe and Whalley had been lodged in the house of Mr. Russel. Then it was known that their deliverer was Goffe; Whalley having become superannuated, some time before the event took place.

From *Mount Holyoke*, on the southern side of this township, at the distance of three miles from the church, is seen the richest prospect in New-England, and not improbably in the United States. The mountain is about one thousand one hundred feet above the surface of the river. From this spot, the eye is presented with a vast expansion to the south, comprehending the southern part of the county of Hampshire and a portion of the state of Connecticut. The Middletown Mountains, the Blue Mountains at Southington, both at the distance of sixty miles, and the whole extent of the Connecticut valley to Middletown, together with the long ranges by which it is bordered, appear in full view. To the south-west, Mount Tom, a narrow range running in a direct line with Mount Holyoke, with its various summits, intercepts the prospect, and furnishes a fine substitute for more distant objects. But the most exquisite scenery of the whole landscape is formed by the river, and its extended margin. It turns four times to the east and three times to the west, within twelve miles, and in that distance its course is twenty-four. It is generally a quarter of a mile wide; and its banks are beautifully alternated, with a fringe of shrubs, green lawns, and lofty trees. When the eye traces this majestic stream, meandering with a single course through these delightful fields, wandering in one place five miles to gain one, and in another four to gain seventy yards; enclosing, almost immediately beneath, an island of twenty acres, exquisite in its form and verdure, and adorned on the northern end with a beautiful grove; when it marks the sprightly towns which rise upon its banks, and the numerous churches which gem the whole landscape in its neighbourhood; when it explores the lofty forests, wildly contrasted with the rich scene of cultivation; when it ascends higher, and observes the perpetually varying and

undulating arches of the hills, and the Green Mountains receding northward beyond the reach of the eye; when, last of all, it rests upon the Monadnoc in the north-east, and in the north-west upon Saddle Mountain, each ascending, at the distance of fifty miles, in dim and misty grandeur, far above all the other objects in view: it will be difficult not to say, that all that is grand or beautiful in landscape is spread before us.

From Hadley, the road leads us through *Belchertown* and *Ware*, twenty-seven miles, to *Brookfield*. The country, after leaving the Connecticut valley, is not very fertile, and the houses in general are not very neat or large; as we approach Brookfield, however, we descend into a more agreeable district. The road passes on through *Spencer* and *Leicester*, nineteen miles, to Worcester, over an undulating country, and is of course very uneven, though it is well made. Almost all the hills in the southern half of New-England run from north to south; the roads, therefore, which have an eastern and western direction, are very far from being level. From several of these hills, there are extensive though not any very pleasant views: beauty of prospect demands not only amplitude, but variety. A continued succession of hills and valleys, scarcely distinguishable from each other in appearance, though less wearisome than the uniformity of a spacious plain, is still remote from that exquisite scenery which constitutes the fine landscape—the eye instinctively demands something more.

Around *Worcester*, the surface of the country is handsome; the hills slope more gradually, and are moulded into a greater variety and beauty of form; the valleys, too, are more open, extended and elegant, than in the preceding parts of this county. The soil also appears to be richer, and better fitted for a variety of vegetation. The forest growth of this and all the preceding townships, is oak, chesnut, hickory, &c. interspersed with white and yellow pine. The town is principally built on a single street, extending from east to west, about a mile and a half on the road. It is situated in a valley; and contains about one hundred and fifty houses, generally well built, surrounded by neat fences, out-houses and gardens; frequently handsome, and very rarely small, old or unrepared. Few towns in New-England exhibit so uniform an appearance of neatness and taste, or contain so great a

proportion of good buildings, as Worcester. There is probably more wealth in it than in any other which does not exceed it in dimensions and population. Its trade, considering its inland position, is extensive and profitable. The number of public officers, professional men, merchants and mechanics, is proportionably great, and produces a very lively appearance of activity and business.

From Worcester, passing over a fine grazing country, six miles bring us to *Shrewsbury*. We pass on the road a beautiful lake, called *Quinsigamond*; about one acre of which is comprised within the bounds of Worcester, and the remainder in those of Shrewsbury. This lake is about four miles long, and from one hundred rods to a mile broad, and is the largest and handsomest piece of water seen from the great road in this county. Its form is a crescent. From the high ground near Shrewsbury, it furnishes a fine feature of the landscape, and exhibits to the eye the appearance of a noble section of a majestic river.

From Shrewsbury, the road leads us in fifteen miles to *Framingham*, through a country very similar to that we have already passed. The soil is rich grazing land, of the first quality, rewarding abundantly the toil of the owners, and presenting to the eye of the traveller a continued succession of the deepest verdure. Great numbers of cattle, of the largest size and best quality, are fed on these rich pastures; and the large well-built barns, and good farmers' houses, are decisive indications of prosperity.

The next stage, from Framingham to *Watertown*, is through a country more hilly and rough, with a road often stony, and the culture generally grass; but the buildings are neat, and bear the marks of approach to a large city, by the superiority of the houses, which now change from mere farm houses to country-seats.

From Watertown, three miles bring us to *Cambridge*, a town formerly noted for nothing but the University, and the villas of the gentlemen of Boston; now, however, it has become a place of considerable business, and has a large population exclusive of that institution.

Harvard College, the first erected in British America, was begun in the year 1636, by an appropriation of four hundred pounds sterling, made for the purpose by the general court of the colony. In 1638, the Reverend John Harvard, of

Charlestown, gave to it one-half of his property, amounting to seven hundred and seventy-nine pounds, seventeen shillings, and two pence sterling. From this time, it changed its first name of a public school to that of a college. In 1650, the first charter was granted by the general court, which constituted a corporation, consisting of the president, five fellows, and the treasurer, by the title of president and fellows of Harvard College. Beside other important powers, this body has the superintendence of all the collegiate property. The executive officers are, the president, professors, tutors, and librarian. The professorships of divinity, and of mathematics and natural philosophy, were founded by Mr. Thomas Hollis, a merchant of London; the former in 1722, the latter in 1726. The professorship of Hebrew, and other oriental languages, was founded by Mr. Thomas Hancock, an eminent merchant of Boston, in 1765. The professors read lectures to all the students assembled, and give private instruction to the respective classes. Medical lectures are also read here by professors, who are respectable physicians resident in the vicinity. Partial foundations have been laid for professorships of anatomy and surgery, and for a professorship of the theory and practice of physic, by the late Dr. Ezekiel Hersey, his relict, Mrs. Sarah Hersey, and his brother, Mr. Abner Hersey, of Barnstable; and a professorship of chymistry and materia medica, by the late Major William Erving. These professorships are called by the names of the respective founders. As the funds are insufficient to support the lectures, the students who attend them are taxed in moderate sums.

The buildings consist of University Hall, a fine edifice of granite, one hundred and forty feet by fifty, and forty-two in height, containing a chapel, six lecture-rooms, dining-halls, &c.; Harvard Hall, a brick edifice, one hundred and eight feet by forty, containing the library, philosophical apparatus, and mineralogical cabinet; four other brick edifices, called Massachusetts, Hollis, Stoughton, and Holworthy Halls, each four stories high, containing rooms for the accommodation of students; Holden Chapel, containing the anatomical museum, chymical laboratory, and lecture-rooms; and three college houses of wood, occupied by students. The library is one of the largest in the United States, and contains about twenty-eight thousand volumes. The philosophical apparatus also

is probably not surpassed by any in the country. The chymical laboratory, anatomical museum, and cabinet of minerals, are all valuable. The botanic garden comprises seven acres, laid out in an ornamental style, and is furnished with an interesting collection of trees, shrubs and plants, both native and foreign.

The first printing-office in New-England was set up in this town, at the expense of the Rev. Joseph Glover, a clergyman who died on his passage to America. A Mr. Day was the first possessor of the press. The first thing printed in New-England was the Freeman's Oath; the second, Pearce's New-England Almanac; the third, the New-England Version of the Psalms.

From Cambridge, a ride of three miles, and crossing West Boston Bridge, brings us to the city.

EXCURSION TO NAHANT.

OF late years, *Nahant* has become a bathing place of great fashion; and a traveller should not leave Boston without visiting it.


The road to it passes through *Charlestown*, and in six miles reaches the village of *Chelsea*. From that place to Lynn, we pass for seven miles over a very noble road, made in a direct course from Boston, in the most firm and solid manner, the hills being cut through, and a causeway carried over large bodies of marshy ground, which indeed compose the chief part of the distance.

The town of *Lynn* lies principally stretched for several miles along Lynn bay, exhibiting a village of small farms. Each house has near it a small shop, which is detached, and about ten or twelve feet square: these are occupied by shoemakers, which is the general occupation of the inhabitants, and is carried on to such an extent, that as many as a million pairs of shoes, chiefly women's, have been exported hence in one year; indeed, the middle and southern states are supplied in a great measure from this place. A large proportion of the Lynn people are Quakers, who have a large meeting-house. There are, besides the shoemaking business, manufactures of leather, both of the common kind and morocco for making shoes. From these manufactories, the people of Lynn are generally very thriving, and live with great neatness and comfort.

Opposite to Lynn, a narrow beach or isthmus, not more than one hundred yards wide, extends directly into the sea, for two miles, at the end of which is a high rocky island; and then a second beach, of about one-fourth of a mile, to another similar island, larger in its dimensions. They are called the Great and Less Nahant. The two contain about six hundred acres of land, a great part of which is high, barren rock; the rest is a good soil, more or less cultivated with Indian corn, but chiefly in grass, affording excellent sheep pasture. The shores of both islands consist of high, rocky promontories, with fine sandy beaches between them, and the sea breaks around with a tremendous surf.

The ride over the beach, from Lynn to the islands, is one of the most delightful imaginable ; when the tide is out being as hard as marble, the surf washing the carriage-wheels and feet of the horses, and the sea-breeze at all times blowing with uncommon freshness. The traveller will indeed find his ride truly refreshing ; and the island itself is one of the pleasantest places he has visited, from the fine air, and no less beautiful prospect around him, consisting of a vast area of bay and ocean, with a number of islands, rocks and promontories stretching into it.

On the southern side of the Great Nahant, there is a curious grotto or cavern, called the Swallow House; the entrance of which is about ten feet wide, five high, and seventy long, increasing after a few steps to fourteen feet in breadth and eighteen or twenty in height. Great numbers of swallows inhabit this cave, and hatch their young here ; and it is a common opinion, that they repose here through the winter, in a torpid state. At the east end, at low tide, in the pools among the large rocks, is found the animal flower, or rose fish, adhering to small stones, in water four or five feet deep. On the north shore is a chasm, thirty feet in depth, called the Spouting Horn, into which, at about half tide, the water rushes with great violence and a tremendous sound.



BOSTON TO NEW-YORK,

(by Steam-Boat.)

	M.	N.
Boston to		
Roxbury - - - - -		2
Cross Neponset River		
Dedham - - - - -	8	10
Walpole - - - - -	11	21
Foxborough - - - - -	2	23
Attleborough - - - - -	7	30
Pawtucket River and Falls - - - - -	8	38
PROVIDENCE - - - - -	4	42
Trip - - - - -	2	44
Johnson - - - - -	6	50
Cross Patuxent River		
Scituate, (R. I.) - - - - -	7	57
Connecticut State line - - - - -	7	64
Sterling - - - - -	4	68
Plainfield - - - - -	4	72
Jewitt's City - - - - -	7	79
Cross Quinnebaug River		
Cross Sketucket River - - - - -	5	84
NORWICH - - - - -	3	87
Quinnebaug River - - - - -	2	89
Poquetanuck River - - - - -	4	93
NEW-LONDON - - - - -	8	101
Thames River - - - - -	4	105
Connecticut River - - - - -	13	118
Faulkner's Islands - - - - -	16	134
New-Haven Light-House - - - - -	13	147
NEW-HAVEN - - - - -	5	152
Stratford Point - - - - -	16	168
Opposite Norwalk - - - - -	15	183
Greenwich Point - - - - -	11	194
Entrance of Long Island Sound - - - - -	16	210
Hell Gate - - - - -	9	219
NEW-YORK - - - - -	7	226

DEVIATIONS.

BOSTON to NEW-HAVEN,
(by Springfield and Hartford.)

	M.	M.
Boston to		
Roxbury - - - - -		2
Brookline - - - - -	3	5
Needham - - - - -	6	11
Natick - - - - -	5	16
Framingham - - - - -	7	23
Southborough - - - - -	5	28
Shrewsbury - - - - -	10	38
Worcester - - - - -	6	44
Leicester - - - - -	7	51
Spencer - - - - -	5	56
Brookfield - - - - -	7	63
Cross Chickapee River		
Western - - - - -	6	69
Palmer - - - - -	7	76
East Springfield - - - - -	17	93
Cross Connecticut River		
WEST SPRINGFIELD - - - - -	1	94
Massachusetts State line - - - - -	5	99
Suffield - - - - -	5	104
Windsor - - - - -	10	114
Cross Windsor River		
HARTFORD - - - - -	7	121
Berlin - - - - -	10	131
Meriden - - - - -	7	138
Cross Quinnipiack River		
Wallingford - - - - -	5	143
NEW-HAVEN - - - - -	12	155

NORWICH to NEW-YORK,

(by land.)

	M.	M.
NORWICH to		
New-London - - - - -		14
Riverhead - - - - -	7	21
Lyme - - - - -	9	30
Cross Connecticut River - - - - -	2	32
Saybrook - - - - -	2	34
Killingworth - - - - -	9	43
Hammohassett River - - - - -	3	46
Guildford - - - - -	6	52
Brandford - - - - -	8	60
NEW-HAVEN - - - - -	7	67
Milford - - - - -	10	77
Cross Housatonic River		
Stratford - - - - -	4	81
Bridgeport - - - - -	4	85
Fairfield - - - - -	4	89
Sagatuck - - - - -	5	94
Norwalk - - - - -	3	97
Stamford - - - - -	9	106
Greenwich - - - - -	5	111
Cross Byram River, and enter State of New-York		
Rye - - - - -	5	116
New-Rochelle - - - - -	8	124
Cross Bronx Creek		
West Farms - - - - -	7	131
Cross Haerlem Creek		
Haerlem - - - - -	4	135
NEW-YORK - - - - -	8	143

From BOSTON to NEW-YORK.

FROM Boston to New-York, various routes may be chosen, according to the taste of the traveller. He may either pursue his journey along the road which we have passed from Albany, through the centre of the state of Massachusetts, to Northampton, and thence follow the beautiful valley of the Connecticut river to New-Haven. He may take the regular route to Providence, and thence either go all the way by water to New-York, or continue as far as Norwich, on the river Thames, and then join the steam-boat line. Or he may select an intermediate road, taking a south-western direction from Boston, and pass through the middle of Connecticut, to Hartford. Either of these routes will afford a beautiful journey; but perhaps that by Norwich unites the greatest expedition and variety.

Leaving Boston, we pass the neck which connects it to the main land; this neck has been originally, nearly such as we have described Nahant, only that it has flat bays on each side, instead of the ocean. At the end of the neck, about two miles from the centre of Boston, is the town of Roxbury, like the rest in the country, built of neat white houses.

The country soon assumes the character almost universal in the state of Massachusetts, of a hard stony soil, abounding in rocks, and yielding little but grass, pasturage, some Indian corn and rye, but scarcely any wheat. The rocks are very abundant, but assume rather a different character, as here they are in large round lumps or masses, not stratified, but composed altogether of every species and size of pebbles, bedded in a hard compact stone, forming what is generally called pudding stone. All this country being broken and hilly, abounding with wood and pasturage, is thickly intermingled with the villas of the Boston gentry, some of which have fine views over the country below, extending to Boston, its harbour, islands, and a considerable expanse of sea.

Crossing the *Neponset* river, we enter *Dedham*, ten miles from Boston. It is a neat town, situated pleasantly on a plain, eleven miles south-west of the capital. It is compactly built, the houses are generally good, and several of them are hand-

some. It is the shire town of the county of Norfolk, and contains one Episcopal and three Congregational churches, a court-house and a jail. Its aspect is that of sprightliness and prosperity. Several productive intervals, forming the margin of the river, add not a little to its beauty. In Dedham lived Fisher Ames, several years a member of the American Congress. This gentleman was born here, April 9th 1758, of respectable parents, and was educated at Harvard College, where he took the degree of A. B. in 1774. He then commenced the study of the law, and soon after he began the practice was regarded as an advocate of distinguished talents. In 1787, he was chosen a delegate to the convention, summoned for the purpose of ratifying the federal constitution, and a member of the house of representatives in the state legislature the same year. The following year he was elected a representative from the district of Suffolk, to the national legislature, and was regularly re-elected during the presidency of General Washington. In all these situations, particularly the last, he distinguished himself by sound wisdom, most impressive eloquence, immovable integrity, and exalted patriotism. After his speech on the necessity of making appropriations for carrying into effect the treaty with Great Britain, delivered April 28th, 1796, one of his antagonists objected to taking the vote which was to decide the question, at that time, because the house was borne away by the power of his eloquence. His moral character was still more estimable. His integrity appeared to be direct, without effort, and even without deliberation; it seemed to be straight, because it had never been warped; to dictate what was right, because it had not yet learned to do what was wrong. His sense of rectitude, both public and personal, was not only exact, but delicate and exquisite. His patriotism was glowing.

From Dedham to *Walpole*, the country is chiefly a forest, dull in its appearance and in some places rough and stony. The soil is poor, and the road indifferent. There is nothing particularly worthy of notice, in the country over which we now pass; the villages of *Foxborough* and *Attleborough* have nothing to distinguish them, and in eight miles from the latter we reach *Pawtucket*, a celebrated manufacturing village. It is well built, and wears a flourishing aspect. The river is a large mill-stream, and just below becomes navigable for boats. Directly under the bridge commences a romantic fall, which,

extending obliquely down the river, furnishes a number of excellent mill-seats. Of this advantage the inhabitants have availed themselves. There is probably no spot in New-England, of the same extent, in which the same quantity or variety of manufacturing business is carried on. The whole descent of the river is said to be fifty feet. The principal fall is about thirty. The mass of rocks by which it is produced, is thrown together in the wildest confusion.

The road from Pawtucket to Providence, four miles, is bad, being a deep sand, very heavy, and often stony.

Providence is built on the western side of Pawtucket river, in two divisions; one on the eastern and the other on the western side of a cove, which is an arm of that river. The site of the western division is a slope, gradually rising from the cove; that of the eastern, the narrow base and the side of a lofty hill, which runs between the cove and the river to the point of their junction. The two principal streets, on the eastern side, pass, one at the bottom, and the other at a little distance, along the side of this hill, until they terminate at the river. The principal street on the western side is a part of the great road towards New-London and Hartford. Those on the east are crossed by several others nearly at right angles. In point of population, it is the first town in Rhode-Island, and the third in New-England. It contains a court-house, a jail, a market-house, a custom-house, a university, a public library, of about two thousand volumes, a Friend's boarding-school, an academy, five public schools, seven banks, including a branch of the United States bank, and twelve houses for public worship; and several other public buildings. Two of the Congregational, and one of the Baptist meeting houses, and the Episcopal church, are among the handsomest edifices of the kind in the United States.

The College stands on the summit of the hill: and is a brick building of four stories, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and forty-six in breadth. A projection in the centre, of twenty feet on each side, enlarges the breadth here to eighty-six feet, and contains the public rooms. The rest of the building consists of rooms and studies designed for the students. A second edifice, of nearly the same size, has been erected within a few years, to accommodate an additional number of students. They overlook every part of the town; the cove, the river, and the country beyond it on both sides; together

with extensive tracts to the north and east. The prospect is noble; but is sensibly impaired by the sterility of the soil in the western quarter; and is not a little deficient in fine varieties of surface. Its legal name is now *Brown University*: given it in honour of Nicholas Brown esquire, who has been its most liberal benefactor. This seminary possesses a library of about three thousand volumes, a philosophical apparatus, and a museum containing a number of natural and artificial curiosities. Both its internal and external concerns are considered as prosperous.

Providence was settled in the year 1636. It was purchased by Roger Williams, and by him and several of his friends the plantation was begun. In 1640 they adopted a form of government. In 1645 or 1646, the number of men, able to bear arms, was about one hundred. They lived in peace with the Indians until the great war with the Narrhagansetts, in 1676, when these savages invaded the town, and burnt about thirty dwelling houses. This seems to have been the only instance in which the inhabitants suffered materially from Indian incursions.

From Providence, a journey of twenty miles brings us to the boundary between the States of Rhode-Island and Connecticut; the country is a succession of hills and valleys, running north and south. The hills are of considerable height, and incumbered, as the valleys are also, with a multitude of rocks and stones.

Four miles within the Connecticut line is *Sterling*, a neat little village, built on a hill, from which there is a pleasing and extensive prospect over the rich valley of the *Quinnebaug*, one of the most fertile and beautiful tracts in New-England.

Four miles farther bring us to *Plainfield*, a neat village, extending along one street. The road then turns southward and in seven miles reaches *Jewitt's City*, a collection of a few houses on the eastern bank of the *Quinnebaug*. Crossing this stream, we pass for three miles to the *Shetucket River*, through the township of Lisbon, which is an excellent one; the soil being here, as in most of the region of *Quinnebaug*, the reddish loam, before mentioned, but less mixed with clay. Naturally, it is suited to every production of the climate; but it is said, for some time past, to have been less favourable to wheat than formerly.

Our journey now lies along the eastern border of this township. Here it presents a succession of hills and valleys, on which are interspersed fine groves of tall and beautiful trees. One of these eminences, named *Bundy Hill*, is sufficiently difficult to make a humane traveller feel for his horses. The whole region between Plainfield and Norwich, except the little village mentioned above, is a collection of farms, cultivated by inhabitants generally in easy circumstances. Crossing the Shetucket, the road leads us through a country inferior both in fertility and beauty to that on its northern shore, three miles to Norwich.

Norwich is at the head of the navigation on the river *Thames*, and has a population of three thousand. It consists of three parts, Chelsea Landing, the Town and Bean Hill. Chelsea Landing is situated on the point of land between the Shetucket and Yantic, which here unite to form the Thames. The site is on the declivity of a hill, high, irregular, and rocky. It contains upwards of one hundred and fifty dwelling houses, four houses of public worship, a post-office, and upwards of thirty stores. The Town, two miles north-west, is situated in a pleasant vale, partially surrounded by lofty hills. It contains a handsome square, a court-house, a post-office, meeting house, and about two hundred houses and stores. Bean Hill is a pleasant settlement, on the Hartford road, in the western part, chiefly in one street.

Norwich is a pleasant town, and has considerable trade and manufactures. It is favourably situated at the head of navigation, and has an extensive back country. The commercial business is much less than it formerly was; about twelve vessels are owned here, employed chiefly in the coasting trade to New-York and elsewhere. The falls of the river afford seats for various mills and manufacturing establishments. The courts for the county are held alternately at this city and New-London.

At Norwich, we embark in the steam-boat, and sail down the Thames fourteen miles to New-London. On the western bank, in the township of *Montville*, is the reservation of the *Mohegan Indians*, of whom a small remnant is yet left. They are the descendants of those tribes who formerly owed allegiance to the celebrated chief Uncas. The spot where this chieftain lived is yet shown, and no place could have been pitched on with more felicity. It is a high point of land,

commanding a noble and extensive view of the Thames, here a large river, and of the country on both sides. It was therefore well fitted for preparation against an enemy's approach, and furnished every convenience to hostile excursions. At the same time it bordered on a never-failing supply of provisions, furnished by the scale and shell fish, with which both the river and the neighbouring ocean have ever been richly stored.

Uncas was originally a petty sachem; a Pequod by birth; a subject and a tributary to Sassucus. When the English made war on the Pequods, Uncas was unfriendly to this chieftain, and would have quarrelled with him, had he not been kept in awe by the talents and prowess of so formidable a warrior. Upon the death of Sassucus, Uncas became the sachem of the remaining Pequods, as well as of the Mohegans. In this character he claimed, perhaps rightfully enough, as there was no other acknowledged heir, all the territory which had been possessed by that tribe; and had a sufficient share of cunning to support his claims with very plausible reasons: they were therefore generally allowed. From this time he became one of the most formidable, and altogether the most prosperous Indian chief in the southern parts of New-England. To his enemies he was scarcely less formidable than Sassucus had been before him. At the head of four or five hundred men, he met Miantonomoh, a brave and sagacious chief of the Narrhagansetts, coming to attack him with twice the number; and after having in vain challenged him to single combat, defeated his army, took him prisoner, and put him to death. On this occasion he cut a piece of flesh from his shoulder, roasted, and ate it; and with the true spirit of a savage, declared, that it was the sweetest meat which he had ever tasted in his life. Uncas died at an advanced age, in his own house; and left his power and his property to his children.

A few years since, a man descended from Uncas came from North Carolina, or Tennessee, where he was settled, and obtained permission of the Connecticut legislature to sell his patrimonial share in this tract. This man had received a military commission from the British government; and it is said, was well dressed, well informed, sensible, and gentlemanly in his deportment. He is probably the only respectable descendant of Uncas now living.

New-London is situated on a declivity, upon the western side of the Thames. This river is about two-thirds of a mile wide, and forms a harbour of great capacity and depth. Vessels of almost any size find in it sufficient water and good anchoring ground. It is also perfectly safe. The centre of the town is about three miles from its mouth. The site is pleasant; but would be handsomer if less encumbered with rocks. The principal streets are parallel with the river, and are crossed by others nearly at right angles; but without any regularity, either in their distances or their direction. Its population is about thirty-five hundred.

Proceeding down the Thames, we pass *Fort Griswold* on the eastern, and *Fort Trumbull* on the western shore of the river; both celebrated for one of the most disgraceful acts which is recorded in the annals of modern warfare. In the year 1781, a body of British troops embarked at Long Island, under the command of General Arnold, on the night preceding the 6th of September; and having crossed the Sound, landed at ten o'clock the next morning, in two detachments, on the two shores of the Thames, near its mouth. The detachment which landed on the Groton shore was commanded by Colonel Eyre; the other by Arnold himself. Fort Trumbull, a small and imperfect work, was evacuated at the approach of the British; the little garrison stationed in it crossing the river to Fort Griswold. Colonel Eyre at the same time led on his corps to attack Fort Griswold, defended at that time by about one hundred and fifty militia, hastily collected (some of them without arms) for this purpose. As the British drew near the fort, a firing commenced with great resolution, and was maintained with the utmost spirit, under the command of the gallant Colonel Leydard, for a considerable time. Eyre was soon wounded, and Major Montgomery, the second in command, killed. Major Broomfield, the officer next in rank, conducted the remainder of the enterprise. The British were severely handled; and though greatly superior in numbers, and in every military advantage except bravery, are said to have doubted for a time whether to continue or relinquish the assault. The fort, originally imperfect, had been neglected, and had materially gone to decay. Still the action lasted forty minutes, when the assailants carried the works by the bayonet. The resistance instantly terminated. The British leader, upon entering the fort, asked who com-

manded. The brave Leydard, who, by his defence, had merited the highest respect from every military, and particularly from every generous man, answered, "I did command, sir; but you do now." As he uttered these words he presented the hilt of his sword to the British commander, and was instantly run through the body. The Americans had lost but five or six men when the British entered the fort. A causeless and furious carnage commenced immediately on the death of Leydard; and between sixty and seventy Americans were killed on the spot, after they had surrendered their arms, and ceased from every kind of hostility.

Three miles below, we reach Long Island Sound, passing on the right a promontory on which there is a light-house. Our course is now along the southern shore of Connecticut, which is indented with numerous bays, running up between the projecting headlands. At six miles we pass *Black Point*, and five miles farther *Griswold's Point*, at the mouth of the Connecticut river. On the opposite or western promontory is the town of Saybrook, which derives its name from Lords Say and Brooke, who were the first proprietors of it. It is seated on a beautiful plain, at the foot of the hills, and its principal street is about one mile in length, lying nearly parallel with the Sound. Several of the houses are neat; a considerable number are ancient and ordinary. The soil of the hills and valleys is generally good; and that of the plain excellent, easily cultivated, and productive of all the grains and fruits of the climate.

Saybrook has been commonly, but erroneously, considered as the most ancient settlement in Connecticut. The first European house in the state was built at Hartford, by the Dutch, in 1633, and called the Hirse of Good Hope. The second was built a few weeks afterwards in Windsor, by William Holmes of Plymouth. On the 29th of October, 1635, a colony from Dorchester, in Massachusetts, planted themselves in Windsor. Two other colonies, about the same time, began the settlement of Hartford and Weathersfield. About the middle of the following November, a company sent by John Winthrop, with arms and other necessaries, came to Saybrook, threw up some slight works, and mounted two pieces of cannon. In the revolutionary war, a fort of the same dimensions was erected on the same spot, to prevent British privateers from entering the river. For this purpose it was per-

fectly fitted; as the channel lies almost under the mouths of its cannon. Since the peace of 1783, these works have been suffered to decay. A part of the wall of the ancient fort is still visible, as are also the ruins of a well, dug within, to furnish water for the garrison.

Passing *Cornfield Point*, *Duck Island*, and *Hammohasset Head*, we reach in sixteen miles *Faulkner's Island*, where there is a light-house, and opposite to which, on the main land, is *Sachem's Head*. This is a ship harbour, and received this denomination in the year 1637, from the following fact. Two Pequod sachems, after the defeat of that tribe by Captain Mason, were taken by the troops under Captain Stone, and had their lives spared upon promising to discover the place to which their countrymen had fled. The English brought them to this place, and finding that they obstinately refused to give the stipulated information, beheaded them.

In thirteen miles, passing the *Thimble Islands*, we reach New-Haven light-house, and proceeding up the bay five miles, that city itself.

The site of *New-Haven* is a plain at the head of this bay, lying between two ranges of hills on the east and west; and limited, partly, on the northern side, by two mountains, called the East and West Rock, a spur from the latter, named Pine Rock, and another from the former, named Mill Rock, which descends in the form of a handsome hill to the northern skirt of the city. The harbour is well defended from winds, but is shallow, and gradually filling up with mud. It has about seven feet on the bar at low water, and the common tides rise six, and the spring tides seven or eight feet. The long wharf is three thousand nine hundred and forty-three feet in length, the longest in the United States. In 1765, it was only twenty rods long, yet there is less water at its termination now, than there was at that period. The maritime commerce of New-Haven, is greater than that of any other town in Connecticut. The shipping belonging to this port, in 1821, amounted to ten thousand two hundred and fifty-five tons. The population of New-Haven is about seven thousand five hundred, but the area it occupies is probably as large as that which usually contains a city of six times the number of inhabitants in Europe. A considerable proportion of the houses have court-yards in front, and gardens in the rear. The former are ornamented with trees

and shrubs; the latter are luxuriantly filled with fruit trees, flowers, and culinary vegetables. The beauty and healthfulness of this arrangement need no explanation. The central square is open, appropriated to public uses, and is one of the most beautiful in the United States. On and around it are erected the public buildings, consisting of a state-house, an indifferent building of brick, the college edifices, and four houses of public worship, two for Congregationalists, very elegant buildings, one for Episcopalians, a beautiful gothic edifice of stone, and one for Methodists. Besides these, the city contains a jail, an alms-house, a custom-house, an academy, a library of fifteen hundred volumes, a museum, two banks, three insurance offices, six printing-offices, from four of which weekly papers are issued, and two other periodical publications.

New-Haven is one of the most agreeable towns in the United States. The streets are sandy, but are kept clean. The houses are mostly of wood, two stories high, not expensive, nor very elegant, yet having an appearance of neatness and comfort. Among the houses recently erected, are several handsome edifices of brick and stone. The public square and the principal streets are finely ornamented with trees, and a great part of the houses have gardens in the rear, filled with forest trees, giving the city a rural and delightful appearance. The burial-ground, in the north-west part of the town, is an object of particular interest. It is laid out in parallelograms, subdivided into family burying places; the whole ornamented with rows of trees. The monuments are nearly all of marble. Great taste is manifested in the whole design, and the appearance is solemn and impressive.

Adjoining the town is *Yale College*, one of the most celebrated literary institutions in the United States. It consists, altogether, of eight different buildings, founded and erected at different times, but all incorporated under the general name of "The President and Fellows of Yale College." This name it took originally from Governor Yale, who was its first principal donor, and in honour of whom it was named. The college under this name was originally founded in 1700, at Killingworth, whence it was removed in 1709 to Saybrook, and thence to New-Haven in 1716. The first building was of wood, which remained till 1782, when it was taken down, and Connecticut College built on its site. The college libra-

ry contains about seven thousand volumes, and three libraries belonging to societies contain together two thousand five hundred volumes. The philosophical and the chemical apparatus are very excellent. A cabinet of minerals was deposited here in 1811 by George Gibbs, Esq., the original cost of which was four thousand pounds sterling; the number of specimens, ten thousand. The college has another cabinet, containing about four thousand specimens. The number of undergraduates in 1821 was three hundred and twenty-five, medical students seventy-eight, total four hundred and three; total number educated, to 1820, three thousand four hundred and seventy-eight; number living, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

Leaving New-Haven, and proceeding up the Sound, the first prominent object that strikes us is *Stratford Point*, and six miles beyond, on a little bay, is the town of *Fairfield*. This place, like New-London, was, in the revolutionary war, the scene of a disgraceful invasion by a party of the British. On the 7th of July, 1776, a body of troops, chiefly tories, under General Tryon, formerly governor of New-York, landed near Fairfield. The women and children, on the alarm, generally fled, with such few articles as they could carry with them; the men, who were mostly in arms, retired to a distance, being unable to make any effectual resistance. The invaders then pillaged the town of what they could conveniently carry away, robbed the inhabitants of their watches, money, and other things, and set fire to every house in the place, to the number of sixty, with the church, meeting-house, school-house, and other public buildings. Several women had remained to secure their property, some of whom had protections from officers of the British forces, who had been prisoners and lodged with them; others were notorious for their affection to the British cause: but they were all treated alike with brutal insult, and their property consumed with the rest. The old people make this event the constant theme of their stories, and say that the town has never recovered its losses. However, it is now rebuilt, with as many or more houses than it originally contained. The inhabitants consist of storekeepers, innkeepers, some lawyers, and a few farmers, who are independent enough to live in the town, or whose farms closely adjoin it. The loss sustained by the burning of Fairfield, was estimated at one

hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars. During the same expedition of Governor Tryon, the towns of Norwalk, Groton, and several villages, were also burnt, and New-Haven ravaged and laid under contribution. In 1781, the city of New-London, as we have mentioned, was burnt by General Arnold, although it was his native place—such was the vindictive spirit shown by this man against his own countrymen. The whole amount of these losses, as ascertained by the legislature of Connecticut, was six hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars; and in consideration of the losses of the private sufferers, the state granted them five hundred thousand acres of land on the south side of Lake Erie.

Seventeen miles beyond Fairfield, is *Greenwich Point*, and a little distance further the boundary line between Connecticut and New-York strikes the Sound. In our passage, this fine expanse of water now becomes narrower; the islands are more numerous, and the shores on each side are more distinctly seen. Of these, nothing can exceed the beauty. The various points successively stretching into the bosom of the water, with the intervening indentations; the villages, which succeed each other at moderate distances, with their white spires, seen over the tops of the trees, or rising in the open view; the rich fields, which everywhere form the margin; the hills, gradually ascending as the eye advances into the interior, covered with farms and crowned with groves; and the multitude of vessels, skimming the surface in every direction—combine altogether as many varieties of beauty, serenity and cheerfulness, as can easily be united within the same limits. The Sound is replenished with a great variety of very fine fish. Among the finny tribes may be reckoned the cod, the striped and sea bass, the black fish, the sheep's head, the blue fish, the frost fish, the white perch, the plaice, the flounder, and many others; of shell-fish, there are lobsters, crabs, oysters, clams, muscles, &c.

Beyond *Throgmorton's Point*, the Sound becomes narrow, very suddenly. Thence to New-York, a succession of handsome villas is seen at little distances, on both shores. We can hardly imagine a more pleasing series of objects, when viewed in connection with their appendages.

About eight miles before we reach the city, Great and Little *Barn Islands*, with several others, occupy nearly the whole breadth of the Sound, leaving but narrow channels

between them. Immediately to the north of these islands, *Haerlem River* discharges itself into the East river; the bottom of which is formed by large blocks of granite, some of which are visible. Owing to this peculiarity of situation, the position of the rocks, the sudden contraction of the Sound, and the influx and efflux of the tide into and from Haerlem river, a remarkable whirlpool, called *Hell Gate*, has been formed. Formerly, it was rarely mentioned but in terms of exaggeration and terror: in later times, however, it has been found almost harmless. The agitation of the water at half flood and half ebb, is sufficient to alarm one not familiarized to its appearance; but about high and low water, there is but little commotion. At proper times, with a suitable wind and a good pilot, vessels pass here without danger; but without these advantages, they are liable to strike the rocks or be thrown upon the shore.

From Hell Gate, a passage of seven miles conducts us along the margin of New-York Island, laid out for new streets the whole distance. On the other shore is Long Island, and the village of *Brooklyn*, which may be considered as part of the city. From it, a ferry of less than half a mile conveys us to NEW-YORK.

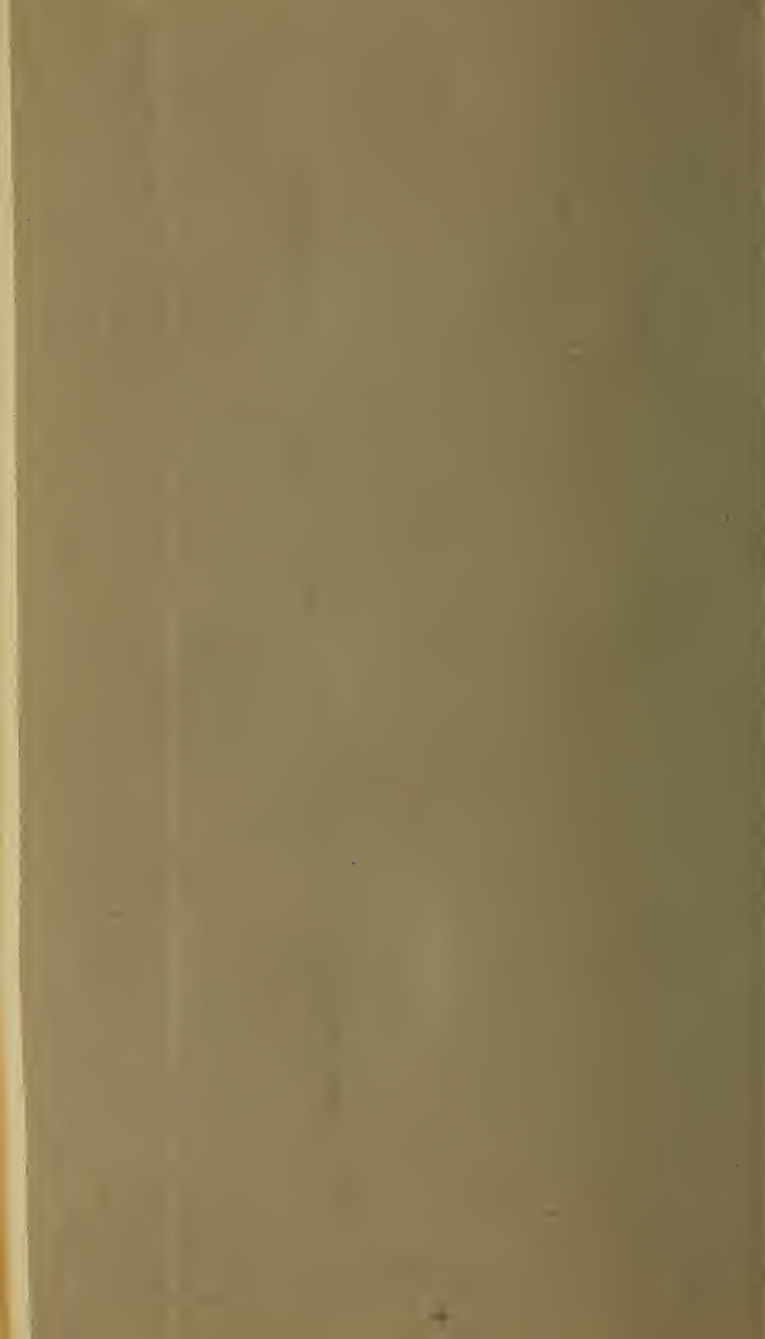
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